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"Then felt I like some watcher
of the skies When a new planet
swims into his ken" Keats
LEROY GRAY
Clyde Leclare Grose

Cey del Grove
Dec. 1935

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TRAVELS IN PERSIA 1627—29

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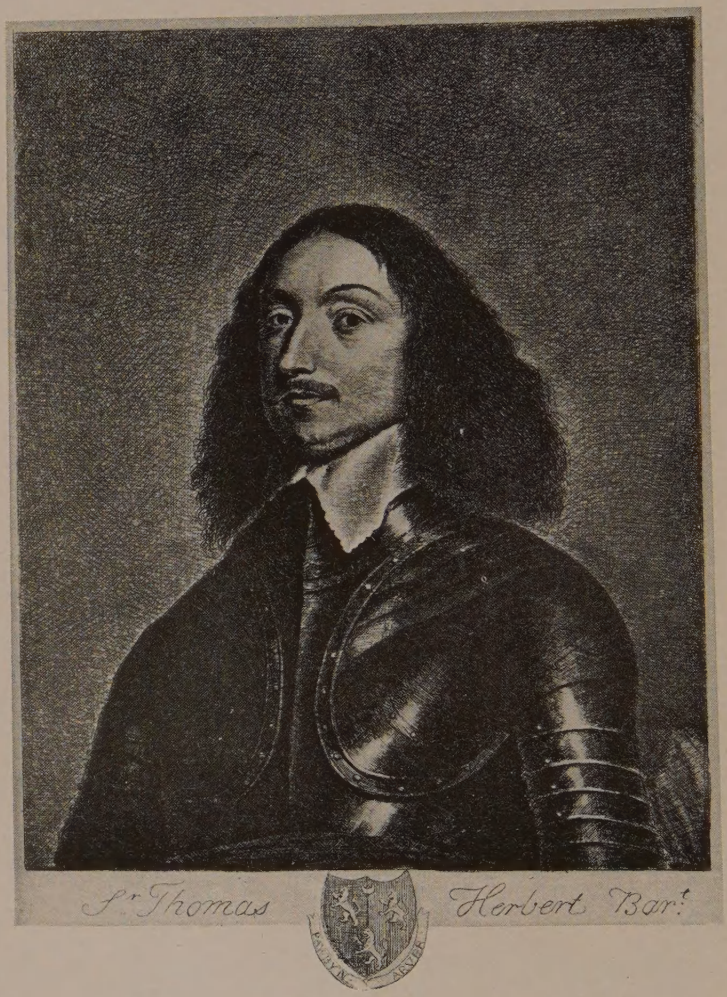

HERBERT IN LATER LIFE

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THE ARGONAUT SERIES

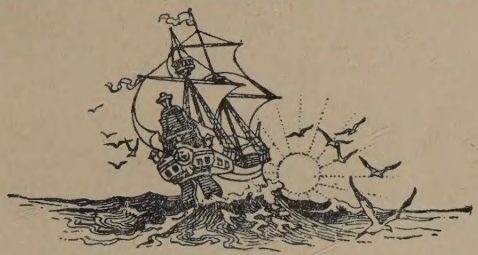
EDITED BY SIR E. DENISON ROSS
AND EILEEN POWER

THOMAS HERBERT

TRAVELS IN PERSIA

1627—1629

Abridged and Edited by
SIR WILLIAM FOSTER, C.I.E.
with an Introduction and Notes



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PREFACE

When the youthful Herbert embarked for Persia in the suite of the English ambassador, nothing was further from his intentions than to publish on his return a book about his experiences. True, he kept a journal throughout his travels (except during the illness that almost proved fatal); but such was the common practice at the time. However, after getting back to England he followed another common practice by compiling an account of his journey for presentation to those noblemen through whose patronage he had obtained the opportunity of making it; and we may well believe that it was this narrative, handed round his circle of friends, that led to the pressure which was brought to bear upon him to issue his observations in book form. The result was the appearance in 1634—four years after his return to London—of a folio volume of about 250 pages. It was provided with two title-pages. The first is elaborately engraved with scenes and figures, with the following title in the centre: *A Discription of the Persian Monarchy now beinge, the Orientall Indyes, Iles, and other parts of the Greater Asia and Africk. By Th. Herbert, Esq.* The second is in ordinary type print with a long alternative title (which became in effect the only one used in the subsequent editions) beginning: *A Relation of some Yeares Travaile.* The engraver of the first title-page was W. Marshall, who may have been also responsible for the thirty-five copper-plate engravings which are scattered throughout the volume. These were based upon Herbert's own drawings, as appears from several references to them in his text; but the engraver seems to have considered himself entitled to take liberties with his originals, for in one case—that of a "shark fish" (see plate xiii)—we find

the author protesting with reason that the creature has been "mistaken in the posture by the engraver." Many of the illustrations are small sketches of island and coast lines, or of birds and fishes; and in the present edition it has been thought sufficient to reproduce merely the more important.

It is perhaps right to mention the conjecture of Davies (at p. 208 of the memoir alluded to in the Introduction) that the illustrations were the work of the celebrated Wenceslaus Hollar. The reason adduced is that an engraving by that artist of the ruins of Persepolis was added in the third edition; but this seems a very slight foundation for the ascription to Hollar of those made for the 1634 edition. Moreover, that particular illustration bears Hollar's name, and the fact that the rest are unsigned suggests that they were not by him.

The work appears to have had an instant success. Considerable interest was being taken in Persia at that time, and a full account of the country was welcomed. Thus encouraged, Herbert in 1638 brought out a second edition, described as "revised and enlarged by the author." Enlarged it certainly was. In the earlier edition Herbert had included much, drawn from other writers, about countries he never saw; and he now industriously added similar second-hand material until he increased the size of his original work by four-fifths. At the same time he corrected and added to the strictly narrative portions, and in this respect his revision was a distinct improvement. That he intended the new edition to be final is shown by the statement in his preface that "my hand shall not be guilty of more intrusion; no more pressure to the press; the crowd is too strong already"; and to that resolution he adhered for twenty-seven years, strengthened therein, perhaps, by the consideration that the troublous times of the Civil War and the Commonwealth were unpropitious for the issue of travel

literature. When peace returned with the Restoration, Herbert seems to have bethought himself of the work which had brought him into notice; and in 1665 he published a third, in 1677 a fourth, edition of his Persian travels. In both issues he further amplified his original version, besides giving additional illustrations in each case. On the title-page of the 1665 edition the author boasts that the work is "much enlarged, with many additions, nigh a third part more than in any of the former impressions"; while in the 1677 issue he in like manner declares that he has again made "many additions throughout the whole work." In point of fact, the original edition, with its comparatively modest total of about 100,000 words, had in the end swollen into a volume of over 340,000; and nearly all the fresh matter was secondhand material drawn from a variety of authors, ancient and modern.

Besides the four English editions that appeared during his lifetime, Herbert had the satisfaction of seeing two foreign versions of his work, both taken from his second edition. The first of these, entitled *Th. Herberts Zee- en Lant Reyse na verscheyde Deelen van Asia en Africa*, was issued at Dordrecht in 1658, and was the work of Lambert van den Bosch. The translator made considerable omissions; yet his version contains over 90,000 words. Herbert's illustrations were replaced by nine engravings of some merit, specially drawn to elucidate the narrative. The second version was an independent translation into French by Abraham de Wicquefort, published at Paris in 1663, under the title of *Relation du Voyage de Perse et des Indes Orientales, traduite de l'Anglois de T.H.* It has no illustrations, but is more complete than its privileged Dutch rival, filling 567 quarto pages.

Since the author's death no attempt has been made to reprint his narrative in full, though condensed versions have appeared in some collections of travels, such

as Harris's (1705) and Moore's (1785). When the resolution was taken to include the work in the present series, it was obvious that this could only be done subject to an unsparing use of the pruning-knife. The 1677 edition (as being the author's final revision) was taken as the basis; but from its pages the editor has ruthlessly excised most of the matter drawn from other authors (such as De Laet, Lord, etc.): the long accounts given of countries and places Herbert never visited; his vocabularies of various languages; his unnecessary excursions into such questions as the site of the earthly Paradise, the country whence the Magi came, whether a Welsh prince discovered America before Columbus, and so forth. The author's frequent classical allusions and his poetical quotations (including some mediocre effusions of his own composition) have been for the most part pared away. In short, the aim has been to leave only what the author actually saw or might reasonably be supposed to have gleaned at first hand. Even then, the text as now printed is fully as long as in the first edition of the work, despite the fact that Herbert's subsequent elaborations of the narrative portions have been retained.

In accordance with the general plan of the series, the text has been modernized in respect of spelling, punctuation, etc., except in the case of some of the names (place or personal), coins, weights and measures, foreign or unusual words, which have been left as Herbert spells them. As a matter of convenience, the work has been divided into nine chapters. The amount of space devoted to notes may seem large, but this was unavoidable, in view of Herbert's allusive style and many obscurities. Identifications of places have been put as briefly as possible (in many cases merely within square brackets in the text), and the same course has been adopted in the case of the numerous strange or obsolete terms occurring in the

narrative. It has been left to the reader to trace the sources of the classical allusions, if he cares to do so.

The portrait of the author forming the frontispiece is from an engraving by Joseph Halfpenny, the Yorkshire artist, in the Print Department of the British Museum. A similar portrait, etched by J. Quilley (probably copied from Halfpenny's print), was prefixed to the 1813 edition of Herbert's *Memoirs of the Last Two Years of the Reign of Charles I.* In both cases the original painting was stated to be in the possession of F. Smyth, of Newbuilding. A different portrait, painted on panel in 1642 and ascribed to Robert Walker, was lent by Mr Robert Williamson to the Leeds Exhibition in 1868, and was reproduced in Edward Hailstone's illustrated catalogue; judging from the photograph there given, the original was in a very bad condition. Quite recently a mention was made of a portrait still more interesting in connection with the present reprint. A paragraph in the *Evening News* of February 11, 1927, stated that a painting representing Herbert as a young man wearing a Persian dress was seen in a shop-window in Holywell Street just prior to the destruction of that thoroughfare early in the present century; but the writer could give no information as to what had become of the picture, and such inquiries as I have since made have unfortunately proved fruitless.

The index has been compiled by Miss L. Freeman.

There remains the pleasing duty of thanking several friends who have assisted in the elucidation of the text, including Sir Thomas Arnold, C.I.E., Litt.D., F.B.A., Mr. W. H. Moreland, C.S.I., C.I.E., Sir Oliver Wardrop, K.B.E., C.M.G., and especially Sir E. Denison Ross, C.I.E., Ph.D., and Mr. C. A. Storey, M.A., the Librarian of the India Office, both of whom have permitted the editor to trouble them continually for information on doubtful points.

W. F.

INTRODUCTION

A CAREFUL summary of what is known concerning our author is to be found in the notice contributed to the *Dictionary of National Biography* by the late Mr J. M. Rigg, based largely upon the statements of Herbert's friend, Anthony à Wood (in his *Athenæ Oxonienses* and *Fasti*), and upon a memoir by Robert Davies printed in the *Yorkshire Archæological and Topographical Journal*, vol. i. Mr Rigg's article, which by the way is weakest in the portion dealing with Herbert's travels in the East, is the chief foundation for the biographical part of the following sketch, though a few particulars have been added from the two authorities just mentioned.

The precise date of Herbert's birth is not known; but we may assume that it took place in the late autumn of 1606, seeing that he was baptized on 4 November in that year. He was the eldest son of Christopher Herbert and Jane, daughter of Henry Akroyd of Foggathorpe. The family had been settled at York for some generations; but descent was claimed from the great Welsh family of Herberts and, as will be seen from his book, our author was proud of his Welsh connection and much interested in everything concerning Wales. The boy was educated at the grammar school of St Peter at York, whence in due time he passed on to Oxford. According to Wood, he was admitted commoner of Jesus College in 1621, though elsewhere the same authority speaks of him as "some time of Queen's." Herbert's name, however, is not in the university register, nor does it appear that he ever graduated. Subsequently, Wood tells us, he

went into residence for a short time at Trinity College, Cambridge, where his uncle, Dr Ambrose Akroyd, was a fellow.

Herbert's father died early in 1625, leaving but a small estate; and thereupon the son seems to have proceeded to the metropolis, where he had some uncles in business as merchants. It was probably by their means that he was introduced to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who (to quote Wood) "owning him for his kinsman and intending his advancement, sent him to travel in 1626, with allowance to defray his charges." The journey referred to was of course the one described in the present volume; and the occasion of it was the decision of King Charles to send Sir Dodmore Cotton to Persia as his ambassador.

Cotton's mission was the outcome of the arrival in this country (January, 1624) of Sir Robert Sherley as ambassador from Shāh 'Abbās of Persia.[1] This was his second appearance in that character, and on both occasions his object was the same, viz. to arrange for the diversion of the trade in raw silk (a royal monopoly) from its ancient channel through the dominions of the Turkish Sultan (the perennial foe of Persia) to a new route by sea from some port on the Persian Gulf. As on his first visit, Sherley, who was accompanied by the Circassian lady he had married in Persia, was received with favour at the English court; but (also as before) he found the East India Company hostile to himself and his schemes. The leaders of that body were well aware that he had each time gone first to Madrid, in the hope of inducing the Spanish King to engage in the traffic to the exclusion of the English; they regarded him as ill-

[1] The account here given is based chiefly upon the documents abstracted in Mr W. N. Sainsbury's *Calendar of State Papers, East Indies*, 1622–24 and 1625–29; but see also my *John Company*, pp. 49-53.

disposed towards the Company and its trade; and they doubted (or pretended to doubt) whether he really had sufficient authority from the Shāh to make a binding contract. In any case they were not prepared to pledge themselves to take the whole of the royal silk, since that would require a larger outlay than their means would warrant, besides burdening themselves with a plethora of that commodity; while a further unavowed reason was that many of their members were interested in the Levant trade and were by no means desirous of seeing the traffic diverted from its wonted route through Asiatic Turkey. Accordingly, to all Sherley's arguments and proposals the Company turned a deaf ear; nor could the support given to his schemes at court effect any change in its attitude. Pressure from Whitehall could only be exercised indirectly, for the merchants were in a resentful mood towards the King and his advisers. Their trade had been drooping for some time, largely, they complained, because of the absence of royal support against the aggressions of the Dutch, who were bending all their efforts towards securing a monopoly of the commerce of the Malay Archipelago. The " massacre " of the English factors at Amboina in 1623 had aroused hopes that King James would at last support his subjects by exacting compensation from Holland and by taking steps to vindicate their right to trade in future unmolested. The King, however, was not prepared to quarrel with the Dutch and, after some preliminary bluster, the dispute was allowed to drag on indeterminately. Utterly disheartened, many of the shareholders urged that the Company should be wound up and the trade abandoned. In these circumstances it was useless to press the directorate to embark upon expensive schemes for commerce in Persia, involving a large supply of fresh capital.

Towards the close of 1624 King James, whose

interest in the production of silk for the English weavers had already been shown by efforts to acclimatize the silkworm in this country, encouraged a project for sending out shipping to Persia independently of the Company, to bring back silk on freight terms. To this scheme, in which the Duke of Buckingham seems to have taken a leading part, the East India Company offered no objection; and, under pressure from the court, its Governor, Sir Thomas Smythe, consented to participate. The project, however, came to nothing; and Sherley, who had counted upon returning to Persia in the ships proposed to be sent, in November, 1625, begged the new King (Charles I) to order the Company to provide him with a passage in its next fleet. The idea had been mooted, some months before, of sending out a royal ambassador, and Sherley suggested that he and the envoy should go together. Before any decision had been taken in the matter, all concerned were startled to learn that a fresh ambassador had arrived from Persia (February, 1626). This individual, Naqd 'Alī Beg by name, the Company at once began to play off against Sherley. A house was provided for him, provision was made for his maintenance, and steps were taken to obtain an audience from His Majesty. Sherley, judging it fit that he should wait upon the newcomer, proceeded for that purpose to the latter's dwelling, accompanied by the Earl of Cleveland and other friends. Naqd 'Alī Beg received him with great hostility, declared him an impostor, tore up the document which Sherley exhibited as his credentials, and finally struck him—treatment to which Sir Robert submitted with a meekness that surprised his courtier friends. The King was angered by such behaviour towards one whom he had received as an ambassador, and was also mortified by the fact that the letter from Shāh 'Abbās now brought made no allusion to Sherley or his proposals.

Hence, although an audience was granted to Naqd 'Alī Beg on 6 March, 1626, he was slighted during the whole time of his stay.

Sherley continued to press for a passage to Persia; and accordingly the East India Company was notified (March, 1626) that the King expected it to provide accommodation in its next ships both for Sir Robert and his wife and for "Mr Cotton, of His Majesty's Privy Chamber," who was to go out as English ambassador. Dreading that Sherley's resentment would be vented upon its servants in Persia, the Company addressed a petition to the King, imploring him not to send back Sir Robert, or at all events not to give him any authority over its factors or goods. Charles replied that he could not do less than allow Sherley to return to his master "to clear his honour," but promised that he should be precluded from interfering in any way with the Company's concerns. The Company was, however, urged to lend Sir Robert 2,000*l.* to pay his debts, the allowance granted him by the King being hopelessly in arrears. To this a firm refusal was returned, and it was intimated that the Company was resolved to be at no further charge than to carry back Sherley, his wife, and four servants. Naqd 'Alī Beg, having discharged his mission, desired also to return to Persia as speedily as possible; and it was arranged that Cotton and Sherley should embark in the *Blessing*, while the Persian should take his passage in the *Discovery*.

It is time now to say something concerning the ambassador whom King Charles had chosen to represent him at the court of the Shāh. Of Dodmore Cotton's antecedents we know little more than that he came of an old Cambridge family and was the third son of Robert Cotton and Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of John Dormer, Dadmer, or Dodmore (*Visitation of Cambridge, 1575 and 1619*, p. 22): that he matriculated at Cam-

bridge (King's) in 1607: and that he was admitted at Lincoln's Inn in November, 1608 (*Alumni Cantabrigienses*). As we have seen, he was a gentleman of the King's privy chamber, and was thus well known to his royal master. Cotton himself hoped that the East India Company would be induced to employ him in the same way that they had employed Sir Thomas Roe in his embassy to India, with a handsome salary and allowances, and he made overtures to them for that purpose; but they were obstinately determined to have nothing to do with him beyond providing him with a passage, and they declared that the profits of the trade would not bear the cost of such a mission.[1] The King then asked them to supply Cotton with funds while he was in Persia, at the rate of 3*l.* a day, promising that the amount should be repaid to them in London. This request was likewise refused, on the plea that funds would not be available out there, since the Company was recalling its estate. Cotton had thus nothing to depend upon but the allowance made to him by the King, which was fixed at 2*l.* per diem from 2 April, 1626. He seems to have been paid in advance a sum of 1,000*l.* (*Calendar of State Papers, East Indies*, 1630-34, no. 153), doubtless on account of the expense to which he was put in making suitable provision for himself and his followers. Once arrived in Persia, he would of course become the guest of the

[1] Apparently Cotton had had this scheme in view for some time, since, at a meeting of the directorate on 28 March, 1626, the Governor (Sir Morris Abbot) reported a conversation with Cotton, in the course of which he told the latter that the Company knew "he hath laboured for this employment long, having offered to Mr. Bacon, the Company's late secretary, above a year since 100*l.* to effect the same." Abbot added that Cotton, on learning that the Company had refused to accept his services, "let fall thus much . . . that so long as he had hope to be employed by the Company into Persia as an ambassador, he had a stomach to the journey, but being rejected he is now not so forward to undertake so long and tedious a voyage."

Shāh and be provided with food, lodging, and transport gratis; and further he might hope that the Shāh would make him a handsome present on his departure, though this was necessarily somewhat problematical.

Besides a chaplain (Dr Gooch), Cotton took with him, as was the fashion, a number of gentleman attendants, Herbert among them. Presumably these would have no salaries; but their maintenance would be provided for, and little would be expected of them beyond figuring in the envoy's suite and rendering such other slight services as he might require. The main inducement to join in such a capacity was that an opportunity was thus afforded of seeing a strange country under certain advantages and at a small cost; but, as will be seen in the course of Herbert's narrative, several of these enterprising spirits paid for their curiosity with their lives.

Copies of Cotton's instructions, dated 15 April, 1626, are preserved among the MSS. in the library of All Souls College (*Owen Wynne*, vol. xii, p. 144 and vol. xxii, p. 84). He was to relate to the Shāh the negotiations with Sherley and their interruption by the arrival of Naqd 'Alī Beg. The latter's behaviour to Sherley was to be reported to his master, and inquiry was to be made as to the powers entrusted to each of the two representatives. Cotton was to find out whether the Shāh was prepared to stand by the proposals Sherley had made, and in that case he might promise that the English king would meet his wishes as far as possible. The envoy was warned not to take upon himself the title or power of a consul, and not to meddle with the East India Company's servants or goods.

Thus instructed, Cotton prepared to be gone on his mission. He was knighted at Whitehall, on 12 April, 1626, which was presumably the date of his farewell audience. Then he and Sherley, followed by the

Persian, poſted to the Downs in order to embark in the fleet. But they arrived only to find that the ships—the commanders of which had been ordered by the Company (with the aſſent of the Secretary of State) not to lose a favourable wind by waiting for these passengers—had already departed. Enraged at this, Cotton and Sherley, with the latter's wife, took up their quarters aboard the *Expedition*, a vessel of the Company's then lying in the roads, but bound for Batavia; while the Persian ambassador, not to be outdone, demanded to be received on board as well. Cotton wrote to the Secretary of State, asking that the King would order the Company to change the deſtination of the ship to Persia, and to exclude "the black Persian" for fear leſt he should do Sherley a mischief. Charles at firſt gave orders accordingly; but finding the Company resolute againſt any alteration, forbore to press the point; and Cotton, who had written arrogantly to the Company: "I may not go for Jacatra [i.e. Batavia], but muſt go directly for Persia," received the reply: "This ship muſt not go for Persia, but, God willing, shall go for Jacatra, from whence you may be transported." He and his companions had no desire thus to be carried thousands of miles out of their way; while a short experience of the discomforts caused by their forcing themselves aboard an already crowded vessel, fitted with no conveniences for such passengers, convinced both Cotton and Sherley that it would be unwise to persiſt. They therefore disembarked, doubtless in high dudgeon, and took the road for London, whither Naqd 'Alī Beg had already preceded them.

All three ambassadors had now to wait nearly twelve months for another opportunity of procuring passages. Of the events of their enforced ſtay we hear little, save of trouble given to the Company by the extravagant demands of Naqd 'Alī Beg and by his quarrels with a

Persian merchant (Khwāja Shāhsawār[1]) who had come with him. This person died in August, 1626; but his son carried on the dispute, and the Privy Council was forced to intervene. At the commencement of the new year the preparations for dispatching a fresh fleet to Surat renewed the demand for the provision of passages for the ambassadors. On 26 January, 1627, Sir Dodmore Cotton, accompanied by Endymion Porter, appeared at the East India House with a message from the King that he expected the Company to make the necessary arrangements so far as Cotton and Sherley were concerned. Four days later the Governor and some of his colleagues attended His Majesty at Whitehall with a petition, begging to be excused this burden and pointing out that the Company had already assented to a suggestion made by Sherley that he and his friends should fit out a vessel for that purpose, with leave to trade; but to this plea the King refused to listen, and the Company had to be content with renewed assurances that neither Cotton nor Sherley should have any control over either the ships or the factors in Persia. Arrangements were accordingly made by which Sir Dodmore and Sir Robert, with the latter's wife and a number of attendants (including Herbert), were to be received in the *Star*, while Naqd 'Alī Beg and his party were to be accommodated aboard the *Hart*. The rest of the fleet, which was under the command of Captain John Hall, consisted of a third ship, the *Mary*, and three pinnaces, the *Hopewell*, *Refuge*, and *Scout*.

The Company continued to the last its liberal treatment of Sherley's opponent. On 28 February it was resolved to bestow upon him some silver plate to the value of 50*l*., as well as his own portrait in oils, painted

[1] Mrs. A. C. Edwards has kindly pointed out that this man was in Venice in 1613 and 1621, having been sent thither by the Shāh (see Berchet's *Repubblica di Venezia e la Persia*, pp. 48-50, 210-215).

by Richard Greenbury.[1] Seven members of the directorate undertook to escort him to the Downs; and when certain members of Lincoln's Inn proposed to go as well, the Company decided to bear their charges. In a parting letter to Secretary Conway (18 March) Cotton complained that Naqd 'Alī Beg had been amply provided for and had "two butts of Canary for his own mouth," while Sherley and himself had been allotted "kennels" and no wine had been furnished for their use. At Lady Sherley's request, instructions were sent to Captain Hall not to allow the Persian to land during the voyage at any time when Sir Robert was ashore, the lady having declared a fear lest "that barbarous heathen" should make a further assault upon her husband.

The fleet sailed on 23 March, 1627. Of the outward voyage little need be added to Herbert's account. There are four journals of it at the India Office (*Marine Records*, nos. xlvi-xlix), which have been summarized in *The English Factories in India*, 1624–29, pp. 183-6; and some discrepancies between these and the text of the present volume are mentioned in the notes. The ships called at the Cape and at the Comoro Islands; and after a long voyage, during which many men were lost from disease, they anchored on 30 November in the road of Swally, near Surat. Just before their arrival Naqd 'Alī Beg, fearing that his royal master would sacrifice him to the resentment of Sherley and Cotton, committed suicide by taking an overdose of opium.

Without much loss of time (18 December) four ships—the *William*, *Exchange*, *Hart*, and *Star*—were dispatched to Gombroon (Bandar 'Abbās) in Persia, Cotton and his followers being aboard the first-named vessel (which was commanded by Captain Christopher Brown), while Sherley remained in the *Star*. Writing

[1] A replica of this painting was retained at the East India House, and it may now be seen in the India Office.

to the Company on 4 January, 1628, Kerridge (the President at Surat) and his Council said: "Our King's Majesty's ambassador came safely hither, in company of Sir Robert Sherley and his lady; but the Persian ambassador died a day before their anchoring at Sualy [Swally], and the merchant's son few days after their coming from Mohelia. The latter made a will, and the former had little to give; what either had is gone for Gombroon, to be disposed by your Agent and Council. The late coming of your fleet prevented the Lord Ambassador from going to Surratt; whom for his better accommodation we removed into the *William* and left Sir Robert Sherley in the *Star*. His Lordship had due reverence here, and went, we believe, very well pleased from hence; whose accommodation with tents, etc., for his travel not being to be had on the sudden, we presented him one in your name from the Marine" (*English Factories*, 1624–29, p. 207).

Gombroon was reached without incident on 6 January, 1628, and a few days later Cotton landed in state. The fleet which had brought him sailed again on 7 February, carrying a letter in which William Burt, the Company's Agent, and his colleagues told the Surat Council that "the Nadgebeag's decease hath caused a great deal of trouble unto us; for, by the Persians' persuasion here unto his son, he will not meddle with anything of his father's until he know the King's pleasure; so that I am left to give an account, even to his old shoes. . . .[1] Our King's ambassador hath not wanted of all due respect we have been able to afford him; concerning whom and My Lord Sherley[2] you may please to be referred for more particular relations from Mr. Benthall; which for some respects we have omitted in this general letter. There shall

[1] From a translation of a *farmān* in the India Office records (*Persia*, vol. i, pp. 320, 354) it appears that Burt carried the goods to the court and there handed them over to the royal treasury.

[2] This title is given to Sherley as being an ambassador.

be no means wanting (unprejudicial to our masters) to win their favour. Their professions are fair; which shall be still encouraged by our dutiful proceed towards them" (India Office Records: *Surat*, vol. 102, p. 538). John Benthall (Burt's chief assistant) was proceeding to Surat in the fleet, and evidently his associates thought it wise to leave all details to be reported orally by him.

Cotton was received with due ceremony by the Governor of Gombroon, and was provided with the necessary transport for his journey. On 24 January, 1628, the cavalcade started for Isfahān, travelling by the usual route through Lār and Shīrāz. A stay of nine days was made at Lār, and a still longer halt at Shīrāz, where the Imām-Qulī Khān held his state as Governor of Southern Persia. This haughty personage had purposely absented himself, to show his own importance; and even when he returned, he delayed a couple of days before inviting the ambassador to pay him a visit. Cotton, who had doubtless studied Sir Thomas Roe's narrative of his experiences in India, declined to make the first call; whereupon the Khān waived the point and promised to visit the envoy. Instead of doing so, he sent his son to represent him. Cotton, not to be outdone, announced his intention of calling in return upon the son; but when he reached the Khān's palace, he found himself ushered into the presence of the father instead, who entertained him with a magnificent banquet. Two days later the Khān arrived at the ambassador's dwelling without previous notice. Cotton had received secret intelligence of the honour intended, and he entertained his guest so sumptuously that the latter departed full of liquor and with the warmest appreciation of the Englishman's hospitality. As a result, he presented Cotton with a dozen horses, well accoutred, and furnished him handsomely with transport for his journey.

Shīrāz was quitted on 25 March, and a visit was paid to the famous ruins of Persepolis, which Herbert describes at some length. On the 10th of the following month, attended by the Company's Agent (who had arrived a few days before) and by the Christians resident in the city, Sir Dodmore entered Isfahān in ſtate and was escorted to a house belonging to the Shāh. The monarch, however, was not at his capital, but at his favourite summer retreat at Ashraf, on the borders of the Caspian Sea, whither it was necessary to follow him. So at the beginning of May Cotton and Sherley set out on their toilsome journey northwards, followed a few days later by Burt, who seems to have been careful to avoid travelling in the company of the ambassador, perhaps in order to emphasize the fact that the mission was no concern of the Company's. Ashraf was reached on 21 May; and four days later Sir Dodmore was received by the Shāh with little ceremony but to all appearance with considerable cordiality. He delivered to the monarch the letter and message he had brought from King Charles, and in reply the Shāh declared his willingness to make an agreement for the barter of silk againſt broadcloth. As for Sherley, 'Abbās disavowed the aſperſions caſt upon him by Naqd 'Alī Beg and promised to give him satisfaction. He expressed his pleaſure at receiving an embaſſy from England; and he concluded by drinking bareheaded the health of King Charles.

There, however, the Shāh's civilities ended, and for the reſt of his ſtay at Ashraf he ignored the English envoy. Herbert assigns as the reason the hoſtility of the monarch's favourite, Muhammad 'Alī Beg, who "was by bribery made our enemy." The innuendo seems to be that Burt was the person who had given the bribe; but this hypothesis may be rejected without hesitation. The East India Company was not in the leaſt likely to spend money

for such a purpose, even if it had dared to incur the displeasure of King Charles by such an action. The hostility of Muhammad 'Alī Beg is easily explained by jealousy at the reappearance of Sherley, and fear lest he should be supported in regaining the favour of the Shāh by the influence of the ambassador, in whose company he had come. But it would be wrong to attach too much importance to the attitude of the favourite, powerful though he may have been. 'Abbās was his own prime minister and carried out his own policy. That he was disappointed when he discovered the limited scope of the mission can scarcely be doubted. For years he had been fed by Sherley with hopes of foreign aid against his dreaded enemy the Turk; and when he heard of the return of Sir Robert, accompanied by an ambassador from England, he may reasonably have concluded that his envoy had at last succeeded in procuring the desired support, if only by providing him with the sinews of war on a commercial basis. His annoyance when he learnt that Cotton's errand was only one of tentative inquiry may be imagined. Though he made no sign at the moment, he seems to have resolved to have nothing more to do with Sherley, whose two missions to Europe had both ended in failure; and Cotton was naturally involved in his companion's disgrace. A further reason for the slighting treatment accorded to the ambassador may have been the omission to bring suitable presents (at least we hear of none). These were always expected at an Oriental court, and their absence could not fail to be resented, not only by the Shāh himself but also by his chief officials, who looked to be conciliated in the same way, though in a minor degree.

However, the ambassador was not at once dismissed, but was merely desired to meet the Shāh again at Qazvīn, whither the latter was proceeding. He was not invited to accompany the royal cortège, but was

sent round by another route. He set out accordingly on 2 June and, travelling by way of Farāhābād, Damāvand, and Tehrān, reached his destination about the end of the month. For some days he waited, in the hope of being summoned to an audience; but no sign of this appearing, he judged it advisable to make a move by visiting Muhammad 'Alī Beg and requesting a reply to the letter he had brought from King Charles. The sequel may be told in the words of Herbert's first edition (p. 123), which is rather fuller than the account given in the text: "The pagan in short told him, if he had any more to possess the King, he should first acquaint him, and consequently have an answer; to which our ambassador replied little, though discontented much, perceiving by this he should have no further access unto the King. But, willing to be gone and loth the favourite should see him daunted, he trusted him with his business—some part the continuance of amity between their masters, with some words of the merchants' traffic, and an acknowledgment from the King that Sir Robert Sherley was his true ambassador into Europe. To the two first Mahomet Ally Beg, undesired, bolted out that he knew his master, the King of Persia or Potshaw, stood more affected to no one prince of the world than to our King, and that the trade and exchange betwixt their merchants was both pleasing and profitable to his King. And for Sir Robert Sherley (whose enemy Mahomet ever was) he knew and had heard the King himself say he cared not for him, and that his embassies and messages to the princes of Christendom were frivolous and forged. Tis true, quoth he, the King gave him (as an argument of favour) at the Caspian Sea a horse and garment; but it was more to satisfy the other ambassador himself than out of any respect the King had unto him. And when our Lord Ambassador told him Sir Robert Sherley had the King's letter of credence or firman to

testify the truth of it, and that, if he were an impostor he were the veriest fool living to undertake a journey of that length and danger, knowing withal the King's severity; to which the pagan answered not, but told him at their next meeting he would give him ampler satisfaction, entreating him for a sight of Sir Robert's testimonial letter and a copy of what Sir Robert Sherley had treated about in England or other places. Two days after, attended by some gentlemen, he visited Mahomet Ally Beg again, and gave him the copy of what he last desired, and withal showed him Sir Robert's letter of credence, signed by his King, Shaw Abbas, in Isfahān. He bid him look upon it and tell him if it had the image of a counterfeit. The malicious favourite thought it had; but, being uncertain, craved it to show the King; which accordingly he did (if we may give credit to an enemy and infidel) unto the King three days after; who (as he told Sir Dodmore Cotton) viewed them, denied them to be true, and in rage had burnt them, wishing Sir Robert Sherley to depart his kingdom, as old and troublesome. He was amazed at it, but knew no remedy. For my own part, I am verily persuaded the King's seals and phirman were true; and that either Mahomet Ally Beg juggled with him (for we had but his word for all we knew, and nevermore came in presence of the King). He might forge other letters to show the King; else, why kept he them two days without delivery? Or he might have slandered the King to say he burnt them; being an act not worthy so just a prince as Abbas was reputed for."

The shock of finding himself thus disgraced and thrown penniless upon the world proved too much for Sherley; he expired on 13 July, and was hastily buried under the threshold of his house. Ten days later Cotton followed him to the grave. The trials of the journey, and mortification at its fruitless result, doubtless contributed; but the immediate cause of

death was exhaustion from dysentery. With as much ceremony as they could muster, his disheartened followers interred him in the Armenian cemetery at Qazvīn.

The ambassador being dead, nothing remained for his suite but to make their way homewards as soon as possible. On application to Muhammad 'Alī Beg an answer from the Shāh to the royal letter brought by the embassy was obtained, together with a *farmān* to facilitate their journey to Gombroon. Cotton's chaplain, Dr Gooch, as the only official member of the party, took upon himself the leadership; and his vain attempt to obtain funds for the purpose from the Company's servants is narrated in the following extract from a much damaged letter, dated at Isfahān 22 October, 1628, from Burt and his colleagues (India Office Records: *O.C.* 1282): "Our sovereign's ambassador, Sir Dodmer Cotton, perished the 23rd [July] in the city of Casbinn, where the King intended the same [month ?] to give him his dispatch, having but once seen him since his arrival in Persia (at which also myself was present); so that more than the delivery of our sovereign's letter unto the Emperor (unto which he hath returned answer) was not treated of between them. His Lordship's extreme wants in those things which exteriorly befitted the person of so high a minister caused him much disrespect from this nation; of which himself was very sensible, blaming Sir Robert Sherley and his own unadvisedness. His Majesty gave present order for the dispatch of his followers towards port; who, by reason of his chaplain's uncivil rash demeanour, the King sending each of them a vest, the doctor, not liking his, cast it at the feet of the bringers; whereof the King was not long without intelligence, and they immediately very meanly dispatched thence, to wit, with a firmand for camels for their carriages unto port Gombroone, with

an exhibition of four abases [i.e. 5s. 4d.] a day for the diets of their whole company, unto whom the King formerly had allowed 25 per day. These passages hath given us inexpressible discontents; and questionless, had not your servants the better demeaned themselves, our nation would have been much slighted in these parts. God hath given us patience. On His Lordship's departure from Bunder [i.e. Gombroon] towards court, having often moved us to furnish [him ?] at return with 150*l.*, we assented unto the loan, pretended to furnish himself with some curiosities of these parts. His chaplain, after His Lordship's decease, demanded very peremptorily of us the sum of 200 or 250*l.* (for less, he said, would not serve his turn); assuming ridiculously and unbefittingly to himself, as appears by a letter (by way of petition) unto me by all the rest of his company. We answered him [that], His Lordship being deceased, that eminency of embassy was laid aside and that a provident comporture best befitted his demeanour; that we well understood that he was sufficiently possessed both of plate and moneys, provided with carriages, and assisted by the weak exhibition the King gave him for diet; all which we knew splendidous enough for all needful defrays until their arrival to your ships. Notwithstanding, if himself thought not these things sufficient, we offered to furnish him with competency for such needful expense; which he refused, unless he might have 200*l.* He privately repaired to the Dutch whom [*sic*] hath furnished him with 100*l.* out of the means they basely and inhumanly seized from the disconsolate widow of Sir Robert Sherley, deceased; whose breath was no sooner out of his mouth but they, by virtue of a [*farmān* from ?] that King on behalf of a creditor of Sir Robert Sherley's for 5,000 crowns, obtained leave to seize her estate, which to the utmost their knowledge could attain they basely and un-

worthily seized. Before the decease of our sovereign's ambassador, he sent two of his followers, on the behalf of satisfaction unto our sovereign, unto the favourite to know whether Sir Robert Sherley were the King of Persia's ambassador, yea or no; as [also ?] whether he had order to treat about ships and galleys for his service; unto all which he made flat denial, advising the King's letters were graciously given him to favour and credit him with other princes; admiring [i.e. wondering] to what purpose he should solicit the bringing of ships and galleys for these parts, where they are altogether unfurnished of the managers of sea affairs."

The return journey was made by way of Qum, Kāshān, Isfahān, and Shīrāz. Herbert gives few dates, and (doubtless owing to the illness that incapacitated him) drops his itinerary just short of the capital; but the chance survival (India Office Records: *Persia*, vol. i, p. 297) of some petty accounts enables us to add a few details. Burt and Herbert (who is mentioned as being ill) left Isfahān on 23 October and reached Shīrāz on the 4th of the following month. After staying there thirteen days, the party set out again, and arrived at Gombroon on 18 December. The Company's fleet from Surat reached the port on 27 January, 1629, and departed on 21 February, the survivors of the embassy being doubtless on board, though the fact is not stated (*English Factories*, 1624-29, pp. 312, 313). The letter which the factors at Gombroon sent to Surat by the fleet (India Office Records: *O.C.* 1288) enclosed a bill given by Dr Gooch for a sum of money lent to him, which he had promised to repay at Surat. This, by the way, he evidently failed to do, for the Surat factors forwarded the bill to the Company for realization (*Factory Records*, *Miscellaneous*, vol. i, p. 134).

Swally was reached on 12 March, 1629, and Herbert

and his companions were able to enjoy a short rest amid the comparative luxuries of the English factory at Surat. Three ships had already gone home at the end of 1628; but it was settled that three more—the *Hart*, *Expedition*, and *Hopewell*—should now follow them, laden largely with the goods brought from Persia. The letter carried to England by this fleet has survived only in the form of an abstract (*English Factories*, 1624-29, p. 325), and in this no mention is made of the members of the mission; but we know from his own testimony that Herbert was on board the *Hart*.

The ships got out of Swally Hole on 13 April, 1629, and two days later departed on their homeward way, accompanied by another trio of ships bound for Bantam. Three logs of the voyage will be found summarized in *English Factories*, 1624-29, pp. 331-3. Passing down the coast of India, the two fleets kept company (for fear of Portuguese attacks) until 1 May, when the time came for separation. The *Hart* and her consorts made some stay (13 June to 25 July) at Mauritius (of which Herbert gives an interesting account, including a description of the dodo); and a call was made at Réunion. Table Bay was reached on 7 September and quitted a fortnight later. From the 8th to the 14th of the next month the ships refreshed again at St Helena. The Lizard was sighted on 13 December, and five days later the fleet anchored at Plymouth. Bad weather detained them there until 7 January, 1630; but on the 10th the Downs were reached in safety and two days later the voyage ended at Gravesend.

If Herbert entertained any hopes of preferment at court, these were dashed by the sudden death of his patron, the Earl of Pembroke. Wood tells us that our author "did at his return wait on the said noble count, who, inviting him to dinner the next day at

Baynard's Castle in London, died suddenly that night " (10 April, 1630). The Earl's successor in the title was his brother Philip, Earl of Montgomery, to whom Herbert dedicated his volume when it appeared; but this nobleman does not seem to have shown any sign of exerting his influence on behalf of his young kinsman. However, the latter had apparently sufficient means to permit of his leading a life of leisure; and, after a tour on the Continent, he married (April, 1632) Lucia, daughter of Sir Walter Alexander, and settled down in London. The publication, two years later, of his description of his Persian travels has already been detailed; also the issue of a second edition in 1638.

Of his subsequent history a short summary must suffice. On the outbreak of the Civil War Herbert took the side of the Parliament, and was appointed a commissioner with the army of his relative, Lord Fairfax. In May, 1646, he was one of those deputed to arrange the terms of the surrender of Oxford. When, in January, 1647, the Scots made over King Charles to the Parliament, Herbert was appointed to attend upon him. He quickly became much attached to the unhappy captive, who was at his best during those last sad years; and having been appointed a groom of the bedchamber, he served him faithfully to the end. During the last few months of Charles's life Herbert was his sole attendant; he was with him on the scaffold, and afterwards assisted to bury him at Windsor. The silver watch which the King gave Herbert on his way to execution, together with other relics that came into the latter's possession, were long preserved in the family.

At the Restoration Herbert's services to the previous monarch were rewarded with a baronetcy (July, 1660). The rest of his life was devoted mainly to antiquarian and literary pursuits. In 1665 he published (as already mentioned) a third, and twelve years later a

fourth, edition of his book on Persia. In 1678 he recorded, in a volume entitled *Threnodia Carolina*, which at once became popular, his reminiscences of the last days of Charles I; while he also collaborated with Dugdale in that scholar's well-known antiquarian works. Of his private life there remains little to be said. His first wife died in 1671, and in November of the following year he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Gervase Cutler. He seems to have divided his time between his Welsh estate at Tintern (in Monmouthshire), his town house in Petty France, Westminster, and his residence in York. At the last named place he died on 1 March, 1682, and was buried in the church of St Crux in that city.

From what has already been said it will be evident that Herbert's narrative is of considerable importance from an historical point of view, as giving us the only detailed account available of the first English embassy to Persia, to say nothing of the information afforded concerning the redoubtable Shāh 'Abbās and his chief servants. But it has another and no less valuable side in the graphic picture it provides of Persia and the Persians in the early part of the seventeenth century. Our traveller spent over thirteen months in the country and traversed it from south to north and back again, making also an extensive detour on the return journey; while the list of places he visited includes Bandar 'Abbās, Lār, Shīrāz, Persepolis, Isfahān, Ashraf, Tehrān, Qazvīn, Qum, and Kāshān. Of these and other towns, as well as of the intervening country, he gives vivid descriptions, together with much that is of interest about the inhabitants. Evidently he liked both Persia and its people; and as regards Shīrāz in particular he grows quite lyrical in his praises (p. 70). That his observations were often superficial and that his conclusions were sometimes inaccurate will cause

no surprise when we remember that he was an inexperienced youth of twenty-two, travelling amid many difficulties and discomforts in a land of which the language was unknown to him; and when we consider the drawbacks under which the materials were gathered, we rather marvel that he was able to paint so convincing a picture. Possibly the effect is aided to some extent by the style of the narrative. At first sight turgid and affected, it proves in the main wonderfully suitable for portraying the gorgeous East; while when describing incidents, such as the reception of the mission by the Imām-Qulī Khān at Shīrāz or the interview with Shāh 'Abbās at Ashraf, the language ceases to be grandiloquent and becomes appropriately terse and rapid. Throughout the story our sympathies go with the high-spirited and good-humoured narrator, who makes so little of the hardships he encountered and never has anything but good to say of his companions; and the modest hope—"that these relations (the issue of youth and haste) might find acceptance"—with which (in the second edition) he concludes his story will find as ready a response from those who peruse the present reprint as it did from the readers of his own generation.

W. F.

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HERBERT'S ROUTE
Miles
0 50 100 150 250
Kilometres
0 50 100 200 300
TABRIZ
Caspian Sea
Farahabad
Barfarush
Amul
Bulmahind
ASHRAF
Nikah
Aliabad
QAZVIN
Farsian
Shahendl
Sangarabad
Tehran
Damavand
Firuzkuh
Saveh
QUM
Hamadan
Hablerud
Safid Ab
Sin-Sin
Ab-i-Garm
KASHAN
Buzabad
Bad
Natanz
Sardehan
ISFAHAN
Mehiar
Qumishah
Aminabad
Yazd-i-Khast
Dih-i-girdu
Khushk-i-Zard
Asupas
Ujan
Main
Persepolis
SHIRAZ
Mukhak
Qutbabad
Juwun
Binaru
Biriz
Dihkuh
LAR
Hormuz
Dalan
Kuristan
Gachin
Band-i-Ali
GOMBROON
Ormuz
Jask
Persian Gulf

Travels in Persia

CHAPTER I

The Outward Voyage.

UPON Good Friday [23 March] in the year 1626,[1] we took shipping at Deal, near Dover, having six great and well-manned ships in company, all which were bound for the East Indies. In few hours' coasting close by the Isle of Wight a sudden borasque,[2] or gust, assaulted us; which after an hour's rage spent itself, and blew us the third day (double solemnized that year by being the Feast of Mother and Son) upon the Lizard's Point, the utmost promontory of Cornwall, as we passed; from whence to the extremest Cape of Africa in this voyage we compute our longitude, and not from the Azores, albeit the first meridian.

The wind blew fair, so as the seven-and-twentieth day sailing by Bilbo[3] in Galicia we launched into the Spanish Ocean, which we no sooner entered but descried seven tall ships, whom reputing enemies we bore up to speak with: howbeit they proved friends, Hollanders out of the Levant, who drank our healths and saluted us as they passed with a roaring culverin, and we in return vomited out a like grateful echo. Thus ploughing the liquid seas in merriness till the nine-and-twentieth day made us the sport of danger, struggling with such mighty waves and deep seas as oft-times made us seem to climb up mountains of salt water, and were straightway precipitated headlong as it were 'twixt cloven seas, a good while heaven and sea seeming undivided.

Howbeit after thirty hours the quarrel 'twixt wind and sea ended, for then a serene sky reanimated us, so as we finished March in the chase of a Turkish pirate, whom with top-gallant top-sails and a soft wind we pursued six hours, but, being as well fitted for flight as fight, he outsailed us. So, returning to our course, the 1st of April we cut our passage through the Atlantic Ocean.

Long we had not been in these seas but another barbarian Sally[1] man-of-war came up, skulking all night in hope to board the first he saw divided; at daybreak we descried the pirate, who, loth to parley in fire and shot, fled amain and left us, who swam so well that the 3rd of April, at Titan's first blush, we got sight of Porto Sancto, a holy port in thirty-three degrees, commanded by the Spaniard; and also of Madeira (i.e. Isle of Wood) 12 leagues South-West from Porto Sancto.

The 6th of April by observation we had 27 degrees and a half lat., at that distance descrying the Canaries.

The 9th of April we crossed the tropic of Cancer. The 12th day we had the wind high but large, so that in two days' sail we made the sun our zenith or vertical point, his declination then being 14 degrees North.

In changing so many parallels, the weather increased from temperate to raging hot, the sun flaming all the day; so as it would have been intolerable had it not been compensated by some breezes we had, and by the nights being of equal length. Nevertheless calentures[2] began to vex us. A sailor also by accident falling from the shrouds into the merciless waves was some aggravation, increased by a sudden and violent gust and storm of wind and rain which in 6 [*sic*] degrees affrighted us; our skiff (which was fastened to the upper deck) in less than two hours being filled with nasty rain, which ended in thunder and flash, a great while the tornado in that manner amazing us; weather

so variable as was admirable, now blowing fresh and fair, and forthwith ſtorming outrageously, the wind in one hour's space veering about every point of the compass.

Now albeit these airy conteſts were not a little frightful to us passengers, who had never seen the like, yet the infectious rains that usually accompany the tornadoes were what moſt damnified the sailors, who in those ſtorms are necessitated to be upon the decks to hand in their sails and to abide the brunt, and (which is worse) the ſtorm being over they commonly get forthwith into their beds (or hammocks), reſting their wearied bodies in wet naſty clothes, thereby breeding many diseases, as fevers, calentures, fluxes [i.e. dysentery], aches, scurvy, and the like; which doubtleſs, did they moderate their bibbing ſtrong waters and take more care to shift their apparel, might in great measure be prevented. Other unlucky accidents oft-times happen in these seas, as, when (especially in becalmings) men swim in the bearing ocean, the greedy hayen, called tuberon[1] or shark, armed with a double row of venomous teeth, pursue them, directed by a little rhombus or musculus,[2] variously ſtreaked and coloured with blue and white, that scuds to and fro to bring the shark intelligence.

April 18. We had 15 degrees, and before the next morn were in height of Cape de Verd in 14 degrees. April 21ſt not one breath of air comforted us, the sun overtopping and darting out such fiery beams that the air inflamed, the seas seemed warm, our ship became sulphurous, no decks, no awnings nor invention possible being able to refresh us, so that for seven days (seventy better endured in a zone more temperate) we sweated and broiled, unable to sleep, reſt, eat, or drink without much faintness; in which space our ship made no way (no current being felt far in the ocean) till the fifth day

the billows began to roll and the air troubled (for the air expiring from under the sea, first causes the waves to rise and the sea to bubble, the wind not being perceived by sense till there be an eruption of a great quantity, and from thence gets into a body), and then travelling with an abortive cloud which suddenly fell down in form of an inverted pyramid it became equally wonderful and dangerous. A cloud exhaled by the sun (a powerful magnet) not agitated by the wind, but missing the retentive property in the lower region, distills not in moderate and condensed drops but falls so impetuously into the ocean, that many ships have been dashed and sunk past all recovery. And what is little less formidable, the stinking rain is no sooner in the sea but (as a churlish farewell) a whirlwind usually circles with such violence as helps the cloud to lash the murmuring seas so outrageously that oft-times the waves rebound top-gallant height, as if it meant to retaliate the air in another region.

God be praised, we missed the rage of rain, albeit the gust somewhat endangered us: a pleasant breeze first, increasing into a prosperous gale, cooled the air and posted us out of those exuberances of nature; so that on May Day we crossed under the equinoctial. And here we may observe that by reason of so long a calm the heat became outrageous; nevertheless experience assured us that the heat is not so unsufferable under the equator as where more remote, and with good reason too, seeing that the breezes be more constant towards sunset, and greater where the motion of the air has greatest circles. The nights also are equal there in length to the day, and ordinarily dewy, which refrigerates and compensates the heat of the day. Besides, the heat is much abated by the two winters there, and, as a learned and noble person[1] conceives, the extreme heat within the zodiac attracts such streams of cold air or atoms from each pole into the

torrid zone as exceedingly qualifies the burning heat, and may peradventure cause the constant breezes which at 9 and 4 seldom fail, as do the rains, which ordinarily fall at noon when the beams are hottest.

May 6. We had some thunder and lightning or *corpo sanctos*, such as seem good omens to the superstitious; at night we passed by Sancta-Croix,[1] the Holy Cross, every hour expecting the monsoon, an anniversary wind that from one rhomb constantly blows one way six months, beginning exactly from the sun's entrance into a sign of the zodiac, and the other half year the contrary way, or till the sun enter into the opposite degree; and (as commonly observed) from 27 to 37 degrees lat. it is for the most part westerly, which if seamen neglect, they go near to lose their passage into India.

Now how preposterous the year and wind proved elsewhere I know not; doubtless it is the emblem of inconstancy, experience taught it us; but the weather so long time proved our antagonist that our passage to the Cape of Good Hope became six weeks longer than we looked for, so as we were forced to run into much more longitude than we desired.

May 8. We had 8 degrees 10 minutes Antarctic latitude, the Monomotapan [i.e. African] on the one side, the Brazilian coast on the other, siding us.

May 24. We had 19 degrees and a half, from whence to the thirtieth the wind was large and prosperous, nothing in that distance observable, save that on the 26th day our Admiral the *Mary* (in which Captain Hall commanded) early descried a sail, which he made after with barge and long-boat manned with 80 men; at two leagues' distance they perceived her a carack of 1,500 tons, who, not daring to adventure her hulk against our shot, made all her sails draw, so as that night she escaped; to recover her our fleet divided all night, yet saw her not till the 27th day,

and but saw her, her velocity so much excelled ours; till the 7th of June she again deluded us, after two hours' chase as a phantasma vanishing from our sight, steering towards Goa.[1]

Upon May Day we crossed the Line, and on the last of May the tropic of Capricorn, the utmost limit of Apollo's progress towards the Antarctic; so as 53 days we sweated within the burning zone, ere we passed under both the tropics. The 1st of June our observation was 24 degrees 42 minutes South latitude, the sun then being in 23 degrees 8 min. North, in the 20th degree of Gemini. In which height we had many sudden gusts and storms, contrary to our desires, as unable thereby to direct our course as should have been, being driven to leeward 100 leagues upon the coast of Brazil to 25 degrees latitude and 27 of longitude from the Lizard. Howbeit, *post multos sequitur una serena dies*, for on the 13th day, in the first watch, our long-looked-for Favonius [West wind] blew sweetly upon us. At which time some boobies perched upon the yard-arm of our ship, and suffered our men to take them—an animal so very simple as becomes a proverb.

Long it is not since I told you how favourable the wind had been unto us, but ere long found that his other adjunct is inconstancy; for after a short calm we observed the ocean first to ferment and heave, and then to wrinkle her smooth face, and, veering into a contrary rhomb, at length to puff and bluster; yea, next day to storm so outrageously that the seamen themselves (to my apprehension) had some fear, and not without reason, the Cape land being thought (not near enough, and yet in this condition) too near. For four days and nights we were forced to hull, not having the least rag of sail out; but driving whither wind and tide (being near the shore) compelled, during which we were now tossed as it were into the

air, and then thrown down into an abyss, dancing upon the ridge of dreadful waves, others at a greater distance threatening to swallow us; the air and ocean contending who should make the greater noise, that it was not possible to behold a fiercer conflict 'twixt those elements. Nevertheless, hoping in the Lord and having tight ships, through good providence after fifteen days' longer sail (by this late storm having put forth farther to sea) our fleet, which were all dispersed, met joyfully together soon after at the Cape.

Nevertheless, albeit the waves were extremely high in this late storm, they were withal extraordinarily long; and experience taught us that in the narrow seas (as 'twixt England and France, or Wales and Ireland), where the sea is shallower, the waves are much shorter and break more, whereby they become much more dangerous; for where the ocean is vast and deep, there it rolls in long waves, and has the slower motion. It may also be remembered that during this late tuffon [i.e. typhoon] lightning was seen to fall and hang like fire, sometimes to skip to and fro about the yards and tackling of our ships. In old times the Greeks called them Castor and Pollux, whom they feigned to be Leda's twins; which some call Hermes' fire; Saint Elmo, others; the French, Furole [i.e. *furolles*]; but the Portuguese, Corpo Sanctos: withal believing that, when two are seen, they foretell halcyon weather and safety; if one, it imports danger; but three threaten storms and shipwreck. *Sed non ego credulus illis*, well knowing that these meteors are no other than natural exhalations.

June 24. We raised the pole Antarctic six-and-thirty degrees, at which time our longitude from the meridian of the Lizard was 25 degrees wanting three minutes; variation three degrees, course E.S.E., sun's declination 22 deg. 26 min. and as many seconds North, in the 17th degree of Gemini. Where note

that at this same time, being midsummer in England, it was midwinter with us in this South climate, being near the antipodes. July the 7th betimes in the morning by the sargasso,[1] or sea-weeds, we saw floating upon the sea the seamen knew they were near the Cape, and accordingly we descried land betimes next morning,[2] which, though threescore miles distant, being so high it seemed to be nigh us; howbeit the wind and tide not favouring we could not then reach the continent, but dropped our anchor 14 leagues short of Soldania Bay, afore a small isle called Coney Isle[3] through corruption of speech, the proper name of that isle being Cain-yne in Welsh. The isle is three miles about, in which we saw abundance of penguins, in Welsh white-heads,[4] agreeable to their colour—a bird that of all other goes most erect in its motion, the wings or fins hanging down like sleeves, covered with down instead of feathers, their legs serving them better than their wings; they feed on fish at sea and grass ashore, and have holes to live in like conies; a degenerate duck, for, using both sea and shore, it feeds in the one, breeds in the other; is very fat and oily, and some adventure to eat them.

In this little isle we found also abundance of conies, not unlike our cats, but of a larger size, and rammish [i.e. rank], as they report that eat such dainties: indeed, such food requires good stomachs, with hot water to help digestion ere it turn into a reasonable chylus. Here were also great number of seals, or sea-calves, which some call *piscis marinus*, as big as the greatest sort of mastiffs, something like them in visage, and in voice outbark them, but the concert is rather like the bellowing of bulls. These, as also crocodiles, penguins, otters, and manatees, are amphibious animals, equally using land and water; and albeit easily destroyed if one interpose 'twixt them and the sea, yet being past have so good a faculty in

ſtriking the loose ſtones with their hinder-feet, or fins, that the pursuer is thereby endangered. Bad food they are (so oily), but their skins being tanned are converted into many good uses.

Weighing anchor, we next came to Penguin[1] Island, so named from that abundance of those birds we found there. This isle is about six leagues N.N.W. from Soldania; and, albeit this is so near the mainland, yet well I remember that all the way we sailed 'twixt the laſt isle and the bay we anchored at we were disported by whales, who, in wantonness fuzzing the briny ocean out of those pipes or vents nature has placed upon their shoulders, like so many floating islands accompanied us, and after their guise thundered out our welcome into Ethiopia.

July the firſt[2] we came to an anchor in Soldania Bay,[3] so called from Antonio Soldania, a Portuguese, who, being by King Eman[uel] sent with three ships after Albuquerque, through ſtress of weather was forced into this bay, which was after named Aquatio Soldaniæ, Soldania's watering-place. It is 12 leagues short of that great Cape which meritoriously is now called of Good Hope; the former name, Tormentoso, imposed by Gama,[4] being advisedly rejected by King John II of Portugal, from this consideration, that, in prosecuting those Indian voyages, having attained this place, the half way and greateſt danger is vanquished.

This bay is of a semi-lunary form, both safe and large, and affords good anchorage; towards the shore the land is low and fruitful, but five miles from the bay appears high and barren, for in a perpendicular as we observed the mountain, which from its resemblance is called the Table, is no less high than eleven thousand eight hundred and sixty feet;[5] near which is another pico, or hill, which from its sharpness at the top men usually call the Sugar-Loaf;[6] on the other

side [of] the Table is another pyramidal hill called Herbert's Mount;[1] from the top of any of which we could plainly see this utmost promontory, or Cape of Good Hope (*Cabo de buona Speranza* the Portuguese call it), which is about 12 leagues S.S.W. thence; also S. and by E. ten leagues thence we have a fair view of Cape Falso and Cape de Aguillas,[2] which three promontories are separated from each other by large bays, but the two last found inconvenient to anchor in: distant they be from one another 10 miles N. and S., on all sides save to the sea environed with mountains, which surge so high as that they penetrate the middle region. To the Table lately mentioned seamen for their recreation ordinarily climb up, the ascent (the height considered) not being uneasy, but the prospect (being once up) fully compensates the labour; for from thence into that country, where higher hills do not anticipate, is a very noble view and pleasant; and into the ocean we could see 100 miles and upwards. Into Soldania Bay, a small but most sweet and wholesome water[3] streams from the Table Mountain, which, after so long being at sea, was a great refreshing to our scorched entrails. To the North of Rio Dulce ('twixt which are two pretty rising hills, by Capt. Fitz-Herbert[4] called King James's and King Charles's Mounts,[5] and in whose behalf he laid claim unto that country) such as land here for refreshment usually pitch their tents. About half a league thence is a broader stream, but so shallow (near the bay) as is not navigable: the Portuguese call it Rio de Jaquelina,[6] which when I tasted was brackish and insalubrious; but 'twixt the two other capes is a larger stream,[7] which springs, as some say, from those Mountains of the Moon, supposed under the South tropics, but how truly I know not.

The soil here is exceeding good, the earth being at all times covered with grass and diapered with flowers

and herbs in great variety. I well remember that by accident I digged up the root of one that came up like a big parsnip,[1] which for many days sweated a gum, or clammy juice, that had a very aromatic smell, and, though few roots save orris are odoriferous, which having a tender dainty heat vanishes in the sun and air, yet this when dry kept its perfume a month together: the leaf was broad and prickly, something resembling the holy thistle, and grew close to the ground. I also observed there store of agrimony, betony, mint, calamint, sorrel, scabious, spinach, thyme, carduus benedictus, and coloquintida; with which, and several other beneficial herbs and flowers (which the skilful might have better distinguished), nature all the year long robes the fruitful earth as with tapestry.

The rivers yield no less variety, as trout, pike, pickerel, tench, eel; and of shell-fish, crab, lobster, rock-fish, crayfish, cockle, mussel, limpet, tortoise, which be very small and curiously coloured, and oysters, which (though they have no discriminate sex) are as good as can be; we see also thornback, gudgeon, and other sea-fish, which sometime are taken in the *æstuarium* of the fresh-water. The mountains are not without marcasite[2] and minerals, which but by search are not to be discerned. The country affords withal plenty of beasts of sundry sorts, as buffaloes and cows, which are large but lean and bunch-backed; sheep with long ears, like hounds, much unlike those in Europe; red-deer, antelopes as large as stags and delightfully headed, apes and baboons of extraordinary size and colour, lions, panthers, pards, jackals, wolves, dogs, cats, hares, and zebras or pied-horses, as also elephants and camels, which three last we saw not; and Garcias ab Hort,[3] Physician to the Viceroy of Goa, reports that he saw unicorns here headed like a horse, if the zebras

deceive him not; and for birds the change and ſtore is no less, as hens, geese, turkeys, penguins, crows, gulls, thrushes, pheasants, ſtorks, pelicans, oſtrich, pintados, altatraces,[1] vultures, eagles, cranes, and cormorants (which some call sea-crows), which laſt upon the sea, when without ken of land, we saw so numerous as, if related, will scarce be credited: this bird, having a smell equal to the vulture, after battles have been noted to fly some hundreds of miles by scent to prey upon the carcasses. Here also are ſtore of those beautiful birds called passe-flamingoes [flamingoes].

The natives, being propagated from Cham [i.e. Ham], both in their visages and natures seem to inherit his malediction: their ſtature is but indifferent, their colour olivaſter [i.e. olive-coloured] or that sort of black we see the Americans that live under the equator; their faces be very thin, their limbs well proportioned, but by way of ornament pinked and cut in several shapes as fancy guides them; their heads are commonly long, about which they place their greateſt bravery: for, though their hair (after the African mode) be woolly and crisp, nevertheless by way of dress some shave all their skull, some half, other-some leave a tuft a-top; but some inſtead of shaving have several other dresses for their head, as spur-rowels, brass buttons, pieces of pewter, beads of many sorts, which the mirthful sailor exchanges for mutton, beef, herbs, oſtrich-eggshells, tortoises, or the like. Their ears are extended by links of brass, ſtones, broken oyſter-shells, and like ponderous baubles; their arms and legs loaden with voluntary shackles of copper, brass, iron, and ivory; and about their necks (either in imitation of the Dutch Commanders' chains or those worn by coxswains and boatswains) they wear the raw guts of beaſts, which serve as well for food as compliment, usually eating and speaking both

PLATE II

NATIVES AT THE CAPE

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together; the rest of their body is naked, save that about the waist they have a thong of leather which, like the back of a glove, serves to cover their *pudenda*—which without doubt they imagine a dress both rich and an ingenious sort of ornament. The natural and first garment Adam used was long before the art of weaving was invented; according to which, the better sort here wear a lion's or panther's skin, or like that the leopard and baboon; also a calf- or sheep-skin, the hair inverted, elsewhere their body being naked; only upon their feet they have a sole or piece of leather tied with a little strap, resembling the Roman *crepidula*; which while these Hatten-totes were in our company their hands held, their feet having thereby the greater liberty to steal, which with their toes they can do exactly, all the while looking us in the face the better to deceive.

What the generality of the natives are, I cannot say; but some we saw were semi-eunuchs, and some women use excision, through custom or imitation rather than religion. Their habitations are usually in caves, so as these are the proper troglodytes. Now concerning their diet, former time spoke modestly of them. Solinus[1] calls them *agriophagi* and *ichthyophagi* (from their food)—*acridophagi*, I might add, seeing they have plenty of locusts brought thither by winds, which being sprinkled with salt they eat greedily; but more properly *anthropophagi*, for the truth is, they would commonly violate the graves of those dead men we buried and feed upon their carcasses. But among these brutes, albeit they have plenty of dead whales, seals, penguins, grease, and raw puddings, which we saw them tear and eat as dainties, for they neither roast nor boil, yet do they no less covet to destroy such as through old age or sickness are not able to provide for themselves, leaving them upon some mountain destitute of help; where, if famine

and cold destroy them not, the wild beasts put a period to their languishing condition.

Their language is rather apishly than articulately sounded, with whom [i.e. with apes] 'tis thought they have unnatural mixture. They call a knife *droaf*, a quill *guasaco*, a hat *twubba*, a nose *tweam*, a sword *dushingro*, a book *bueem*, a ship *chicunny*, water *chtammey*, brass *hadderchereef*, a skin *gwummey*, a bracelet *whohoop*, egg-shells *sunn*, seals *harkash*, a woman *traqueosh*, bread *bara*, give me *quoy*, the yard *gwammey*, stones *wchraef*, womb *wchieep*, paps *semigwe*, genitor *istcoom*, etc.[1]

To draw towards an end, lest Mindus' gates be opened, in exchange for trifles we got cattle and salads for refreshment. The cattle they sold us, had they not been secured by tying their heads to some stakes, would break after the savages upon one man's whistle, which was so full of discord as if five men had whistled together, not by us to be counterfeited.

They have little art in war. Their weapon commonly is an azaguay [assegai], or javelin headed with iron, directed by some feathers they take off and on at pleasure; some quarrels happened (by indiscretion) 'twixt us and them, and in the skirmish we found that a dozen muskets will chase 1,000, at every discharge falling down as thunderstruck. Yet let me advise our men to avoid needless bravadoes, and not contemn them from their indefensive nakedness.

Having bid this *terrarum ultima* farewell, upon the 19th of July we weighed anchor, bending our course towards Madagascar. The wind was favourable till such time as, doubling Cape Falso, being off at sea we perceived a storm intended us, happy in the sight of a small black bird, long winged (unjustly by seamen called the Devil's[2] Bird), an *antimilago*, a kind of natural astrologer, by sense discovering the least alteration of air and seldom seen but against stormy

weather—doubtless a warning from God, as be the pintado birds[1] (like jays in colours) who about these remote seas are constantly flying, whereby they give seamen an infallible knowledge that (when neither sounding nor observation from sun, moon, or planets, for many days are had) they are upon this coast; these birds and sargassos, or rockweed, and trumbaes[2] (eradicated by storms) being never seen in such quantity in any other part of the universe, upon these for 50 leagues into the sea seldom failing our intelligence. The three-and-twentieth of July the wind got up, enraging the ocean; one surging wave, I well remember, struck us so pat upon our broadside as forced the ship in despite of her helm (then close by the lee) to turn about above five points of the compass, with a noise little inferior to a cannon, insomuch as our captain cried out we had struck upon a rock; but his error quickly appeared (after so great a thunder), the wave flashing upon our decks so salt a shower as soundly washed us all. The storm continued till the eight-and-twentieth day, when, veering into a milder quarter (our course East-North-East), it grew calm and moderate. The storm was not greater than we expected; for it is a general observation that very seldom any ship doubles this great cape without foul weather, from whence it was called Cape Tormentoso at first. Now the reason of those usual blustering of winds and rough seas is obvious. For whereas many observe that seldom any ship doubles this great cape without a storm or extremely high seas, it is for that, being the utmost promontory of Africa towards the South, the two great seas running on either side the African continent here meet in their current, and the wind being commonly loud here makes them struggle the more violently against each other, to the hazard of such ships as sail there.

Nine leagues from Madagascar (being upon a

North-East course) we had well-nigh (for want of heed) run upon the shoals of Judæa,[1] sands memorably dangerous since Annius, a Frenchman, here perished: our variation was 13 degrees 18 minutes from the Cape. Hence we steered North-East and by East, aiming at Mohelia. By the way one of our men took a shark (a man-eating fish, who seldom miss the hook out of greediness): nine foot she was in length, and a half, by the rule; I speak it in this respect: we found in her paunch five-and-thirty young ones, every fish a foot long (100 in our ship saw it). This ravenous fish ('tis credibly reported) spawn not like other fishes, but whelp like bitches; and as Richard Hawkins witnesses,[2] in storms or dark nights receive their young ones into their belly for security. That night we sailed merrily by the Mascarenas, a Charybdis in 21 degrees, var. 13 and 17 minutes; where, suspecting no danger and the wind favouring, we were about ten at night thrown (by the secret force of an insensible current) upon the shoals of Mozambique; so as sounding (where we thought we had a 1,000 fathom) the lead found bare eight. The wind was high and the sea rough, *et cumulus immanis aquarum in montis speciem* was here true. The moon was also clouded; then it stood our captain upon to give speedy notice (for that night he bore the light in his main-top[3]), which was accordingly done by the echo of two roaring culverins, which warned our fleet, and were guided by our lantern to tack about, so as all the fleet, lowering their top-sails, hovered till daylight might help us by discovery. At our second sounding we had 14 fathoms, 12, 15, and 14, after that; then we had 22, 24, 33, 35, and 40 fathoms upon further sounding; by which we saw the Lord in mercy had (as by a thread) directed our course from out of those dreadful flats of death, where, notwithstanding our hydrographic cards, if His providence (which let us

ever magnify) had not prevented, in half-an-hour's sail further we had doubtless been cast away most miserably.

At daybreak we were close by the peninsula Mozambique, a part of the great kingdom of Zanzibar, which we scarce lost sight of, when an armado of dolphins compassed us—a fish incredible for celerity and quickness of sight, but unlike the porcpice [i.e. porpoise], which some nevertheless take for the true dolphin. Such we salted as we could entice to taste our hooks, or fisgigs [i.e. harpoons]. It is no bigger than a salmon; it glitters in the ocean with variety of beautiful colours, has few scales: from its swiftness and spirit metonymically surnamed the Prince and Arrow of the Sea. They were glad of our company, as it were affecting the light and society of men, many hundred miles in an eager and unwearied pursuit frisking about us.

Six leagues North-East from the last land we descried another isle[1] full of palmetto-trees; the current here set us 20 leagues forward in 24 hours. The latitude of this isle was 16 degrees and an half, longitude 21 deg. and 28 min.

The 7th of September we descried more land, which proved Meyottey [Mayotta], one of the isles of Chumro [Comoro], seated to the North of Madagascar. Towards the East it rose very high as we sailed by it, where it mounts into a pyramid, which doubtless has a large aspect into the ocean. Its latitude is 12 degrees 56 minutes South, and longitude 23 degrees 59 minutes.

These isles are five in number, called the Isles of Chumro;[2] either because Chumro (or *Cumr-yne*, the Welshmen's isle) is greater than the rest, or that it was first discovered: named Chumro, Meottis, Joanna, Mohelia, and Gazidia: by others John di Castro, Spirito Sancto, Sancto Christofero, Anguzezia, and

Meyottey: each of them praiseworthy for refreshing passengers, in that they abound with delicate fruit and such cattle as are commended and had at easy prices. None of these isles be above a hundred miles about. Chumro is the highest and best land, but branded with the most perfidious people; and good reason I have to say so, for anno 1591 thirty of our men, being amicably invited ashore out of the *Penelope* for water and other refreshment, were treacherously slain by the inhabitants;[1] since which they are justly suspected, and seldom trafficked with but in case of necessity. Joanna is inhabited by a better people, and to be confided. It lately obeyed a Queen, but now submits unto a King; who, though tyrannical, yet better so (as Tacitus says) than where it is anarchical. To these isles we sent our boats ashore, which returned laden with buffaloes, goats, and variety of fruits, in that exigent very heartily welcomed.

And, though our rendezvous be now in sight, suffer me (while in memory) to tell you of a fish or two which in these seas were obvious. The sea-tortoise [i.e. turtle] is one, a fish not much differing from those at land, her shell only being something flatter: by overturning they are easily taken. Some we took, for pastime more than food, and upon trial found that they taste waterish and dispose to fluxes; they have neither tongue nor teeth, superabound in eggs, in those we took some having near 2,000, pale and round, and not easily made hard though extremely boiled: they cover their eggs with sand and are hatched by the heat of the sun, as some affirm; such as have strong appetites eat them and the flesh (or fish, as you please to call it), but by the Levitical law it was forbidden; and though our religion consists not in ceremonies (ending in the prototype) yet, except famine or novelty invite, with such cates my palate craves not to be refreshed. The manatee[2] is the

other fish, being good meat, and from their using the shore have a fleshy taſte resembling veal both in show and eating; the entrails differ little from that of a cow, from whom in reſpect of physiognomy some so name her: her face is like a shrivelled buffalo or cow, her eyes small and round, gums hard inſtead of teeth; but the ſtone that is generated in her head is moſt valuable, being sovereign (as some report) againſt choleraduſt,[1] ſtone-colic[2] and dysentery, so it be beat small, infused in wine, and drunk faſting. The body of this fish is three yards long and one yard broad, thick-skinned, without scales, narrow towards the tail, which is nervous [i.e. muscular], slow in swimming (wanting fins); in place whereof she is aided with two paps, which are not only suckles but serve for ſtilts to creep ashore upon when she grazes, where she sleeps long, delighted to suck the cool air, unable (contrary to other watery inhabitants) to be half-an-hour under water: a docile fish and apt to be made tame, famoused (like lizards) for their love to man, whose face they delight to look upon and in weakness have refreshed them; though moſt unhappy to our captain, Andrew Evans, who, ſtriking one at the Mauritius with his harping-iron and leaping into the sea to make short work with his ſtiletto, was so crushed by the manatee, who circled him, that he died shortly after, as in our description of Saint Helena (where we entombed him) will in due place be remembered.

The carvel[3] is a sea-foam, floating upon the surface of the ocean, of a globous form, like so many lines throwing abroad her ſtrings, which she can spread at pleasure, angling for small fishes, which by that artifice she captivates: a sea-spider she may properly be called, for, when she finds her web too weak, she blows an infectious breath, and seems armed with such a ſting as if she had borrowed it from the scorpion.

September 11. We rode in 25 fathoms. The

ensuing morn, wafting nearer shore, we dropped it again in 17, and so came to an anchor at the West side of Mohelia, a bow-shot from a small village of straw unworthy the notice, though by the inhabitants called Meriangwy;[1] governed by a Sha-bander,[2] Alicusary by name, a black big-boned man, a Mahometan by profession, sly and crafty in bartering his victuals and fruit for commodities.

Mohelia elevates the Pole Antarctic 12 degrees 15 minutes; has longitude from the meridian of the Cape of Good Hope 24 deg., variation of the compass 16 deg. 20 min., and is about 60 miles in circuit: the maritime parts of the isle rise gently, the island parts mount high and appear woody. A little village here and there we saw scattered; the houses are of reeds and straw, such as are made in infant plantations, and fitted to such a torrid climate. Moella some pronounce this isle, Molala others, and Mal-Ilha or Bad-Isle, as a countryman of ours[3] fancied—an incongruity that from a Spanish resemblance so sweet a place should be disparaged.

From Madagascar Mohelia is removed about 50 leagues towards the South-East, from Quiloa [Kilwa] in the African continent (under 10 degrees) 60, from Chumro S.E. 14 leagues, and 10 E. and by S. from Joanna. The inhabitants are a mixture of Mahometans and Gentiles, to whom the sun is a principal deity. Howbeit the Portuguese have of late preached Christ here, but have few proselytes. Some fragments of their language I took so well as I could from their own idiom.[4] A king is *Sultan*, bracelets *arembo*, a hen *coquo*, an ox *gumbey*, coco-nuts *sejavoye*, plantains *figo*, a goat *buze*, an orange *tudah*, a lemon *demon*, water *mage*, paper *cartassa*, a needle *sinzano*, etc.—a mish-mash of Arabic and Portuguese.

The people are perfect black, the sun drawing the blood to the outward parts, whereas we observe

PLATE III

A NATIVE OF MOHILLA

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the extreme heat of fire makes pale, only by licking the spirits up: notwithstanding the negroes may aptly be reputed sanguine and ruddy, if so be their jetty skins would but suffer the discovery. These Mohelians have big lips, flat noses, sharp chins, large limbs, and in mode affecting Adam's garb, for a few plantain-leaves circling their waists veils their modest parts; nevertheless they are cut and pinked in several works upon their duretto[1] skins, face, arms, and thighs, striving to exceed each other in variety. Now this difference from us in colour and garb was to either a deformity, our habit and white complexion being as strange and unpleasant to these negroes as their blackness was to us. In every colour, that being only fair that pleases. The Mekkan zealists have here a few poor mosques, and of coarse materials, no better than straw and bamboos without, but matted neatly within, admitting no entrance with shoes on. Some of the natives are doubtless magical, and this reason I give for it. Another gentleman and myself one evening sitting under a tree to avoid a storm (for at that time it thundered and rained excessively) a negro stood by us trembling, whom we could see now and then lift up his hands and eyes, muttering his black art, as we apprehended, to some hobgoblin; but (when we least suspected) skipped out, and, as in a lymphatic rapture, unsheathed a long skean, or knife, which he brandished about his head seven or eight times, and after as many muttering spells put it up again; then kissed the earth three times; which done, he rose, and upon a sudden the sky cleared and no more noise affrighted us.

Two Kings of late commanded these people, Phancomal[2] and Synal-beg by name: the one a native, the other an Arabian; both made great by their wives, the daughters of Sultan Sheriph Booboocharee and Nanna-galla, who were alive about 20 years since.[3]

The two Kings (envious of one another's greatness) live at defiance, the poor savages paying dearly for their ambition; and the sisters (whom nature has united) burn nevertheless in envy against each other and exasperate their husbands, so as 'tis thought one of them will down the stream ere long.

And albeit we had at sea when we were becalmed extreme heats, yet here the weather was pretty temperate.

Tobacco is here in plenty and good account, not strong nor rolled but weak and leafy; sucked out of long canes called hubble-bubbles. Sneezing-powder [i.e. snuff] also is not more frequent with the Irish or Spaniard than areca (by Arabs and Indians called *tauffel*[1] and *suparee* [*supārī*]) is with these savages: areca (resembling the nutmeg, the tree the toddy) is not used alone, for they usually add to it betel, a kind of bastard pepper (which like ivy involves the areca, that hath neither flower nor juice), and burnt oyster-shells, whereby it becomes a chalky substance; found good in the operative property, for it discolours their white teeth to a pure crimson, perfumes the breath, kills worms, intoxicates the brain, dries rheums, helps nature, and begets an appetite. I am no physician; therefore, if I err, blame the interpreter. The isle accommodated us with many useful things, as buffaloes, goats, turtles, hens, huge bats, chameleons, rice, peas, cuscus, honey; and the sea with breams, cavallos [i.e. horse-mackerel], oysters, mother-of-pearl, and good pearl too, 'tis probable, if dived for: we had also toddy, cocos, plantains, oranges, lemons, limes, pomecitrons, ananas, cucumbers, sugar-canes, and tamarind, a red Indian date—an isle so verdant all the year long (for few days but a gentle breeze or shower of rain bedew the earth, and lenify the flaming sun) as it is attired in Flora's summer livery, yea constantly robed with nature's best arras; and silver

purling ſtreams makes it so pleasant as we may parallel it with that proud paradise of Alcinoe poets have so liberally commended, this having *campos ubi sol totumque per annum durat aprica dies*, etc.

Of fruits we will ſelect but three, yet such as may merit your acceptance. The plantain (for taſte and odour second to none) is a fruit so good and veiled with so broad a leaf that Goropius[1] persuades us Adam offended in eating it, and with the leaves made his transgression manifeſt; being the same sort were by the discoverers brought Moses out of Canaan, says he, but that they were grapes we are assured in *Numbers* xiii. 23. By the Arabians it is called *musa-mawm*, and *pican* by the Indians:[2] they hang in cluſters like beans upon a branch or ſtalk; their shape is long and round, not unlike a sausage; if they peel off the rind, the fruit appears of a gold yellow and is relished like a Windsor pear, so delicious that it melts in one's mouth, leaving a delightful guſt: 'tis good for urine but bad for fluxes (meeting with crude ſtomachs), and, if too liberally eaten, disposes to dysenteries.

The coco (another excellent fruit) is covered with a thick rind; equal in bigness to a cabbage. Some resemble the shell to the skull of a man, or rather a death's-head, like eyes, nose, and mouth being easily discerned; *intus vita !* within we find better than the outside promised, yielding a quart of ambrosia, coloured like new white wine, but far more aromatic taſted; the meat or kernel like other nuts cleaves to the shell and is not easily parted; the pith or meat is above an inch thick, and better relished than our filberts, enough to satiate the appetite of two reasonable men. It has other excellencies: the tree (which is ſtraight and lofty, not branching save at the very top, where it spreads in a beautifying plume, or palm rather, the nuts like pendants adorning them) is good for timber, and of which they make canoes, maſts,

and anchors; the rind is dressed like flax, and serves for sails, mattresses, cables, and linen; the shell for furniture; the meat for victual; the leaves for tents or thatching.

The toddy-tree is not unlike the date or palm; the wine or toddy is got by wounding, or piercing, the tree and putting a jar or pitcher under so as the liquor may distil into it; at the very top it has a pulp which boiled eats like a cauliflower, but, being cropped, the tree dies, the soul or life consisting in it; these (as the dates) thrive not except at some certain time the flowering male and female be united,[1] at least have growth near to each other—natural instinct hath such a sympathy or force over both sensitive and vegetive to effect their kind. Toddy for colour resembles whey, but tastes like Rhenish; at first draught it is uncouth, but every draught tastes better than other; a little makes men merry, much inebriates; in the morning it is found laxative, in the evening costive, at midnight dangerous. To conclude: these are bought with little charge—thirty oranges or lemons the blacks exchange for a sheet of paper; for two sheets ten coco-nuts; an ox for a piece of eight; a goat for sixpence. Ships they have none, nor boats, but canoes hewed out of one stump, yet capable to receive three men; and, if they sink, their swimming helps them.

The 15th of September we bade farewell to Mohelia, by benefit of a fair gale that filled all our sails, ploughing up the yielding ocean. The long billows made us dance apace, yet without dread, seeing the mariners made so good use of this advantage as in four days more by observation we found ourselves but four degrees from the equinoctial. I may not forget how that this night, being the 19th of Sept., the ocean (for about ten leagues space) through which we sailed was white as snow,[2] contrary to the usual colour, which resembled a serene or azure firmament.

Having a fair gale still, next day we made the sun our zenith, in which latitude and position we coasted along that rich and famous part of South Africa now called Sofala, where the Portuguese have a considerable castle and fort that sufficiently awes the negroes; and with good reason, seeing that land has store of gold.

Neighbouring that is Mombasa, a small isle under 3 deg. 50 min. South, subdued also to the crown of Portugal by [Francisco d'] Almeyda in the year of our Lord 1505, to which joins Magadoxo, which has 3 deg., and to it Zanzibar, Pata [Patta], and Brava, places very hot sometimes in regard the equinoctial cuts them; the shore thence tends towards Barnagasso,[1] a port once under the great Neguz [of Abyssinia], who till of late held all that long tract of land in subjection which runs from Cape Guardesu [Guardafui] to Suachem [Suakim].

All this while having propitious winds, upon the 23rd day the second time we crossed the equinoctial, once more bidding farewell to the Antarctic constellations, some of which we took special notice of towards the Pole; the Crosiers, 4 stars of the second magnitude in form of a cross, distant from the South Pole 17 deg. 20 min., Noah's Dove, Polophylax, within 3 degrees of the Pole, and others, amongst which Magellan's Cloud, a constellation of several small stars, not so lucid as those be of the fifth magnitude; yet, being a condensed part of the aerial region, they discolour the sky, as the Galactæa [Galaxia] doth, which we call the Milky Way, and is the only visible circle in the heavens. And here under the equinoctial the two Bears, which were depressed, reappeared in our hemisphere; for there at one time we saw both Poles, so as I think Linschoten errs in saying he saw the Southern Pole Star when he was at Goa, which elevates the North Pole 15 degrees.

Under 8 degrees the wind (weary it seems of its constancy) veered into the East-North-East, so as the monsoon became adverse to us upon that course, for we could come no nearer than South-East, at which time many of our ships' company died of calentures, sea-fevers, fluxes, scurvy, aches, and such other distempers as usually attend seamen in those fiery climates. Nevertheless, this mortality was not more to be imputed to the extremity of the heat (albeit thereby our biscuit, meat, and water became putrid and so stinking that, save necessity enforced it, would not have been tolerable, which, as the zone became more temperate, beef, pork and water recovered their sweetness) than indeed might be to their intemperate eating, and overcharging their stomachs with fresh meat got at Mohelia, which was crude, little salted, and rudely dressed, as also by quaffing toddy too exorbitantly, a liquor, though wholesome enough if moderately drunk, yet [in] excess disposes the body to dangerous fluxes. So as our Admiral out of his ship threw five-and-thirty dead men overboard, the *Hopewell* eleven, the *Star* five; every ship lost some; too many, if God had otherwise pleased. This was aggravated by the death of Harvey Keynell, an expert and ingenious seaman, master's-mate in the *Star*. Captain Goodall died then also, one whose disposition was so civil and obliging that indeed his name and nature were harmonious. Their bodies being committed to the ocean (a spacious grave), a volley of small shot and two-and-twenty great guns from our ship proclaimed their farewell to the watery citizens, inviting them to safeguard such a treasure; Heaven itself also seeming to bear a part in that threnody, at that very instant distilling so abundantly that, to the best of my remembrance, I never saw a sadder and suddener shower of rain than that was, or of less continuance, which indeed made me take the greater

notice of it. By this failure the master of our ship [i.e. Andrew Evans] had a remove into the Vice-Admiral [the *Hart*], and into the Rear-Admiral [the *Star*] Captain Malim was translated from the *Hopewell*, who lived but few days to joy his advancement—a person so civil in his nature, so careful in his charge, so expert in his vocation, and so valiant in fight (as well witnesses that memorable conflict he maintained against the Turk in the Levant, which honours him to posterity) that in his behalf I may properly attribute that out of the Prince of Poets, *Facta ducis vivunt, operosaque gloria rerum hæc manet.*

The wind here added to our affliction, for, growing high and contrary to our course, the waves broke boisterously too often upon our broadsides, but being close-hauled, were patient in all those checks; so as though the ships cut their way slowly they passed securely; and at length passing by the cape called Babmandell brought us near the isle Socotora into the ostium [mouth] of the Red Sea.

October the eighteenth, the wind being fair, at sea our observation was 17 deg. North, and longitude 19 from Mohelia. Soon after we were becalmed, and then had such hot weather as made us fry, and the sweat dropped from us no otherwise than if we had been stewed in stoves or hot baths, which put some into calentures; but all grew exceeding faint, notwithstanding our best provision to abate it. In this distemperature of heat Mahomet,[1] a Persian merchant returning for Persia in our ship, died of a burning-fever, his father Hodge Suar having paid nature her last tribute in London the year before. *Nemo ante obitum beatus* was verified in this person; but a happy man we hope this Mahomet died, if, throwing away the rags of Mawmetry [i.e. Muhammadanism], he clothed his soul with the robes of true faith in Christ, whom we were told, a little before he left the world,

he called upon as the only efficacious means of his salvation; again, I say happy, if unfeignedly. At his putting into the sea the captain of our ship honoured his funeral with the rending clamour of four culverins, his carcass at that instant being committed to the mercy of the sea, no less sure a treasury than the earth, till the Resurrection.

The 26th of October by observation we found that we were got North from the equator 19 deg. 40 min., longitude from Mohelia 20 deg.; our steerage at that time being South-East, when again, the wind abating, the sea calmed and was as smooth as glass, not the least curl or wrinkle discernible: this increased our heat, and only refreshed our memory with the zone we were in, properly called Torrid. The greatest recreation we had was a view of such large shoals of flying fishes as by their interposing multitude for some time darkened the body of the sun—a fish beautiful in its eye, the body, though no larger than a small herring yet big enough for those complemental fins, which so long as moist serve as wings to fly 200 paces or more and 40 foot high, helping them to avoid the pursuit which sharks, dolphins, bonitos, albicores, and other sea-tyrants make, and causes them for self-preservation to forsake their proper element; where usually ospreys, the sea-vulture, and other birds-of-prey upon the wing hover to question them for invading theirs; by this pitiful evasion becoming the true emblem of misery, no sooner having escaped one danger but they encounter another equally destructive. The French call it *Aronder dumer* [*hirondelle de mer*], the Swallow of the Sea; others a Sea Bat, or Rere-mouse [i.e. bat] of the Sea. And it is well worth our observation that during the night-season here we saw a perfect rainbow, which was extraordinary; for albeit rainbows be formed of a dewy cloud in the air above and usually appear in a beautiful

arch while the sun is above the horizon, the moon we seldom see to have that operation; but, when they do appear, the moon is ever at or near the full.

The 17th of November we descried that *terra ter exoptata*, the coast of India; land in 15 degrees latitude, and 32 of longitude (ill weather having formerly driven us to leeward many leagues); that very place where Goa is seated; the bravest and best-defended city in the Orient; the magazine, refuge, and seat of justice of the victorious Portuguese. The city is not visible to such as sail along the coast, being three hours' journey within land; of old the seat of the Canarins [Kanarese], in an isle called Tilsoar [Tissuary] 30 miles in circuit: a sweet place surrounded by a fresh river streaming from the mighty mountain Bellaguate [Bālāghāt]; encompassed with a strong and beautiful wall, which glories in her aspiring turrets, and is not a little dreadful in many sorts of roaring cannon.

Hence we hasted towards Swally[1] Road, judging the worst past, the Indian shore all the way being in view of us and the sea everywhere 20 leagues from land anchorable. But upon a sudden the scene was changed, for the elements grew dreadful, the wind roaring made the sea so sublime and wrathful, and for three days' space raging with such fury, that we verily believed a hurricane was begun, a vast or unwonted tumour in the air, called Euroclydon in the *Acts*—a tempest so terrible that houses and trees are but like dust before it, many ships by its violence having been blown ashore and shattered. Praised be God we missed a typhoon, but not a second disadventure, this storm forcing a Malabar junk, a pirate, in view of us; whom our ordnance could not reach, though the longest saker we had vomited fire of defiance after him; so as we were forced to chase her with two barges, each manned with fifty musketeers. But it

appeared that we made too much haſte, for in boarding her our men were entertained with such ſtore of fireworks and hand-grenados, with a volley of envenomed shafts, and, which was worse, with such desperate courage, that after small hurt done them we were conſtrained to retreat with loss, one half being slain or scalded, our ships all the while being an unwilling theatre of this affront, the wind forbidding us to retaliate.

The 22nd of November the wind abated, so as sounding we found ground at forty fathoms, and saw many snakes swimming about our ships, which (with the water's changing colour) assured us we were near the shore, the laſt ſtorm having driven us out of sight of land and somewhat puzzled us as to our way. Soon after we descried land in 19 degrees 35 minutes latitude, and 29 in longitude, which by its height we knew to be Dabul, and soon after that we had sight of Saint John de Vacas [Sanján], a town likewise subject to the Portuguese: the South end of which place mounts in a pyramid of nature's work, named Saint Valentine's Peak,[1] the land continuing high from thence to Gundavee [Gandevi], a hill six leagues short of Swally Road. This is a round hillock and bay of importance unto mariners.

The 27th of November we hauled an Indian *piscadoro* [i.e. fisherman] aboard us: never was antic better habited; he told us that many enemies were at hand, but we feared them not. After long toil, tiding up with ſtream anchors, every six hours weighing and dropping, in short time we got to Chaul; then we came to Daman, a lovely town inhabited by Portuguese, and conspicuous to passengers. At the North end Daman has a caſtle, which we could well perceive was large and ſtrong; the material good white chalky ſtone, flanked with ordnance, and mounted to play at advantage. At the South end

we perceived a fair church with white battlements a-top; the houses were some of like ſtone, others unburnt brick; three other temples there affording pleaſure to the heart and eye. The 29th day we got near the bar at Swally, where we caſt anchor, becauſe we perceived 13 ſail of great ſhips riding there, and knew not whether they were friends or foes. The laſt day of November we adventured over the bar 'twixt two boas [i.e. buoys] (in four fathom water) a hundred paces asunder, ſet there to direct the paſſage, either ſide without the marks being ſhoal-water and dangerous. The ſhips at anchor proved our friends, ſix Engliſh and ſeven Dutch, moſt of which were ſhips of 1,000 ton. Thoſe of our nation were the *Palsgrave*, the *Exchange*, the *William*, the *Bleſſing*, etc., each of which entertained our Ambaſſadors with hearty welcome. We rode in five fathom (others in nine) 'twixt the ſhoals and continent.

The ſame day we came to an anchor in Swally Road Nogdi-Ally-beg, the Perſian Ambaſſador (Sir Robert Sherley's antagoniſt), died, having, as we were credibly told, poiſoned himſelf—for four days eating only opium. The *Mary*[1] (where he died) gave him eleven great ordnance at his carrying aſhore: his ſon Ebrahim-chan conveyed him to Surat (10 miles thence), where they entombed him not a ſtone's caſt from Tom Coryat's grave,[2] known but by two poor ſtones that ſpeak his name, there reſting till the Reſurrection. Now this tragic end of Nogdibeg was not without cauſe, for it ſeems, deſpairing of his maſter's favour and conſcious to himſelf of his abuſive carriage in England, both to Sir Robert Sherley and ſome other misdemeanours of his which begot a complaint againſt him to Shaw Abbas, and made known by the way of Aleppo after his departure out of England, he gave himſelf this deſperate exit; well knowing that

his master was at no time to be jested with in money-matters or business relating to honour and reputation; so as neither his past service against the Turk, his alliance at Court, or what he else could think upon could animate his defence: so dangerous a thing it is to exceed instructions; for where an ambassador hath his charge without limitation he may warrantably act agreeable to discretion as occasion and circumstance is administered, but, when circumscribed in express terms, he is bound up and hath no latitude or power of variation, it being capital to exceed his commission and instructions; and other men's sufferings upon a smaller account making his seem less pardonable.

Swally Road at a low ebb resembles an isle: beyond the sands Goga is easily discovered. The first of December with some Pe-unes (or olive-coloured Indian foot-boys who can very prettily prattle English) we rode to Surat: our chariot was drawn by two buffaloes, who by practice are nimble in their trot and well-managed: we passed first through Swally, and then through Batty [Batha] (famous for good toddy) and Damkee [Damka], all which are villages, and after to Surat, the chief factory of the East-India merchants, whose President has there his usual residence. At that time one Master Wyld[1] was in that office—an ingenious and civil merchant, to whose kind respect I owe acknowledgment, and in whose house ('tis called The English House) we had tidings at that time of Sultan Curroon's coronation at Agra.[2]

Surat is a city at this day no less great and rich than populous and famous; albeit neither the air nor soil agree well with strangers, the one being inflamed through the torridness of the zone, the other being sandy and sulphurous. Yet observed it is that wind and thunder so commix as no place in the world during those months[3] seems more unhealthy, the other eight months either parching or freezing. Surat is ac-

counted the third-best town in the Gusurat kingdom, Amadavad and Cambaya having the precedency: from the first she is removed four, from the other two, days' journey: all now adding lustre to the Mogul's diadem. Gusurat is so useful to the Mogul as that his annual tribute here amounts (as merchants say) to 150 ton of gold[1] at this day. 'Tis a town of the greatest note and trade in India, which it has acquired but of late; for 'tis scarce 100 years ago when Antonio Sylverio, a Portuguese, with 200 men entered and burnt it,[2] since which the town is so increased, both with building and inhabitants, that a far greater force would now find it a hard enterprise. Now 'tis under a quiet government: watered with a sweet river named Tappee (or Tindy) (as broad as the Thames at Windsor), which, arising out of the Decan mountains, glides through Brampore [Burhānpur] (220 miles distant thence) and in meanders runs by the walls of Surat, and after 20 little miles' circumgyring or playing to and fro, a league from Swally Road discharges itself into the ocean. 'Tis circled with a mud-wall, and hath a large castle of stone built at the south-west side, the river washing it; planted with great ordnance, and awed by a garrison who make dainty to admit strangers to see their fortifications. The West opens into the bazar through a fair gate of stone, where toll-gatherers are every day ready to search and exact a customary tribute for the Mogul, their master. The Medon[3] is of no great beauty, nor do the shops give more than common splendour, the Banian desiring rather to be rich indeed than so accounted. The houses are indifferent beautiful: some (as to the outside) are of carved wood, others of bricks dried in the sun: the English and Dutch houses at the North end excel the other for space and furniture. The suburbs have three posterns pointing out three several ways, one to Variaw [Variao] and Cam-

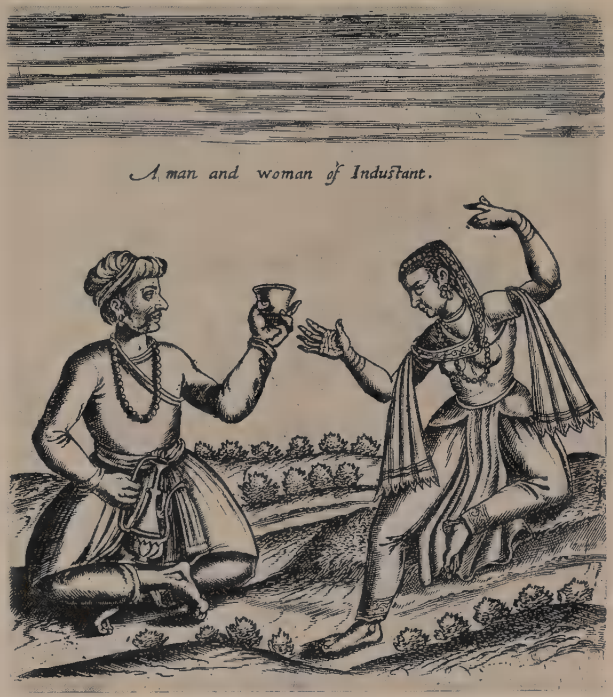
baya, a second to Brampore, the third to Nansary [Navsāri] ten courses[1] thence; whence is the road to Gundavee, Balsac [Bulsār], and Daman upon the ocean. The town affords no monuments, no mosques, worth taking notice of. The English Garden without the town has pretty walks, and is adorned with variety of sweet flowers, but inferior to another I saw there, which besides the trees and flowers that beautified it had a delightful prospect. Adjoining Navsāri Gate I saw a tank, or magazine of water,[2] a very stately work indeed, and worthy noting: it is of good free-stone, circling in above 100 sides and angles, 28 ells 'twixt every angle, in compass very near 1,000 ordinary paces. It diminishes its largeness *gradatim* by 16 degrees or steps towards the bottom; capable to receive a very great quantity of rain-water, which many times is of use to quench the flagrant thirst of these sun-burnt Indians. The river by this seems somewhat unwholesome: if good neither for drink nor navigation, what serves it for save to mundify [i.e. cleanse] the idolatrous Banian, who we could observe in great numbers to the waist in water, and with lifted-up hands and eyes to attend the sun-rising.

The other sort of people are merchants, Bramins, Gentiles,[3] and Parsees,[4] which last are the originary inhabitants; with whom in order suffer me to tempt your patience. This first remembered, that when any ships ride at Swally (which is from September to March commonly) the Banians all along the sea side pitch their booths and tents and huts of straw in great numbers, resembling a country-fair, or market; for there they sell calicoes, China satin, porcelain-ware, scrutores [writing desks] or cabinets of mother-of-pearl, ebony, ivory, agates, turquoises, heliotropes, cornelians; as also rice, sugar, plantains, arrack, etc. There are withal many little boys, or Pe-unes,[5] who for four pice a day (twopence of our

money) are ready to serve you either to interpret, run, go errands, or the like: these will not eat or drink with a Christian, nor out of the same leaf they drink their toddy. The Banian and other Indian females after the Oriental mode are seldom visible, for their jealous husbands mew them up. But here we see elephants and horses, but 'twixt Swally and Surat oxen do most labour; for 'twixt towns men usually travel in chariots drawn by oxen, but in towns upon palanquins, and with *sumbreros de sol* [umbrellas] over them. The current coins here are pice, mammoodees, rupees, and dynaes:[1] pice are heavy round pieces of brass; 30[2] make our shilling; the mammoodee [*mahmūdī*] and rupee are good silver, round, thick, and (after the Saracenic sort who allow no images) stamped with Arabic letters importing the King and Mahomet; a mammoodee is our shilling, a rupee two shillings and threepence; a pardow [*pardao*] four shillings; the dina is a piece of gold worth thirty shillings; but Spanish rials, pistolets, and Persian larrees, abassees,[3] and English gold (each twenty-shilling-piece in Persia going for twenty-six shillings[4]) are here current. Again (as I have been told by merchants) a hundred thousand rupees make one leck [*lakh*], a hundred leck make one crou [*kror*], ten crou (or carrors) one areb [*arb*]. Again, in silver, fourteen rupees make a masse;[5] 1,150 masse make a hundred tolls; ten tolls of silver value one of gold.[6] In brass, thirty tacks,[7] or pice, make one rupee in weight; the batman[8] is eighty-two pounds English, but fifty-five of their pounds: the mawnd as much; howbeit, as in Persia, the mawnd shaw[9] and Tabriz differ, even as our troy and avoirdupois; so in all parts of the world where wealth and traffic is are such distinguishments: in a word, the Banians (as crafty, the proverb goes, as the Devil) by a moderate outside and excess in superstition make many simple men

lose themselves, when by a heedless admiration of their plain dealing, or rather hypocrisy, they entangle themselves by crediting their sugared words in way of trade or compliment, baits pleasingly swallowed when one contemplates their moral temperance. They are generally good arithmeticians, till of late have little else than number of the mathematics save in the art of dialling [i.e. constructing dials]; concerning which some report that the Banians here had a clock that struck 64 times in 24 hours. The day and night they divide into four, and subdivide that into eight; and some little skill they have in navigation.

The Banians (or Vanians) are olivaster, or of a tawny complexion; for the most part spare of body. They let their hair grow long, and yet, according to the country mode, their head is wreathed with a small shash [i.e. turban], which usually is white; their habit is a long coat, commonly of white quilted calico of the dalmatic sort; their shoes various in colour and fashion, some being checkered and ingraled[1] in elegant order, wrought according to each man's ingenious fancy, without latchets, sharp and turning up at the toe, thin-soled, high-heeled, surrounded with steel, fast and durable. The women are of a whiter colour than the men, not exposing themselves so to the sun, yet want the sanguine mixture to adorn them, which they nevertheless supply by art, there being found the best vermilion: they likewise wear their hair long and dishevelled, albeit part be obscured by a fine thin lawn, through whose transparency it seems more lovely. Their ears, noses, arms, and legs are loaden with many manillios,[2] or voluntary rings and fetters of brass, gold, and ivory: their behaviour is silently modest, but full gorged (as some say) with libidinous fantasies. Marriage is here so honoured that most times they contract at seven, and at ten years old are often parents. If an infant die ere he



INDIANS

A BANIAN

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be married, his parents procure a virgin (to whom they give some dynaes of gold) to be his bed-fellow or wife for one night, to avoid the reproachful proverb, "He died unmarried."

Polygamy here is odious, in which respect they cease not to vilify the Mahometans as people of an impure soul. Their funerals are of the old stamp (recorded by Curtius), sacring the corpse to ashes in a holy fire, compounded of all sorts of costly woods and aromatic spices. The wife also (in expectation to enjoy her husband amongst incomparable pleasures) envelops her dainty body with the merciless flames, for which affection she obtains a living memory. Their priests, called Bramini, or Brachmani, are such as in old times were named Gymnosophi. These Heliognosti, from the adoration they gave and observations they pretended to make, would with fixed and unwearied eyes all day long gaze upon the sun, during which they would with their naked feet endure the scalding sands (the like of which I beheld at Surat), neither extreme heat nor cold amating [disheartening] them.

For variety's sake turn we now to another sort of Gentiles in Surat and Gusurat called Parsees, who are a people descended out of Persia, banished hither (to avoid Mahometry and circumcision) upon the death of valiant Jezdgird, the Persian king who died A.D. 635 or thereabouts.[1]

Their funerals these: they neither burn nor bury their dead, but, having first put the body into a winding-sheet, all the way as they pass towards the grave his kindred beat their breasts, but with little noise, till they come within 50 or 100 paces of the burial-place, where the Herbood[2] meets them, usually attired in a yellow scarf and on his head wearing a thin turban. The necesselars[3] (or bearers) carry the corpse upon an iron bier (for wood is forbidden, in that it is dedicated to the fire) to a little shed, where

covered whereabouts they were, even when no land was in sight of them.

The eighteenth[1] day we crossed the tropic, and the next day elevated the North Pole twenty-four degrees odd minutes.

We sailed also near to Cape Gwader, within view of that other promontory we call Cape Goadel,[2] which is in twenty-five degrees North, where we found the compass to vary seventeen degrees fifteen minutes. An infamous port, according to the report which that noble knight Sir Robert Sherley made thereof, as we passed by: for he and his lady travelling that way in the year 1613, they with one Newport (their captain) were allured by the towns-people to go ashore for refreshment, where, but for the honesty of a Hodgee [*Hāji*], or Mahometan priest, then in town who gave Sir Robert timely notice, their lives as well as goods had been hazarded—so perfidious and covetous were those wretches to possess that little they carried about with them: which is remembered only for caution. The next place of note we saw upon the Carmanian coast was Jasques [Jāsk], where the Arctic Pole is elevated twenty-five degrees fifty-eight minutes, from Ormus distant about forty leagues. Albuquerque, having reduced this place under the crown of Portugal, built a large castle[3] here, and strengthened it with seventeen pieces of brass cannon, which when our countrymen took from them in the year 1623 (thereto provoked by the death of Captain Shilling, who was unhappily slain there) then was found, besides the other, a cannon-pedro, two whole culverins, two demi-culverins, four sakers of brass, and one thousand muskets, unadvisedly put into the hand of the Persian soon after the destruction of Ormus, both which he now possesseth. They usually fire as many guns as they see ships under sail, to give warning to Ormus and the adjacent towns upon that coast.

Here we entered the Ormusian ſtrait, called the Umbilic of the Gulf, which in length ſtretches from Balsorac [Basra] to Cape Rozel-gate [Rās-al-hadd]. This *fretum* [i.e. ſtrait] is about fifteen leagues. Next day we came in view of Kishmy [Qishm], where the Portuguese had another fort, whence we heard the pieces give warning to Larac [Lārak] of our approach that way, not above four leagues from Ormus, near which we passed, and then came to an anchor afore Gombroon, the beſt port the Persian is maſter of.

CHAPTER II

Bandar Abbas—Lar—Shiraz.

The tenth of January 1627 [1628] Sir Robert Sherley, at the desire of Sir Dodmore Cotton our Lord Ambassador, went ashore, and, being in Gombroon, acquainted the Sultan and Shaw-Bander (the one the principal officer in military, the other in civil affairs[1] within the town) with the Ambassador's arrival, and, according to the custom of nations, demanded such civility and necessaries as the Ambassador should need for his accommodation and travel to the Persian Court. At first the message relished not so well as Sir Robert expected: nevertheless, producing his *phirman*,[2] the Sultan dissembled his humour, protesting that he was transported with joy in that he had so good an opportunity of expressing himself an obedient slave to Shaw Abbas his master, and that the town should be honoured by so noble a stranger: sorry only he was so surprised and badly provided that his unexpected landing prevented the ceremony intended him. Sir Robert, having returned his compliment, forthwith invited our Ambassador ashore, at whose issuing from the ship Captain Brown thundered out his farewell in a hundred great shot, whose echo not only made Gombroon tremble but seemed to rend the higher regions with their bellowings. Wrapped in smoke and flame, we landed safely, though Neptune made us first dance upon his liquid billows and with his salt breath seasoned the *Epicinia*.[3] At his lordship's landing the cannons also from the castle and citadel vomited out their choler, ten times roaring out their wrathful clamours, to our delight but terror

of the pagans, who of all noise most hate artificial thunder. The Sultan and Shaw-bander handed him out of his barge, and mounted him upon a stately Arabian horse, whose saddle (being of the Morocco sort) was richly embroidered with silver and seed-pearl, and the stirrups of gold: all the Ambassador's gentlemen and followers were also well mounted. In this equipage, attended by his followers and servants, the sea-captains, the English Agent Master Burt,[1] and two hundred coozel-bashaws,[2] the Ambassador moved slowly towards the Sultan's palace, which was in the bazar, all the way passing between a double guard of archers and musketeers; and, being alighted, were ushered into a delightful chamber, the floor of which was spread with a rich Persian carpet altogether as large as the chamber itself; and, albeit the invitation was only to taste his bread and salt (a compliment very ancient yet not so old as that of bread and water, observed by Virgil in his *Æneid*), the Ambassadors nevertheless found those words of a larger comprehension, for they were entertained with a very neat collation of sweetmeats and *pelo*,[3] choice Shīrāz wine, and music both of that country and from our ships; which, together with the Sultan's often repeating the Persians' compliment *Hoshomody*, *suffowardy*[4] (i.e. *Welcome*, *heartily welcome*), assured us either we were welcome indeed or that it was to remove a complaint he feared would otherwise have been made unto his master, the great Duke of Shīrāz, for neglecting that ceremony which *secundum jus gentium* he well knew was due to such eminent persons and passengers.[5]

Gombroon, by the Persians called Bander,[6] i.e. the Port-Town (and not inaptly, this being more valuable than all the rest the King of Persia hath), is situate upon a level ground close by the sea, the country almost round about rising for some miles very in-

sensibly without any hill of note save to the North,[1] which, though seeming near, is said to be fifteen miles distant. Near this place the Gulf is narrowest, "Arabia the Happy" opposing it to the West towards[2] ten leagues, but so visible that it seemed to us no more than Dover does from Calais. Some call this place Gamrou and Gomrou, others Gomroon and Cummeroon, for so I find it variously pronounced. And albeit the town be but of small antiquity, taking its rise from the fall of Ormus, nevertheless one Newbury,[3] an English merchant, reports that at his being here about the year 1581 it was then a town, though I believe a very small one: since which the Portuguese have built two castellets, or forts, the first by Albuquerque, anno 1513, under whose power it rested till the year 1612, at which time by Ally Reez it was wrested from them to the Persian;[4] but upon the destruction of Ormus, which was in the year 1622, by removal of most of the inhabitants, this village so increased the buildings that for grandeur it is now ranked with towns of best note in Persia; so as through the access of merchants from most parts, namely English, Dutch, Danes, Portuguese, Armenians, Georgians, Muscovites, Turks, Indians, Arabians, Jews, and Banians, this Gombroon from a small village is become a city of great commerce, by reason of that notable concourse which in the winter season usually both by land and sea from the most remote places of the world resort thither, raw silk, carpets, cotton, and other inland commodities being thither brought by caravan against that time; and by ship, merchandises of all sorts; so as trade here during three months appears quick, both to the enriching of the natives and exotics. Appearing also in the Persian exchequer, which acknowledges that it has not the like custom and other advantage from any other city within that empire.

And, first, concerning the buildings: they are for the most part of brick not burnt with fire but hardened by the sun, which makes them so hard that they appear no less solid and useful than those the fire obdures: they are low built, and most with small courts and balconies, terraced or flat at top, pargeted [i.e. plastered] with plaster in hardness not inferior to that of Paris; for indeed such is the distemperature of heat sometimes that to live there is scarce tolerable, but when the air becomes more moderate (which is when the sun is furthest) to have more breath they use to sleep upon their terraces, to which end they spread carpets aloft for their better accommodation. This kind of building is common in all these hot places. The windows are not glazed, but wooden-trellised, made to shut and open as they see cause, to welcome the breeze when it murmurs. The mountain (which they say is six leagues thence, but by its height seems not half so much), by anticipating the cool North winds, makes this place much the hotter —so hot as in the summer season enforces the inhabitants to remove to Lār and other neighbouring villages, where cool streams, rocks, and trees give shade and cool the air that at Gombroon is insufferable, so as some (according to what was practised in Ormus) use to lie naked in troughs filled with water, which nevertheless so parboils their flesh as makes it both exceeding smooth and apt to take the least cold when any winterly weather succeeds the heat, which by that becomes little less offensive. Now their summer being no less than nine months, during all that time it is rare if one cloud be visible in the sky, whereby the air (in the daytime especially) is not to be endured; for by a reverberated heat which the sunbeams strike forcibly from the ground, both earth and air became intolerable to man and beast by reason of the inflammation. Howbeit of late they have raised a bazar,

which in some places by reason of its narrowness, and most by being arched and close at top, checks the sun's heat when the beams dart perpendicular, in the sides attracting what air there is to refresh such as either sit in shops for sale of wares or those other that keep taverns: here being plenty of Shīrāz wines brought in long-necked glasses, and jars that contain some gallons, the best wine indeed in all Persia. Here be coffee-houses, which also are much resorted to, especially in the evening. The coffee, or coho, is a black drink, or rather broth, seeing they sip it as hot as their mouth can well suffer out of small China cups; 'tis made of the flower of bunny or choava-berry,[1] steeped and well-boiled in water; much drunk, though it please neither the eye nor taste, being black and somewhat bitter (or rather relished like burnt crusts), more wholesome than toothsome, yet (if it be true as they say) comforts raw stomachs, helps digestion, expels wind, and dispels drowsiness, but of the greater repute from a tradition they have that it was prepared by Gabriel as a cordial for Mussulmans. Also sherbet-houses, a drink that quenches thirst, and tastes deliciously: the composition is cool water, into which they infuse syrup of lemons and rose-water, in these torrid countries the most refreshing sort of liquor that can be invented: albeit the wine there was so good that we refused not to drink it with moderation. Arrack also, or strong-water, here is plenty of, which qualified with sugar is cordial and much drunk at sea and land in the hottest seasons, especially where the diet is coarse and stomachs crude and weak through the diffusion of heat which in cold seasons is contracted. Howbeit, for our better entertainment we had variety of fruits, some growing here, but most imported from places more remote; some of which were oranges, lemons, pomegranates, pomecitrons, figs, dates, currants, myrobalans, apricots, almonds,

pistachios, apples, pears, quinces, sugar; also flowers and nuts in great quantity as well as variety; which, with that plenty we had of cabaritos[1] and mutton, hens, eggs, and rice bought very cheap, made the place much more delectable; and for oysters and many sorts of fish the sea, being so near, furnishes them abundantly, and would do more were the people more industrious. The best houses in the town are the Sultan's, the Shaw-bander's, the English and Dutch agents' houses: ours, in memory of the good service they did the Persian at the taking Ormus, are privileged to wear their flags displayed at the top of their public house: and for some time the English had half the imported customs according to articles.

At the North and South ends of the city are two castles, in which are planted fourscore pieces of brass ordnance, part of the spoils or trophies of ransacked Ormus; two hundred others great and small were sent to Lār, Shīrāz, Isfahān, and other places. The gunners here were not very expert; for, when they had occasion to give fire, I could perceive them to stand on one side of the piece and in a fearful manner (though with a linstock as long as a half-pike, which had a lighted match) to touch the powder—which was a bad way to take aim by. The mosques for the Mahometans and synagogues for the Jews here are few and inconsiderable in their structure; but the hummums, or stoves [i.e. Turkish baths], are more conspicuous, no less resorted to, and with small expense: the floors of which hot-houses are plastered, and usually sprinkled with water, which contracts the vapours, condenses the air, and preserves the heat with moderation. The streets are narrow, the town badly served with fresh water, and without wall or graff [i.e. moat] to make it defensive.

Now, albeit here we have abundance of camels, horses from Arabia and Persia of the best sort, and

mules and asinegoes in great numbers, which were worthy the view, yet were we not more pleased with them than offended by those troops of jackals which here more than elsewhere nightly invaded the town, and for prey violated the graves by tearing out the dead, all the while ululating in offensive noises and echoing out their sacrilege. They are the lions' informers, and for reward have always something of the prey left them to pick, as at the Cape of Good Hope we observed. Some sport we had in hunting them with swords, lances, and dogs, but we found them too many to be conquered, too unruly to be banished, too daring to be affrighted.

With these 'tis no great injury to couple those filthy prostitutes ancient times properly termed wolves, that infest this town when seasonable weather (which is in November, December, and January) makes it the rendezvous for merchants and travellers from most places: women, I mean, who as to their bodies are comely but as to their dress and disposition loathsome and abominable. For albeit their hair be neatly plaited and perfumed, and about their cheeks are hung ropes of orient pearl, about their necks carcanets of stones, in their ears many rings (some of which are headed with ragged pearl) one by another, in their noses a brooch or piece of gold three inches or more in length and half-an-inch in breadth embellished with turquoises, rubies, spinels, sapphires, and like stones of value; which, for all their lustre thwarting the face, makes that which is an ornament to them to us seem very deformed; and, as a supplement to all the rest, want no fucus [i.e. rouge] for complexion; which, save for the desire they have to please white people, agrees not with colours olivaster, and that their arms and legs are chained with manillios [see p. 36] and armlets of silver, brass, ivory, and the like; the rest be veiled with a thin shuddero of lawn;[1] and

upon their feet some wear sandals, though others go barefoot. Howbeit the better sort of that sex here wear linen drawers or calzoons of pantado,[1] and want not jewels and bracelets for further ornament; but, when they go abroad, they are covered with a white sheet from top to toe, so as they are not easily known to any. The men are of the same dusky complexion: upon their heads they wear shashes, about their waists girdles of many ells of linen cloth; elsewhere naked; and (to express Cupid's vagaries) have the impression of round circles, and pink their skins in way of bravery.

The Banians are here pursuing trade in infinite numbers: concerning whom I have but little more to say, seeing they were so unsociable that with us they would neither eat flesh, eggs, radish, or other root that had a red colour, nor drink wine, for that it resembled what is called the blood of the grape. No, not wine-vinegar, in that agreeing with the Nazarites (6 *Numbers*, 3). They believe the transanimation of souls into beasts and vegetables; and, as the Lord Verulam notes,[2] have this objection, that man's body amongst all natural bodies is found to be most variously compounded, seeing herbs and plants are nourished by water, beasts by herbs and fruits, but man by beasts, birds, fish, herbs, fruits, grains, juice, and other things, which (say they) both alters and weakens his primitive nature. For before the Flood, when men were longest lived and had most experience, 'tis thought they lived upon the same abstemious diet these Banians now do, without destroying for food the life of any creature. But on the contrary we find that mediocrity in diet usually enervates nature; for, albeit a temperate diet (in hot countries especially) preserves health, I observed that the Banians, though healthy through their abstemiousness, are but of weak bodies and small courage, yet well enough agreeing with their condition.

PERSIANS

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About three miles from Gombroon I rode to see a tree we commonly call the Banian-tree:[1] 'tis not far from that fort called the great Mostango,[2] opposite to Ormus—a tree well worth the view, for, spreading its boughs, which by their weight fall, root, and rise again, they so circle the bole, or trunk, that it resembles an arched circumference affording umbrage [i.e. shade] and refreshment to some hundred men that without crowding may well sit under it: I measured and found it to be two hundred and nine paces. The arched fig-tree some, *arbor de rays* (or tree of roots) others call it; other some the Indian and de Goa, but we the Banian, by reason that they adorn it, according to fancy, sometimes with ribbons, sometimes with streamers of varicoloured taffeta. These boughs are so neatly trimmed within that without interruption one may toss a pike in it. Within these is built a pagoda, in which (for I adventured in) I beheld, but not without amazement, three images, whose visages were so grim, lineaments of body so distorted and mis-shapen, and postures so uncouth that invention could not well represent Deumos more deformed; yet in memory of their three forefathers Cuttery, Shuddery, and Wyse,[3] by these gross idolators they are formally invocated.

Fourteen days we tarried in Bander-Gombroon; which, albeit the view and other accommodations the sea and proximity to the happy Arabia [Arabia Felix] contribute, such time especially as the temperate months make it habitable, might have allured our longer stay had pleasure been our object. Our Ambassadors (thinking the time long) used the best persuasions they could with the Sultan to hasten their provisions for the journey. And, albeit horses for our own riding and camels[4] for the caravan were ready, nevertheless such was his superstition that go we must not until upon his casting the dice the chance

proved to his satisfaction. The four-and-twentieth day (the die it seems happening right) the kettle-drums gave us warning to prepare to horse (for those there serve instead of trumpets); and little time served to make us ready. The Ambassador's caravan consisted of twelve horse and twenty-nine camels: the horse were such as were not liable to exception; the camels of those better sort they call coozel-bash camels, a beast abounding in Persia, and of great use, esteem, and value in those Oriental parts: long-lived they are, oft-times exceeding threescore years, of disposition very gentle, patient in travel, and of great strength, well enduring a burthen of towards a thousand pound weight; content with little food and that of the meanest sort, as tops of trees, thistles, weeds, and the like; and less drink, in those dry countries usually abstaining little less than four days, which is of extraordinary advantage, seeing that oft-times they are necessitated to pass through desert places. The first day Mr Burt, the English Agent, a civil and ingenious merchant and of high report at the Persian Court, with several other English and Dutch factors then in town, accompanied our Lord Ambassador three miles upon his way, until the Sultan, the Shaw-Bander, and other of the natives, having fetched a compass about, met us; and (well-pleased with the *pish-cash* [*pīsh-kash*], or present, the Ambassador had gratified him with) returned his lordship an hundred *salaams* and *tessalams*,[1] elevating his eyes to heaven, his hands to his breast, and, declining his head well-nigh as low as the Ambassador's stirrup, bade also the rest of his train farewell; and having ordered us a convoy and received from us the compliments of a *beso las manus*,[2] he returned with his troop of coozel-bashaws; all the way disporting themselves with the *Giochi de Canni*,[3] darting at one another so dexterously as sufficiently expressed their skill and well deserved

our commendation. Here our Ambassador met with intelligence that Shaw Abbas was at that time in Asharaff [Ashraf], a city upon the Caspian seashore, where he presumed the King intended audience. Therefore, setting forwards, our first day's journey was to Band-Ally [Band-i-'Alī], most part of the way being near the seashore: that village was sixteen miles from Gombroon, or five farsangs[1] and a half. The word farsang is ancient and to this day continued over all the Persian dominions: it is derived from *persa*, and appropriated to the dialect yet used in Persia, or (which is more likely) from the Hebrew and Arabic, where the word *persa* signifies three miles, three of which the Jews might travel without breach of the Sabbath. Xenophon computes it thirty furlongs or *stadia*, every furlong being 40 pole in length or twenty-five [*sic*] paces, so that, accounting eight furlongs to an English mile, a farsang is three miles and a half English and two furlongs over.

At Band-Ally our tents (which the Ambassador bought at Surat, and was advised to carry along) afforded us our best accommodation. Howbeit, to give that place its due, we found there a very neat Caravans-raw[2] (a building resembling an empty college), buildings erected by well-minded Mahometans as works of charity, and in which they express their magnificence more than in any other sort of building: of great use, seeing these parts have no inns for the reception of travellers; but here *en passant* they may rest sweetly and securely *gratis*, for they are set apart for public use and preserved from violence of thieves, wild beasts, and intemperate weather: at the gate is sometimes a bazar, or tent, that (like sutlers in armies) for money furnish passengers with provision; yet seldom is it but that travellers (not daring to depend upon uncertainties) rather choose to provide and carry their necessaries along with them.

The people inhabiting hereabout fetch their water usually from a great large ciſtern, which they call a tank, rather resembling a vault or cellar underground more than a spear deep: sometimes made round, but for the moſt part oval. The arch that covers it is well-nigh equal to the depth, and so well plaſtered that, when filled by the beneficial rains, it preserves it sweet to the laſt bucket—which is ſtrange, considering how long 'tis kept and without motion save what it has when the water is drawn out by hussinees [*husainī*], or bags of leather, and other vessels that are not more cleanly than needs. The plaſter is white and hard, comparable to that of Paris, and (as I could guess) was a composition of sand and lime, with some unctuous matter that made the parget [plaster] smooth and durable. These tanks are frequent in moſt parts of Asia, where springs are rare and the rain seldom falls; so as, were not this provision made for travellers and caravans, it would necessitate them to provide in great leather bags for common use, as they are forced to do in travelling over deserts, especially those of Arabia. Now these tanks, or conservatories, are so ordered that when any rains fall (which is but seldom, perhaps one month in twelve at moſt, and when it comes diſtils not as with us, but falls or pours down in great drops, if I may properly so call them) the ground is so disposed that it quickly fills their spacious ciſterns.

The second night we came to a small village called Gacheen [Gachīn,] five farsangs from the laſt; next night to Coureſtan [Kūriſtān], seven farsangs from Gacheen; and next to Tanghy-Dolon, i.e. a ſtrait or narrow way:[1] as indeed it was, being pent in betwixt two hills, where the caravans-raw was very neatly built, adorned with cupolas at top. The water also was sweet and plentiful, not springing there, but flowing from a high mountain that was three miles

distant thence, and by pipes conveyed thither through the bottom of an intersected hill near the lodge, and, so streaming into the tank, gave both delight to the eye and refreshment to weary and thirsty travellers. From the hill-top we beheld the valley below, which was very level, large, and marvellous pleasant, by reason the spring water, *fons perennis*, runs in meanders, and mellows it in all places, so that it brings forth grass and fruit in abundance; and, being compassed with hills of equal height, gave it a more elegant fence than art could have done for the greater security and satisfaction of the villagers, who have but one common way for entrance: so as it resembled that which the poet speaks of Tempe for delight, and no less fortified by its situation. But what set this vale the better off was the circumjacent country, which for the most part was barren and sandy, producing nevertheless plenty of dates, a tree more valuable for its fruit than shade. That day's journey was four farsangs.

Our next was eleven to Whormoot,[1] which in the Persian tongue signifies dates. Upon the way near the town we passed by a small black pavilion, in which upon the ground we could perceive sat cross-legged three ancient grey-bearded Arabians, who out of the *Alcoran* [the *Qurān*] ingeminated a doleful requiem to their brother's carcass, intending full seven days to perform that ceremonial farewell, singing, sighing, weeping; without which expression of love they imagine the soul rests under an everlasting mourning.

Nigh Whormoot are Duzgun, Laztan-de,[2] and other towns, where is got the best asafœtida through all the Orient. The tree exceeds not our briar in height, but the leaves resemble roseleaves, the root the radish: the virtue had need be much, it smells so sweetly.[3] But, though the savour be so offensive to

moſt, the sapor [taſte] is so good that no meat, no sauce, no vessel pleases some of the Gusurats' palates save what relishes of it; and how ingrate soever it may seem at firſt, yet by use it becomes sufficiently pleasant, for what pleases quickly, as quickly cloys the ſtomach and satiates. Next night we got to Ourmangel,[1] five farsangs; and next to Lār, two miles short of which city the Cawzy [cadi; *Kāzī*, judge], the Calantar [*Kalāntar*, governor], with other of the prime citizens welcomed us with wine and other adjuncts of compliment. We had not rode above half a mile further when lo! a Persian anticly habited,[2] out of a poetic rapture (for the Persians are for the moſt part poets) sang our welcome: the epilogue was resounded upon kettle-drums, timbrels, and other barbarous jangling unmusical inſtruments, some being shaped like to a large gourd, having but three ſtrings. A homely Venus, attired like a Bacchanal, attended by many morris-dancers, began to caper and frisk their beſt lavoltas, so as every limb ſtrove to exceed each other; the bells, cymbals, kettle-music and whiſtles ſtorming such a Phrygic discord that, had it been night, it would have resembled an orgy to Bacchus, for glass-bottles emptied of wine clashing one againſt another, the loud braying of above two hundred asses and mules (the laſt is a compound betwixt a mare and an ass, for mules do not generate), and continual shouting and whooping of above two thousand plebeians all the way so amazed us that, albeit they no doubt thought the entertainment was noble, we thought never any ſtrangers were bombaſted with such a triumph. But *His quoque finem!* With much ado we reached our lodging, infinitely wearied; for my own part I was somewhat deaf for three days after.

After a little repose, our Ambassador and Sir Robert Sherley were invited by Ebrahim, the magis-

trate of the city, to eat of his bread and salt, which he presented them at his own house, with a better collation. The room they feaſted in was large and beautiful; the floor was covered with a rich silk carpet as large as the floor; the sides of the room were gilded and painted delightfully; the room was arched in mosaic sort and embossed with ſtones of several colours; the light was at one end through a window that was large, the frame neatly carved, and the glass no less curiously painted with such knots and devices as the Jews usually make for ornament—in a word, it was a very noble room, such as I admired to find in that country. But what made it more delectable was the garden that well-nigh encompassed it, which was ſtored with as large, succulent, and fragrant pomegranates, pomecitrons, oranges, lemons, and like fruit as any I ever saw elsewhere; replenished also with trees for shade—amongſt which I observed the cypress to be exceeding large, a tree the more valuable for that it is ever verdant, sweet, and laſting. Some think the gopher-wood of which the Ark was built was of this timber.

Lār is both a city and province so called, within three days' journey of some part of the Persian Gulf, and part of that we ſtrictly call Persia. It has Kermoien [Kermān] to the Eaſt, Chuſiſtan [Khūzistān] to the Weſt, Ayrac ['Irāq-Ajami] (or Pharſiſtan) [Fārsiſtān] to the North, and to the South the Gulf of Persia. The diameter of this province is about a hundred farsangs, or three hundred miles English; by old authors reported to be full of springs, grass, and fruit, but length of time has it seems much altered it, for in crossing the country we found the greateſt part barren, having only date-trees, or palms, which grow where the earth is sandy; but where rivulets or springs appear, there the people live, improve, and have oranges, lemons, pomegranates, figs, and fruits,

as also grains in variety. Yet though the ground be bad, nevertheless 'tis thought here are mines of sundry sorts and sulphur, which makes some amends, but for want of art remain hid and undiscovered. The city of Lār is in the centre of the province; elevates the Arctic Pole 27 degrees 40 minutes, and has about 90[1] degrees longitude from the meridian of Cape Bona Speranza. Paulus Venetus [i.e. Marco Polo] calls it Laar, which may be granted; for I apprehend it was founded or increased by Laar-gebeg, son of Phyroe and grandson to Pylaes, who was succeeded by Gorgion Melec[2] [Gurgīn Malik], of whom their histories report wonders. After him followed eighteen princes, Ebrahim-kawn being the last, who was subjected anno Heg. 985,[3] of ours 1605, by Emangoly-kawn [Imām-Qulī Khān], Duke of Shīrāz, to satiate the avarice and ambition of Abbas his great master; and (which is rare, considering the penury of this country) for the King's part he only loaded away with treasure seven hundred camels. The captived King Ebrahim had his life and a pension promised him; which he enjoyed but a while, an unexpected sword of death betraying his hopes, without which the diadem (as was pretended) could not sit right upon the head of Abbas, the Persian King.

Nine days we stayed in Lār: shame it were, if in so long time we had gathered nothing. Lār[4] is from Gombroon seven small days' riding, from Shīrāz fourteen, from Babylon [Baghdād] twenty; a town which, by being 100 miles from the sea (a good neighbour), is but meanly watered by a few springs, which nevertheless are of great use for the refreshing their gardens, and having but little shade from trees, save in those gardens, are in the hot seasons exceedingly parched with the sun: to remedy which they have devices like turrets upon the tops of their chimneys

to suck in the air[1] for refreshment. This place was defaced by rage of war, and overturned by many dreadful earthquakes. Anno Domini 1400 it shook terribly, when five hundred houses tumbled down. Anno 1593 (of their account 973) she boasted of five thousand houses, but that very year the earth swelled with such a tympany that in venting itself all Lār was forced to quake, and would not be suppressed but by the weight of three thousand houses turned topsy-turvy, with the death of three thousand of the inhabitants.[2] The old castle on the East side of the town (which owes its foundation to Gorgion Melec), though built upon the top of a solid rock, groaned in a like affrighting downfall.

Lār is now an unwalled town, as most Asiatic towns be, art being needless, seeing the lofty rocks which are to the East and North so naturally defend her, for a brave and stately castle at the North quarter (mounted upon an overlooking hill) not only threatens an enemy but awes the town in a frowning posture. The ascent thereto is narrow and steep; the castle itself of good stone; the walls well furnished and beautified with battlements and platforms, whereon are mounted twelve brass cannon-pedros [i.e. swivel-guns] and two basilisks[3] (the spoils of Ormus). Within the fort are many small houses or huts which lodge the soldiers, who have sometimes there an armoury sufficient to furnish with lance, bow, and gun three thousand men. Howbeit, the walls are weak, not flanked, nor so regularly built but that the situation and art rather seems to make it defensive though large in compass; usually well victualled, armed, and manned, as serves not only to command the city but country also, and to secure them against foreign invasion. The bazar is also a very elegant and noble fabric; the material of good chalky stone: the building is long and beautiful; a quadrant 'tis like, though I

cannot call it such, the sides are so unequal; 'tis covered at top, arched, and coupled after the mode of those Oriental countries; and within (Burse-like[1]) is furnished with shops and trades of several sorts. The alley, or aisle, which extends from North to South, is one hundred and seventy of my paces; from East to West it is a hundred and fifty; the circumference of the oval in centre is about one hundred and ninety: a building in some hundreds of miles not to be paralleled. Near this bazar the larrees are coined, a famous sort of money, being pure silver but shaped like a date-stone,[2] the King's name or some sentence out of the *Alcoran* being stamped upon it: in our money it values tenpence.

The mosques here are not many; one more remarkable than the rest it has, which is round (either shadowing out eternity or from that pattern of the Alcaba[3] in Mekka, whose shape they say Abraham had from Heaven, imitated by the Jews). In some part this is varnished [embellished] with Arabic letters, and upon the parget [i.e. plaster] painted knots, beautified in other places with counterfeit mosaic; but low and without glass, wooden trellises (artificially cut after their invention) supplying them. The entrance is through a brazen gate, near which is hung a mirror, or steel-glass; divers lamps it also has for use and ornament. Some of their Prophets rest their bones there: Emeer-Ally-zedday-ameer [Amīr 'Alī Zaydi Amīr], a long-named, long-boned (if his grave be of right dimension), long-since-rotten Prophet is there entered—the older Prophet, the fresher profit, zeal and charity oft-times cherishing antiquity. But how can I credit what they report that he was a Mahometan, since they say that he died a thousand five hundred years ago, which is six hundred years before Mahomet, and yet a Mussulman? But, leaving that tradition, more certain 'tis that this place affords variety of

fruits, as dates, a tree distinguished into male and female, so that, unless the female have yearly a flowered bough of the male engraffed or placed near, she pines away and becomes lean and fruitless [see p. 24]. Here also were oranges, lemons, melons, pomegranates, and pomecitrons most excellent; and of flowers, jasmines, roses, tulips, july-flowers [i.e. gilly-flowers], etc. Here also at easy rates we bought goats, hens, rice, barley, rack [i.e. arrack] and aqua-vitæ. Howbeit the mosquitoes or gnats pestered us extremely; but of more vexation was the water we drank and in these torrid places thirst after, nay, were necessitated to dress our meat withal, and is the best the people have to drink out of the large tanks they keep it in: they call it *ob-baroon* [*āb-bārān*], which in the language of Persia signifies rain-water, but with far more reason I may call it *aqua mortis*, death seeming to bubble in it. A base qualified water, whether in regard their tanks here are ill-made or nastily kept, whereby the water corrupts, or whether the rain of itself is insalubrious, or other hidden cause in nature there be, I cannot tell; but this I can, that it is unsavoury, so ill to the gust [i.e. taste] as worse water for taste, and especially for property, can scarce be relished. As little of it came in my belly as could be borrowed from extremity of thirst; and with good reason, for, as experience teaches, it causes catarrhs, breeds sore eyes, ulcerates the guts, and (which is more terrible than the rest) engenders small long worms [Guinea-worms] in the legs—a sort of nasty vermin not more loathsome to look upon than dangerous to the itching disease in them that breed them, by no potion, no unguent to be remedied: nor is there any other way known to destroy them, save by rolling them about a pin, which if in screwing the worm chance to break, it gives them very doleful music, for it makes the leg apt to gangrene, and but by lancing hardly curable.

The water, doubtless being the natural cause of that malady, seems to me to bring its venom from the region where it is generated, either for that the springs are vitiate or that the rain-water is corrupt. Now the reason (as I apprehend) that they have but few clouds is because the country is desert and sandy, and wants rivers and other moist places to occasion exhalations which beget rain. Howbeit, at our being here it rained a great shower, which made our company the more acceptable. And we could observe that the soil (not only here, but in most of this province as we travelled) is either stony or a slight sort of mould, yielding little grass or grain of any sort, or fruit, save what was forced in gardens; unless it be dates, which here are exceeding good and plentiful; but, in valleys and where springs meliorate the earth, it produces rice, barley, and like grain: as also fruits in great variety.

The inhabitants are a mixture of Jews and Mahometans. Most of those I saw were blear-eyed, rotten-toothed, and mangy-legged; the violent heat and unwholesome waters doubtless causing it. The habit of the greater part of them is only a wreath of calico tied about their heads, their mid-parts circled with a zone of varicoloured plaid, with sandals upon their feet, elsewhere naked. Some nevertheless (though but few) have shashes of silk and gold tulipanted about their heads, and robe themselves in cabbays [i.e. tunics] of satin, their fingers being adorned with rings of silver set with turquoises (that being the stone they most affect in Persia) in which they have engraven their name or some selected posy out of the *Talmud* or *Alcoran*. The Mahometans delight much in archery, and on their thumb commonly wear a ring of horn, which makes the arrow go off both strongly and easily: their swords afford them no small delight, the blades being exceeding

good and the hilts no less valuable, for with the better sort usually they are of gold. Here are some nevertheless that are proficients in philosophy and the mathematics, the principal delight they take being in aſtrology. But in the mechanic and other curious arts, it gives place to few in Persia. In this city should be a river, and that not a small one, if our geographic maps were true; but therein they err, for here could I see no river, nor any in near a hundred miles travel further Northward; for, both by inquiring of some Persians and our own further travel, I could neither hear nor see any nearer than Tabb,[1] a river famous in separating Susiana from Carmania, and from Lār Weſtward about five small days' journey; or that other of Chur [Kur], over which we rode 'twixt Shīrāz and Persepolis: some brooks, indeed, we passed over, so small that they had no name, but rivers no man calls them, since none of them in breadth or depth exceed three foot: rivulets worth little more than the noting.

Weſt of Lār is a town called Jaarown [Jāhrūm] (Gaarom some write it), about twenty farsangs (which is sixty English miles) from Lār. Moſt of the inhabitants are Jews; by some reputed little less than a thousand—much less than what Ben Jonas[2] numbered in the year 1100, for at his being in Jaaria (which is presumed to be this place) it had then twenty-five thousand Jews inhabitants. Some make this their road from Lār to Shīrāz; but the way we took was more to the Eaſt, and more frequented, being neither so hilly as the other nor so ſtony.

In or near this place is a precious liquor, or mummy, growing, *Mumnaky-koobas*[3] they call it, which none presumes to take, it being carefully preserved for the King's sole use. In June only it diſtils from the top of those ſtupendous mountains, every year about five ounces. A moiſt redolent gum it is, sovereign againſt

poison; and (if we may believe them) a catholicon for all sorts of wounds whatsoever, so as when other princes send Shaw-Abbas gold, pearl, or like costly presents, he returns them a little of this balsam as a suitable requital.

The eleventh of February we left Lār, Codgea-Obdruzy [Khwāja Abdurrizā ?], the Governor, having furnished us with mules, emblems of sobriety. Our harbinger (or *Mammandore*,[1] as called in Persia) was an old coozelbashaw, who would be sure (hopeful of some reward) at every place where we made our *manzeel* [*manzil*, halt] to provide us good quarters and such meat as the places could afford; by virtue nevertheless (or force rather) of his authority, domineering over the wretched rustics more than pleased us, for he would proffer them a little money for what he liked, which if they refused, then *nolens volens* he would have it, and *alla soldado* [soldier-like] paid them with big words and bastinados—so as we saw that in miserable slavery these peasants live, contented to submit to the arbitrary will of the soldier. The first night we pitched our tents not far from Lār, but were stopped next day by an immoderate flood of rain, which, though it was very welcome, yet made the earth so slippery as our camels' glib hoofs could not foot it. The rain falls seldom here; but, when it comes, they both feel and hear it: sometimes it raises such a deluge as sweeps men and houses away; for (as we were told) six years before, in this very place, a caravan of two thousand camels in part perished by the fury of it.

The fourteenth day we rode to De-achow [Dehkūh] (or Techoo), which signifies a town under a hill, where we saw many pretty tombs, few without a grave-stone and an Arabic memorial. The *Alcoran* commands that none be buried in cities, for fear the dead infect the living. A mile from this town we

viewed about threescore long pavilions, which were black without, but within they had female beauties: the Persians call them *Vloches* [the Vlachs]; the Arabs *Kabilai* [*Kabīla*]; the Turkistans and Armenians *Taiphæ* [*Tā'ifa*]; the Tartars *Hoords* [*Urdu*]; the ancients *Nomades* from the Numidians.

So soon as Phoebus had run thrice fifteen degrees in our hemisphere, we mounted our melancholy mules, and made our next *manzeel* at Berry [Birīz]. Nothing observable in the way, save a thick wall of great length and height, cut by extraordinary toil out of the rock as a boundary, and to safeguard the Larians from the Shirazians, the kingdom of Lār in that place terminating.

Berry is a village which promises much at a distance, but, when there, deludes the expectation: howbeit, not a little famous through the Persian territories, both from the immunities that an ancient learned Syet[1] endued it with, confirmed by succeeding princes, and from an Arabic school which is there kept and distinguished into several classes of the civil law, astrology, physic, and what leads to Mekka: commendable in their Pythagorean silence, practising to discourse by winks, nods, and dumb signs; for babbling and noise in all Arabic schools is detested. They observe two rules especially, obedience and moving the body to and fro whiles they be reading. Adjoining this school is a *jewma mechit*[2] (or *mesquit*), of great veneration by being the dormitory of that great Doctor Emawm-zeddey-a-meer-a-maddy-Ally [Imām-zādah Amīr Ahmad-i-'Alī], who was a Prophet's son and allied to their great 'Alī, in this grave enjoying (say they) eight hundred years' rest. His tomb, raised four foot from the pavement, is longer and larger than the included carcass, for it is eight foot long and covered with a white fine linen cloth; the tombstones are carved and painted with knots and posies of Arabic.

Near him are fixed two lances, to memorize his *quondam* profession, and some ensigns not of ordinary invention. Upon his coffin lie a set of beads, which (if you will credit them) to this day retain their master's virtue in working miracles. Within the coffin is his body, a mummy that has continued long; the brains and entrails are taken out (for they corrupt the soonest) and the carcass (as they say) is embalmed in wax or such gums as both smell delicately and are of longest continuance. At the top of the chapel is a steel mirror, wherein these lynx-eyed people view the deformity of their sins.[1] They also showed us a square stone which was pierced and hung near the wall; a rare stone, a relic most notorious! for the Prophet used to burthen the backs of impenitent sinners with it, telling them their impiety made it seem heavy, a weight so ponderous as made them take the right path to be quit of it. A little pot they also showed us, holding a sovereign unguent made eight hundred years since, oft used and (which is a miracle) never exhausted; 'tis not only good to help sore eyes, but a panacea (as they would have us believe) against all diseases. To crown all, a book (no *Alfurcan*[2] of devotion) was laid upon his coffin; anybody may be suffered to see it afar off (but to touch it was presumption); in storm and crosses (they say) they find remedy with only naming it. The church was neatly matted—a mosque of so great veneration that none enters with boots or shoes on. Such as want issues (in legs I mean not), health, wealth, friends, or the like, according as their offering is, have satisfaction. The oracle (the priest) they say never deceives them —*sed non ego credulus illis*—and with that I bid farewell to Berry, which some make to be the first town in that which strictly may be called Persia [Fārsistān]; howbeit, we usually extend it South as far as the Gulf of Persia, having Media to the North, East the two

Carmanias, and Weſt Susiana, according to the 5th Book of Ptolemy.

The next night we got to Bannarow [Binārū]. The laſt town feaſted us with traditions, this with good cheer, music, kettle-drums and six dumb muskets. The ruins of an ancient caſtle (demolished by the Persian) here shows its ribs, through which the cool air blows, seldom failing from the top of that mountain. One side of the caſtle-wall is anatomized to the town, the other to the ſtony desert. Next night we lay in Goyoom [Jūwūn], bragging that it has a thousand but ordinary houses. After we had reposed an hour, a *hocus-pocus* [juggler], for the Ambassador's better repaſt, performed rare tricks of activity. Some of them I remember: he trod upon two sharp-edged scimitars with his bare feet; then laid his naked back upon them, suffering a heavy anvil to be set on his belly and two men to hammer out four horseshoes upon it as forcibly as they could beat; that trick ended, he thruſt his arms and thighs through with many arrows and lances, then by mere ſtrength of his head and agility of body lifted up (no less than a yard from the ground) a great ſtone weighing six hundred pounds; and then (as if he had done nothing) knitted his hair to an old goat's head, and with a scornful pull tore it asunder, crying out *Allough whoddaw*[1] (i.e. God be thanked), the ſtanders by with a loud yell applauding him. But in remembering these I had almoſt forgot how that in Goyoom is entombed Melec Mahomet, one who in these parts is not a little famous for fomenting the authority of his maſter Mahomet, when the Saracens (not liking the innovation) firſt began to canvass it.

Next night we loſt one another by a careless associating, whereby we procured to ourselves a miserable lodging in that solitary wilderness, having neither grass, nor trees, nor water; but ſtones (which gave

no refreshment) and sand in abundance; nor beheld we other than ostriches, storks, and pelicans for companions. The earth has heretofore worn Flora's livery; but, by the rage of war and continued ardour of the sun, becomes miserably desert; or rather from the wrath of Almighty God, "who (as the Kingly Prophet sings) makes a fruitful land barren for the ungodliness of them that dwell therein." Next day we quested in search of our caravan, and after some pains recovered it. That night we again pitched in the desert, and were entertained by such a sudden storm of rain, thunder, and lightning as made our cheer very wretched, imprisoning us also in our tents. Next day we had the weather more comfortable, the sight of a few date and mastic trees exceedingly refreshing us. Coriat's report,[1] that mastic is found nowhere but in Syo, was here confuted. By the way we took notice of an old-conceited tomb which inhumed a harmless shepherd: hung it was to and fro with threads tripartite (peradventure shadowing out a Trinity), each thread being trimmed with parti-coloured wool; at each end of which was placed a puppet[2] to protect it, and some cypress-branches stuck about.

The next (being the two and twentieth of February) by the way we had some sport in dislodging a wild boar, whom we pursued, but neither shot nor dogs could reach him. That night we made Cut-bobbaw [Qutbābād] our *manzeel*; Mohack [Mukhak] our next, in which are buried Mahomet, Hodgee, Izmael, and Ally, four Mussulman doctors, entombed here four hundred years ago and resorted to with no small reverence. Next day to Coughton [Kuidunā ?], where the people in few years before suffered in an high measure by locusts, which these parts are sometimes infested with.

The next day we got to Unghea; the day following

to Moyechaw; the next to Pully-pot-shaw[1] (leaving Bobbaw-hodgee [Bābā Hājī] on our left hand), and next night pitched a farsang short of Shīrāz. According to custom, we expected a ceremonious entrance; but, seeing none came out to that purpose, our Ambassador (who was ever sensible of his master's honour) sent his mammandar to the Governor to demand fresh horses and fitting accommodation. The Daraguad [*dāroghā*, governor] in person came to dissemble his neglect; first excusing the Duke's[2] absence, whose displeasure he feared, for not acquainting him with this excellent advantage to manifest his love unto our nation, in comparison of whom all other in that part of the world were contemptible. In a word (perceiving our haste) he prayed his Lordship to exercise but three days' patience till the Great Duke came purposely to honour his entrance—a favour of a double reflex, in that it would infinitely content the Governor and citizens, and accumulate an incomparable splendour to his entrance; closing his compliment with an If not, he was then ready to usher his Lordship to his lodging. The Ambassador, though he well enough descried his petty courtship, yet thought it best to dissemble his discontent, perceiving no remedy. We jogged leisurely on upon our mules and asinegoes, who (so soon as they winded the air of this great city) spared the Persians the labour of kettle-drums, timbrels, hautboy, and such Phrygic music, sometimes braying out, at other times echoing to one another in their Mimallonian[3] cornets as if some orgy to *Liber Pater*[4] had been solemnizing: insomuch as many ran out of doors, others fired their flambeaux to know the cause and glut their wonder. After long circling, we alighted at the house of Shock-Ally-Beg [Shaikh 'Alī Beg] (the Duke's deputy), where our Ambassador, after a prolix apology from the Governor, was entertained

with a short banquet, and then convoyed to Ally-chan, a house at the East end of the city belonging to the King, encompassed with as curious gardens and as spacious as most in Persia. And now we have overcome the trouble of our passage into the city; albeit we entered not in the daytime to see and to be seen, do not think it novelty or that it was without reputation, or as if nocturnal entries had not equal lustre with the day, seeing that Holofernes chose the night to make his triumphant entrance into Damascus: Antiochus also took the same time to enter Jerusalem, Augustulus Rome, and haughty Sapores [Shāpur] into this city.

Sheraz [Shīrāz] (for so they pronounce it), the pleasantest of Asiatic cities, is removed from the equator 29 degrees, 20 minutes North; its longitude is 88 degrees;[1] by Phil. Ferrarius[2] and some others supposed to be the relics of Persepolis, which I no ways allow of, not only from the difference of situation and distance of place from Chilmanor,[3] being no less than thirty English miles thence, but principally in regard many rising and rough grounds and some considerable hills are interposed. However, it is of great antiquity in the name it bears: for Ben Jonas, travelling these parts about 500 years ago, found Syaphaz hereabout,[4] which doubtless was this city.

Shīrāz probably derives itself either from *Sherab* [*Shīra*], which in the Persian tongue signifies a grape, here abounding, and than which no part of the East has more generous, nor any climate more benevolent; or else from *Sheer* [*Shīr*], which in the Persian signifies milk: and the rather seeing several other towns have their denominations accordingly, namely, Aleppo from *Halip* [*Halab*] (i.e. milk), albeit some would have it from Alepius, Julian's lieutenant; and several Persian towns have the like, as Whormoot, i.e. a town of dates; De-achow, a town upon a hill; De-gardow, a

walnut-town; Bazebachow, Periscow, Cut-bobbaw, and others. That it was a very great city long ago is indubitable; and for proof I give you these few instances. Ulughbeg[1] (a learned geographer and nephew to Tamberlane) in his time finds her to have fifteen miles compass; Contarinus,[2] after him, the like, and eighty thousand houses; Barbarus,[3] eightscore years ago, reports her to be twenty; Cluverius[4] the like: Teishera,[5] after him, to have six-and-thirty miles circuit; Skikard upon Tarich[6] the like circumference—a circuit very large, but occasioned by the many and spacious gardens this as most other Asian cities have, rather than from the numerous buildings. John of Persia[7] in his time numbered her inhabitants eighty thousand; Ben-Ally three hundred thousand: I dare not gainsay their reports, because no present inquiry can well disprove them; let us therefore rest contented in her description as I could observe her to be at present.

Shīrāz at this day is the second city for magnificence in the monarchy of Persia; watered by Bind-Emyr,[8] a river that draws her descent from the Tapirian,[9] as some say from the Parchoatrian[10] Mountains, and, after above two hundred miles circling in meanders commixing with Choaspes (now Tabb) and Ulay,[11] not far from Valdac (old Shushan[12] is now so called), lose themselves in the Gulf, and promiscuously thence disgorge themselves into the Indian Ocean.

Some walls it shows, which were raised by Usun Cassan,[13] the famous Armenian Prince, who lived anno 1470, but seem to scorn a limited bondage; for now it stretches from the South-east to the North-west well near three miles, and is not much less the other way; the compass being seven miles or thereabouts. It is very pleasantly seated at the North-west end of a spacious plain, twenty miles long and six broad; circumvolved with lofty hills, under one

of which this town is seated; defended by nature, enriched by trade, and by art made lovely, the vineyards, gardens, cypresses, sudatories, and temples ravishing the eye and smell, so as in every part she appears delightful and beautiful.

Here art-magic was first hatched: here Nimrod for some time lived: here Cyrus (the most excellent of heathen princes) was born; and here (all but his head, which was sent to Pisigard[1]) entombed. Here the great Macedonian glutted his avarice and Bacchism. Here the first Sibylla sang our Saviour's Incarnation. Hence the Magi are thought to have set forth towards Bethlehem; and here a series of two hundred kings have swayed their sceptres.

The houses are of sun-burnt bricks, hard and durable; the buildings not very lofty (seldom exceeding two stories), flat and terraced above, having balconies and windows curiously trellised: within they are spread with carpets; little other furniture otherwhere is noted. Sultan Shock-Allybeg's[2] house (where the first night we were banqueted) is inferior to few; for his dining-room was high and round and spacious, the roof was arched, the walls embossed with gold and wrought into imagery, so shadowed that it was hard to judge whether embossed, insculpt, or painted. The windows were of painted glass, the floor spread with curious carpets. Few or none here are without their gardens (forests rather) of high chenaers[3] (resembling our elm) and cypresses: so as indeed a more delightful object can hardly be than what this city yields the eye from the neighbouring mountain; the palaces rise so amiably, and the mosques and hummums with their cerulean tiles and gilded vanes amongst the cypresses so glitter by reflecting the sunbeams in a curious splendour.

Fifteen mosques express their bravery here, which in shape are round (after the Alkaba in Mekka), tiled

with a plaſter made of limeſtone burnt, which ſo ſoon as it is dry becomes ſo exceeding hard that it rather resembles true ſtone than mortar; with which they do not only parget the outside of their houses and trim it with paint after the Morisco manner, but also spread the floors and arches of their rooms. But on the top and outside these are pargeted with azure ſtone resembling turquoises, lined moſt part within with black well-polished marble; and the tops are beautified by many double-gilded crescents or spires which reverberate the sun's yellow flames moſt delightfully. Two are especially noteworthy in their ſteeples (so some call them), being small but exceeding high towers. The one is square, above fifty foot high in the body, leaded in some part, in other part discoloured with gold and blue; the outside varnished and wrought with knots and posies, vaſt and unfurnished (or rather unfinished) within; and above, spiring in two slender but aspiring *alcorans*[1] of wood, being round and coupled [i.e. with cupolas] at the top, garnished with great art and coſt, very near as high as Paul's in London; from whose tops the clear-voiced boys sing thrice every twenty-four hours eulogies to their prophets Ally and Mahomet; for bells are nowhere tolerated in Mahometan temples. The other (rather resembling a royal caravans-raw) is quadrangular; the superficies of it Arabic invention, embossed with gold, painted with azure, flagged with porphyry, garnished in several forms or mazes, and made resplendent at some solemnities by many lamps and torches.

Other mosques within this city are not so remarkable, yet not so mean as not to invite the observation; for what they want in architecture they supply in relics, venerably accounted of for entombing the carcasses of some Alcoranish doctors; whose seeming ſanctity hath got such repute amongſt those superſtitious people, their tomb being enriched by the

superfluity of zeal as no coſt nor pains is thought too much to evidence the reality of their devotion. Some sepulchres there are of well-polished marble; others of wood cut into an antique kind of carving; others express the painter's art, and other some the sculptor's skill in brass and other metal; so that, where art is defective, nature out of the treasures of darkness has supplied them. In one place Shaw-meer-Ally-Hamzy, a prophetic Mahometan, reſts his bones, seven hundred years since (some merrily say) ferried by Charon into Acheron for doting upon his *Alcoran*. The mosque is square; for threescore paces long I found the ſtructure he is buried in to be, and in breadth juſt so many. In another sleeps Sandant-Emyramahow,[1] contemporary (as tradition gives) with Mahomet; and many more, whose duſt reſts till the trumpet dispose them to a resurrection. A little out of the town is interred that learned poet and philosopher Musladini Saddi,[2] who wrote the *Rosarium* which is lately turned into Latin by Gentius;[3] and near him his brother-poet Hodgee Haier,[4] whose poems are of great eſteem in Persia. And, indeed, Shīrāz has a college wherein is read philosophy, aſtrology, physic, chemiſtry, and the mathematics; so as 'tis the more famoused through Persia. Upon many of these mosques the travelling ſtorks have piled their neſts, a bird, as of the Egyptians, so of these people, divinely eſtimated.

The gardens are many, and both large and beautiful; so as I may say of this what the Syrians attribute to those of Damascus: *Operatissimi sunt in hortis*. Several of them (as I paced) are eight hundred paces long and four hundred broad. But Hony-shaw[5] (which is the King's) challenges superiority over all the reſt, being square every way 2,000 paces. Moſt of them safe-guarded with walls fourteen foot high and four foot thick; and which from their spaciousness and plenty

of trees resemble groves or wildernesses, but by that name (the Persian word is *bawt* [*bāgh*]) are called; they abound in lofty pyramidical cypresses, broad-spreading chenaers, tough elm, ſtraight ash, knotty pines, fragrant maſtics, kingly oaks, sweet myrtles, useful maples; and of fruit-trees are grapes (whose wood, though little worth, some say never rots), pomegranates, pomecitrons, oranges, lemons, piſtachios, apples, pears, peaches, cheſtnuts, cherries, quinces, walnuts, apricots, plums, almonds, figs, dates, and melons of both sorts exceeding fair and of incomparable sweetness; also flowers rare to the eye, sweet to the smell, and useful in physic. The earth dry, but green; the air salubrious, though sharp a little.

Amongſt other paſtimes there used, I remember I saw ropes or cords ſtretched from tree to tree in several gardens, boys and girls and sometime those of riper years swinging upon them, the Turks, especially during the *Byram*[1] time, using that recreation: a paſtime firſt practised by the Athenians. I may confine my commendations to a small compass, places more remote being at this day ſterile, mountainous, and unable (if then as now) to make Alexander an epicure, the wine excepted, which is indeed the moſt generous grape of Persia, and famoused all over the Orient. Nothing more complained of by the inhabitants than want of water; yet a pretty shallow rivulet it has, and might have more were the citizens more induſtrious, a gallant river (Cyrus of old) ſtreaming not fifteen miles thence in the way to old Persepolis, which by pipes like other aqueducts might be drawn thither.

The Cyrenians and Epicureans place their *summum bonum*, or chief felicity, in pleasure, and make virtue to be the hand-maid, without which felicity cannot be well attended. Diogenes Laertius tells us that felicity is only a serenity and tranquillity of the mind,

free to delight and void of all sadness or perturbation: whence I may conclude these Shirazians of that sect. For at the *Nowrouz* [*Naurūz*], or Spring, they not only send vests but other presents to one another—a ceremony no less ancient than Cyrus, as Xenophon has it. Then also the gardens are opened for all to walk in. The women likewise for fourteen days have liberty to appear in public, and when loose (like birds enfranchised) lose themselves in a labyrinth of wanton sports. The men also—some riding, some sitting, some walking—are all in one tune, drinking, singing, playing till the bottles prove empty, songs be spent, or that Morpheus lay his *caduceus* over them. In all my life I never saw people more jocund and less quarrelsome. This Feast of the Nowrouz was begun by King Shalelladyn, son of Ulp-Arslan,[1] and is commonly celebrated when the sun enters into Aries; for than this they celebrate no feast more solemnly.

Somewhat of Emangoly-cawn [Imām-Qulī Khān], the great Duke, and his banquet. This man is a Georgian by descent, a Mussulman by profession, and one of those tetrarchs that under Abbas rule the empire. His territories reach every way well-nigh four hundred miles, and afford him the titles of Arch-Duke of Shīrāz, Sultan of Lār and Jaarown [Jarūn, i.e. Hormuz], Lord of Ormus, Maqueroon [Makrān], Kermoen [Kermān], Chusistan, Segestan [Sistān], and Farsistan, Prince of the Gulf of Persia and Isles there, the Great Beglerbeg,[2] Commander of twelve Sultans, fifty thousand horse, slave to Shaw-Abbas, Protector of Mussulmans, Nutmeg of Comfort, and Rose of Delight. He is of an extraordinary descent for nobility (as honour goes in these parts), his father and grandfather having been Dukes before him; but (which is no less strange) privileged from degradation by Abbas his oath upon a good occasion: Ally-culican,

his father, having been victorious in some engagements against both Turk and Tartar, it added no small lustre to Mahomet Codobandaes'[1] diadem: most memorably when (by command of Amurath) the saucy Basha of Rhyvan [Erivan] with fifteen hundred muskets breathed defiance against Morad [Murād], the Chielfal [Julfā] Governor, for presuming to take part with Ismael[2] in that famous overthrow they gave the Turks on the Calderan[3] plain in the year 1514, as they arrogate to themselves (albeit the Turks acknowledge it not). Morad, being thus unexpectedly assaulted, sends a timorous excuse, which rather enraged the Basha, who was not to be pacified till Morad had glutted his appetite with a present of two thousand pounds in gold, commanding him thence to Nassivan (old Artaxata[4]) and by that time hungry again. Ally-culican (Shaw-Mahomet's lieutenant in Georgia), expressing his displeasure against Morad, undertakes to make the Turk eat cold iron, meat the Basha cared not for, but by Ally-culican's fierce charge with six thousand horse made him return his bribe back; so as after a small dispute the Turk was forced to a speedy retreat over Anti-Taurus (now Mezis-Taur) and gave the valiant Georgian the liberty to extract a treble contribution from Morad for his compliance with the Turk; and then returning victor to the Court, Abbas, knowing that reward is as powerful a support of State as punishment, for that good service recompensed him with the Shīrāz dukedom; and his son after him no less fortunate in Shaw-Abbas his field-service, having quieted Georgia, subdued Lār and Ormus, and made tributary part of Arabia and Diarbec.

Some days after our being here the great Duke absented himself, merely to please his humour; for albeit Sir Robert Sherley took the pains to ride unto him and to tell how acceptable his being in town

would be at the Ambassador's entrance, he answered: It was no dishonour for any man (his master excepted) to stay his leisure: not knowing or not considering that the persons of Ambassadors are sacred and challenge high respect in all places, according to the custom and consent of all nations, both from the representation they make and the nature of their employment; so that this would not have been endured had our Ambassador been provided with a convoy and necessary accommodations for travel; which wanting, constrained him to practise patience. After six days' attendance, his Eminency made his entrance into Shīrāz, attended with 2,000 horse, where he took his ease two days without the least notice of our Ambassador. At length, finding that our Ambassador would not make application to him, he sent a gentleman to invite him to his palace; who returned with this answer: that he was weary, having come a great journey, and that his journey was to see his master. The Duke, not pleased with that message, thought it best nevertheless to dissemble it (knowing the King had given express command that in his passage he should everywhere receive honour and hearty welcome); so, after some pause, the Duke sent word he purposed next day to visit him; yet failed in his promise—but his son, the Beglerbeg (eighteen years old), came in person to excuse him. Next day our Ambassador sent word by Shock-Ally-beg to the Duke's son that his visit should be retaliated. Emangoly-cawn, the father, seems to be displeased that he had not the honour of the first visit, and marvelled what kind of people we were, since his own little less than adored him; nevertheless made use of it to his own satisfaction, for he was no sooner alighted near the Duke's palace when by Shock-Ally-beg he was ushered into a long gallery, rich in common beauties, plate, carpets, and other furniture; where

(contrary to expectation) the Duke himself (like a *ſtatua*) at the end of the room sat cross-legged, not moving one jot till the Ambassador was almoſt at him, and then (as one affrighted) skipped up, embraced, and bade him welcome, vouchsafing also (upon knowledge that his attendants were gentlemen) to give us the *Hoshomody ſoffowardy* [see p. 42], and to entertain us with a banquet. So after two hours' merriment we departed, invited to return next day to a more solemn welcome. The entertainment our Ambassador had was wine and sweetmeats, which were of variety; and then *inter pocula*, but according to the common mode of these Eaſtern parts, the dancing wenches went to work, firſt throwing off their loose garments or veſts—the other was close to their body resembling troozes [i.e. trousers], but of several pieces of satin of sundry colours (as there much used); their hair was long and dangling in curls; about their faces were hung ropes of pearl, carcanets set with ſtones about their necks, and about their wriſts and legs were wreathed golden bracelets with bells, which with the cymbals and timbrels in their hands made the beſt concert. Their dancing was not after the usual manner, for each of them kept within a small circle and made as it were every limb dance in order after each other, even to admiration.

Next day[1] being come, we were conducted by a Sultan through two fair courts, whence on foot we were ushered into a ſtately banqueting-house, which was a large room open at the sides, supported with twenty gilded pillars, the roof embossed with gold, and so exquisitely painted as if Ersenge,[2] the Apelles of Persia, had pencilled it. The ground was spread with extraordinary rich carpets of silk and gold; a ſtate [i.e. canopy] at one end of crimson satin was erected, embroidered with pearl and gold, under which

the Duke was to enthrone himself. Upon one side thereof was painted his Ormus trophies, no cost, no art being left out to do it to advantage; for it expressed their encamping upon the shore, their assaults, storms, batteries, entrance, plunder of the city, massacre of the Ormusians—some beheaded, some chained, some their heads serving for girdles: as also the English sea-fights[1] and the like. And when the green and crimson curtains or scenes of silk were drawn, there was a lively prospect into a great square court, which upon this occasion, to aggrandize the invitation, was round set with the prime men of the city; as also into another adjacent court, where I think I told near five hundred plebeians, who (Mosco[w]-like) were invited to illustrate the Duke's magnificence.

Before this great Duke meant to display his radiance (for as yet he was not entered), Sir Dodmore Cotton was seated on the left hand of the state (where note that all Asia over the left, being the sword hand, is most honourable); upon the other side sat the discontented Prince of Tartary. At the Ambassador's left hand was seated the Beglerbeg (the Duke's eldest son), and next to him the captive King of Ormus.[2] Next to the Tartar Prince sat Threbis-cawn,[3] a disconsolate Prince of Georgia, a gallant person, expert in arms and a constant Christian. Opposite to the state Sir Robert Sherley seated himself; and in the same room with such gentlemen as attended the Ambassador were placed the two Princes of Ormus, some Sultans, and other great officers. The rest of the banqueting-room was filled with persons of note, as Sultans, merchants, and coozel-bashaws. During which entertainment young Ganymedes, arrayed in cloth of gold with long crisped locks of hairs, went up and down bearing flagons of gold filled with choice wine, which they proffered to all the company one by one so long as the feast endured. Upon the

carpets were spread fine coloured pintado table-cloths forty ells long at leaſt; broad thin pan-cakes, six one upon another, served for trenchers, near which were scattered wooden spoons, whose handles were almoſt a yard long, and the spoons so thick and wide as required right spacious mouths to render them serviceable. The feaſt was compounded of several sorts of *pelo* of various colours, and ſtore of candied dried fruits and meats; variety also of dates, pears, and peaches, curiously conserved. Such I took notice of (I mean as pleased me beſt) were jaacks [jack-fruit], myrobalans, duroyens [durians], piſtachios, almonds, apricots, quinces, cherries, and the like. The Duke is not yet taken notice of: the truth is, his Eminency was not yet entered; nor were we sorry that when our bellies were full our eyes might have the better leisure to survey his greatness. Howbeit, the feaſt was no sooner ended but the vulgar multitude ſtrove to rend the sky with *Yough Ally-Whoddaw-Bashat*[1] (i.e. Ally and God be thanked), expressing by voice and music their joy, the echo being as the signal for that great Duke to enter. His entrance was ushered by thirty comely youths, who were veſted in crimson satin coats; their tulipants were silk and silver, wreathed about with small links of gold; some had also pearl, rubieuois, turqses, and emeralds (for I do not remember that I saw one diamond); they were girded with rich hilted swords in embroidered scabbards; they had hawks upon their fiſts, each hood set with ſtones of value. After them the Duke followed; his coat was of blue satin, very richly embroidered with silver, upon which he wore a robe of extraordinary length; glorious to the eye, for it was so thick-powdered with Oriental pearl and glittering gems as made the ground of it imperspicable. His turban, or mandil [*mandīl*], was of fineſt white silk interwoven with gold, beſtudded with pearl[s] and carbuncles; his scabbard

was set all over with rubies, pearls and emeralds; his sandals had the like embroidery; so as he seemed that day to resemble Artaxerxes, whose apparel was commonly valued at ten thousand talents, as Plutarch relateth. To this glorious idol the people offered their devotion in many tessalams, bowing and knocking their foreheads *à la mode* against the ground. Sir Robert Sherley, constantly wearing the Persian habit, also *sizædaed*[1] very formally; and after that in a cup of pure gold drank his Eminence's health, and then (knowing it would please the Duke) put it in his pocket, with this merry compliment, that after so unworthy a person as himself had breathed in it, it was some indignity to return it; which the Duke amiably accepts as good satisfaction; but, perceiving our Ambassador not very merry, darted him a smile, then drank the King his master's health, and exceeding civilly bade him and his company heartily welcome; and so withdrew. The truth is, our Ambassador was scarce well pleased at the Duke's long absence and proud carriage, yet prudently dissembled it; so, after reciprocal salaams, some coozelbashaws attended him to his horse, and so returned to his lodging.

Capable is this Arch-Duke to purchase his renown at those high rates, his yearly revenue being bruited excessive great; for (say merchants) he has towards four hundred thousand tomains [*tūmān*] per annum (a tomain is five marks sterling [i.e. 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*]), out of which he pays fifty thousand horse upon muster. His plate and jewels are commonly estimated (how certainly I cannot tell) at three hundred thousand mammodees[2] (a mammodee is our shilling). A scantling [i.e. sample] of his great wealth may be taken by that memorable present or New Year's gift he sent the King (upon Meloembeg [Mulā'im Beg], the Fiscal's secret advice) three years since, viz. fifty flagons of gold, seventy-two of silver, and in larees the value

of four hundred and sixty-five thousand florins; the whole being three hundred and fifty coozelbash camels' load—a royal present, besides wines; and for which the King (as a symbol of his acceptance) remunerates the Duke with fifty Arabian coursers, six change of rich garments, a sword he wore himself, and his word that he should continue in that command, which to the Duke was most significant.

This Duke here and in other seraglios (harams the Persians call them) has above three hundred concubines: no surer way in these pagan countries to distinguish one man's greatness from another than by exceeding in that sort of voluptuousness: albeit he hunts elsewhere, other sports serving but as a provocation. Nor do they refrain more manly exercises, as chasing the lion, hunting the tiger, dislodging the boar, unkennelling the jackal, and the like: at which sports he first raises whole countries, not less than twenty thousand men serving to rouse that kind of savage game; for, when the whole herd are embattled upon some mountain, they impale it with a huge toil of wire and cords supported with stakes (six hundred camels' load), and so either dart them from without the rail or venture in, and (by drawing a cross-line) single what beast they please to combat with sword and lance; nor want they hounds trained for that generous sport: and, having killed some, suffer the rest to escape for further pastime. Philotas in all Alexander's marches had ever ready 13,000 fathom of net and toil to impale mountains the better to hunt wild beasts, etc., as Trogus Pomp[eius] recordeth. So as it seems in that country this is no new invention.

Two days after this feast, the Duke with a train or cavalcade of thirty Sultans and coozel-bashaws came galloping to Ally-cawn (so the house was called we lodged at); and, albeit he endeavoured to surprise Sir Dodmore Cotton with a sudden visit, yet such

was the seasonable intelligence he then had that at his alighting he found a choice shade as the first part of his entertainment, and then chambers neatly furnished, from the balcony looking into a pleasant garden, where large cypresses and other trees appeared in their best apparel for his better welcome. Here the facetious Duke encamped with all his company, resolved to encounter the fury of his own wine and our English chemical waters. And give me leave to repeat, no part of the world has of wine better than Shīrāz; so that for three hours the skirmish continued, charging one another with equal resolution. Many bottles and flagons were emptied, but by stratagem from the Duke's quarters revived afresh, thundering such an alarm in the Duke's brains that at his mounting his horse he fell back; and had not our Ambassador (who as he was very abstemious so was he most civil) by chance upheld him, he had been dismounted. Mr Stodart of Carnarvon and Mr Emery (two gentlemen attending the Ambassador in his chamber) helped them homewards. Next day the Duke, sensible of his civil treatment, returned his thanks in a present of twelve good horses, with bridles and rich saddles suiting them; by which it appeared that all were pleased, and the Ambassador (who without such an entertainment had never satisfied them) acquired the epithet of a generous and well-bred person. After other ceremonies of welcome (in which pish-cashes and gifts were not left out), we had leave to prosecute our travel towards the Court: I call it leave—the Duke now seemed so unwilling to part with us. The Ambassador's attendants also (pursuant to the Duke's directions) were very well mounted and furnished with fresh camels and asinegoes for our sumpters, able beasts, capable to endure the brunt of travel. Great is the difference betwixt the Turks and Persians; for the Turks, being by law

prohibited, abſtain from wine, yet drink it covertly; but the Persians now (as of old) drink with freedom openly and with excess. It was so of old; for Plutarch in the Life of Artaxerxes reports the Persians were liberal wine-bibbers and lovers of magic.

Six-and-twenty days we consumed in Shīrāz, forced to so long commorance [i.e. ſtay] by the merry Duke; so as on Lady Day in Lent we departed thence towards Isfahān, the Persian metropolis. But I cannot willingly part without firſt celebrating our *valedictum* in this chariſtery [i.e. song of thanksgiving]:

Why should our wits dispute where Eden ſtood?
If in the earth or air, or if the Flood
Did spoil the surface: thus we fell from thence!
And too much knowledge loſt the residence.
Yet if that place remain, for us to guess
By outward attributes of happiness,
Why should thy plain, Shiraz, give place to those
Where fruitful Nile and Ganges over-flows?
Thy curious prospect, lodges, soil, the rich
Variety of pleasure that bewitch
Each gazing eye, would make the looker-on
Think Paradise had no deſtruction,
Or else replanted there: for there the grape
In dangling cluſters tempts another rape
To taſte the relish, as the apple did:
And some would touch thy fruit although forbid.
Thy towers, baths, gardens, temples make thee seem
Like Memphis, Troy, Thebes, or Jerusalem!
Thy natives (nature's models) to compose
Inferior beauty by the looks of those.
Farewell sweet place; for, as from thee I went,
My thoughts did run on Adam's banishment.

CHAPTER III

Persepolis.

From Shīrāz we travelled to Persepolis, which is thirty English miles to the North-East of Shīrāz. First we passed that noted aqueduct resembling that at Tanghy-dolon, the pipes by supporters reaching from mountain to mountain; so as by the Indians 'tis called Ecbar Tanghy,[1] by the Persians Tanghy-buzzurk [Tang-i-buzurg], signifying the same thing, that is the great ſtrait; from whence the water is conveyed into moſt pleasant gardens, full of flowers and fruit, on each side visible. It also serves the Duke's great pond, ſtored with fish and fowl; so as it affords him great delight, and no less pleasure unto weary travellers. The reſt of the way was somewhat sandy, and about the midway hilly; from whence to Chilmanor are about ten miles; in which midway runs the river Cyr or Cyrus [Kur], over which is a well-built bridge of ſtone, called Bind-Emyr, i.e. the Prince's Bridge.

And, being come to Persepolis, firſt suffer me to present you in little with the revival of the palace as it ſtood in perfection. Persepolis was the metropolis of the world such time as the monarchic sceptre was swayed by Cyrus and the succeeding kings, until the subversion of that empire by great Alexander. Now, albeit the city was such, yet it cannot be denied but that her greateſt luſtre was borrowed from the lofty palace of the Persian Emperors, which both for situation, proſpect, richness in material, and curiosity of art rendered it incomparable. It was built at the East end of a spacious vale, upon a rock or rising ground four hundred paces from the city, the plot

containing fifty acres of ground or thereabouts. The walls on either side were elaborately carved with figures of men and beasts. The second storey was of porphyry mixed with marble of other several colours, embellished with costly stones in mosaic sort; but the architrave, frieze, and most part of the arches were studded with gold, being flat and terraced at the top. Towards the East it had a high and stately tower, or keep, circled with a triple wall each higher than other, and at such a distance as gave pleasant walks between. The first was 16 cubits high; the second was double as much; the last threescore: all three of marble well-polished; battlemented above and below to be entered by seven gates of burnished brass. From the summit of that tower the Kings had not only a delightful prospect over all the city that spread itself below, but (notwithstanding the hills that surround the plain) as it were an unlimited horizon, uncircumscribed save by heaven itself. Adjoining this was a mount, which contained about four acres of ground, and built after the noblest manner. It was the mausoleum in which and in the contiguous hills were entombed several of the Persian Kings. The roof and casements (says an old author) were of gold, silver, amber, and ivory, and the walls were polished marbles of several colours. Adjoining that was the temple dedicated to Anaya (so Diana is there called, Anaia in Diod[orus] Siculus, Nanea in the 2 *Macchab*[*ees*] i. 13), equal to that at Ecbatan, which in those times (as Josephus and others write) was so exquisitely built and with such extraordinary cost that it excelled any other then extant in the world. For the materials were of the best sort of marble of several colours intermixed with precious stones, and no less admirable was the art, of that kind the Arabs called *marhutery*,[1] but the Jews *mosaic*—a composition of many small pieces of marble variously coloured or

otherwise gilt and disposed agreeable to the figure or place they assume in the pavement or other part of the ſtructure; which ſet together look as if they were embossed, and represent men, beaſts, flowers, or other fancies, exhibiting an inexpressible pleasure and ſtateliness to the eye.

But alas! this rich and lovely city, yea the palace itself, albeit they forced admiration and deserved commendation from the Greeks, nevertheless at a drunken feaſt, in a debauched humour by the inſtigation of Thais, an infamous ſtrumpet then following the camp, to retaliate what Xerxes had in a hoſtile way perpetrated whiles he was at Athens, her native place, Alexander commanded—nay helped—to set all on fire; so that nothing now remains save what the merciless fire could not devour—I mean the walls and pavements, which being of marble and by expert masons hewn out of the main rock, and by rare artificers carved into ſtory and grotesque work, have hitherto reſiſted air and weather; so as if not defaced by barbarous hammers and hands, it probably will remain a monument to express the old Persian magnificence unto all succeeding generations; for without an hyperbole, *Mole sua ſtuporem incutit ſpectantibus.* At this day 'tis called Chilmanor, or Chehel-minar [Chihil manār] as the Persians pronounce, which in their tongue signifies Forty Towers.[1] The palace (whose ruins I shall now describe[2]) was (as I lately mentioned) built upon part of a mountain of dark-coloured marble, which the great Architect of Nature has placed at the North-eaſt end of that large plain where the city of Persepolis once ſtood; the middle of which was watered by the river Araxis (or rather Cho-Araxis), which Q. Curtius and Strabo say ſtreamed about twenty furlongs from Persepolis; although others of equal authority name it Cyrus, which I rather approve, seeing the modern name it bears is

Kur and Al-Chyr, as some Persians call it, albeit others call it Poully Gourck, or Kurk, as some pronounce, a derivative from Kur or Cyr, i.e. Cyrus; over which is that notable ſtone bridge built above two hundred years ago by Emyr-Hamze-Delamita [Amīr Hamza Daylamī], a Persian Prince of the Salgucian [Seljuk] race, in whose memory 'tis called Bind-Emyr [Band-Amīr], i.e. the Prince's Bridge.[1] The circumference of the plain (surrounded with rising hills) is near forty English miles. About threescore acres of this mount (which Diodorus Siculus calls the Royal Hill but by the modern Persians, Shawachoo [Shāh-i-Kuh] and Choo-Rahmet [Kuh-i-Rahmat], i.e. the Mountain of Mercy) by extraordinary toil and art was diſſected and designed for the foundation and other accommodations of this marvellous ſtructure, which both for perpetuity and elegancy in sculpture was in several places sunk and polished for laſting walls and pavements. The ascent into this palace is at the Weſt side of the hill by ninety-five ſteps, every ſtep being twenty inches broad and three inches high one above another; the ſtaircase (that is to say from one side of the ſtair unto the other) is in breadth six-and-thirty foot, but so contrived that it gives a double passage leading two several ways, one towards the North, the other South; each ſtair also in the half-way having a pause or half-pace which is very large and square, flagged with porphyry and lined at the sides with a brighter coloured marble than the rock which divides the double-ſtair, and above the half-pace winds the contrary way to what it is below; both being so easy that I very well remember we saw a dozen Persians ride up abreaſt without crowding. The other part of the hill adjoining this ſtair is precipitous, in height being two-and-twenty foot, as I guessed (for I had no certain measure), seeming of old to have been slightly damasked or wrought into

grotesque; and runs due North and South above five hundred paces, as did the palace, which thereby gave itself a full prospect to the city below, not unlike the view we have of Windsor Castle from Eton.

At the stair-head there is some remains of the gate or place of entrance into the court, being about twenty-foot wide, so well as my uncertain way of measuring by paces would ascertain; but the height of the gate and what superstructure it had is not now demonstrable. The prospect we have from thence towards the left hand is a large empty piece of ground, by gentle hills bounded both to North and East, seeming to have been some garden-plot or like place of recreation. But Eastwards more near the stair are the figures of four strange beasts carved in stone—not such beasts as are in nature, but rather as issue from the poets' or fictors' brains. At first view I thought they had some resemblance with those four monsters the Prophet Daniel in his nocturnal vision saw rising out of the sea, alluding to the four supreme monarchies; but by comparison found myself mistaken. These quadrupeds stand two and two: the first two being about twenty foot from each other look towards the stair; the other two have the same distance from one another in breadth, but are thrice that space in length from the two former, and have their faces turned towards the hill, which is the contrary way; so as it is probable these four beasts together with the four interposing pillars, of which two are fallen and two remain, served (as one may imagine) to support some gallery or terrace that had its prospect North towards the garden, under which a piazza was where attendants might walk, and South towards the palace. The main structure ranges all along towards the South from the top of the stair, the prospect being most part to the West, the hill towards the East interposing. One of the four beasts (to give it the nearest resemblance

I can) is like an elephant; and the second (being nearest to it) is somewhat like his opposite, a rhinoceros; the third is like unto a Pegasus, or rather that volant griffin Ariosto describes in his *Orlando Furioso*; but the fourth is so disfigured that it cannot be described. Howbeit, herein these beasts differ, for two of them have visages with beards and long hair like men, agreeable to that fourth beast which Daniel looked upon as the most dreadful, prefiguring the Roman Empire; their heads are armed with helmets, or caps of defence, upon the necks of which are great round globes of like material; and the Pegasus is trapped with warlike mail, so studded that it seems a sort of mosaic work, and in such lively and permanent colours as if it had been embossed or wrought but very lately.

A few paces thence is a large square stone cistern or laver, twelve foot in diameter and twelve inches thick, supported by stones of a large size; near which (still towards the South) are the fractures [i.e. fragments] of some pillars, but of what use, seeing they are demolished, cannot well be ascertained. Flanking this is a wall that runs from East to West, which I suppose is part of the mountain, and terminates that room to the Southward: it is marble, about nine foot thick and thirty foot high. Near the middle there is another double-stair of thirty or forty steps; as also a half-pace in the half-way, flagged with large square marbles and faced at the sides with figures embellished and carved by no rude hand. This brought us to a large square room, which I shall anon speak of. In the first place, therefore, I return to the foot of this stair, to take a view of the wall, or frontispiece; which on either side the stair has engraven *in relievo* several figures and in several rows over each other, resembling some memorable procession. The images on either side have their faces towards the stair, as if they were to march that way. Those that be figured in the

lowest rank, by their habit and posture seem to be of inferior quality; for the *aljoba* [*jubba*], or garment most of them wear, reaches scarce to the knee, and is somewhat strait near the waist where 'tis girt about, but towards the skirt more large and circular, according to that form we see the Moors wear at this day in Industan. Some are naked downwards, other have calzoons reaching to the calf of the legs; some be barefoot, and others wear sandals. Howbeit, these seem to be of the military profession, for in one hand they hold a spear upright in the same posture a pike is ordered, but in the other hand there is variety, for one carries somewhat that is of a circular form, others baskets with fruit, others some chests with boxes not unlike the *sandoughs* [*sandūk*] now used in Persia, wherein they carry preserves and dates, pots for perfume, and the like: some also lead a horse, others an elephant, and some a camel; othersome a mule, and some lead oxen and sheep with long ears, high noses, and horns very oddly distorted. This solemnity induces some to think it is the representation of some remarkable sacrifice; and the rather, for that not far from thence and in like sculpture several figures of their priests or magi are carved, amongst which is an arch-flamen. Now whereas there is a horse led with the rest, and peradventure for sacrifice, Diod[orus] Siculus, Xenophon (in the Life of Cyrus), Herodotus, and other historians acquaint us that in old time it was commonly practised by the Persians. Sundry other figures are engraven here, in garb little differing from the former, but in their weapons they do; for some are armed with lance and shield, and some have short clubs with thick round bunches at the end, like that I have seen used by the savage Floridians in war; others have them headed with spikes, such as I cannot represent by comparison; and othersome carry *borricos*.[1] Amongst the rest there

is a chariot which has two wheels, drawn by a single horse, the charioteer going by it; which sort of chariot is not unlike that the Roman dictators and other generals sat in in triumph, as represented by Laurus; so that this without doubt was either appropriate to the King's own use, according to the relation Xenophon and others give concerning Darius his march; or (which is more probable) was sacred to the sun.

In the upper rank, the images are more large and majestical, by their habit and manner of session seeming to represent some sovereign Princes, as may be presumed by the *tiaræ*, or high sharp-pointed caps, that are upon their heads, which none in those days durst cover with but Princes of the blood, and they only by permission. They have also chains of gold about their necks, as some prime Satraps had the privilege to wear. Those of the upper rank wear long robes or garments, the Persians thereby appearing to be *gens togata* before the Romans: and indeed we may observe that from Poland that garb continues in use amongst all the Oriental nations. But the greatest variety is in the attire or dress of their heads; for besides the *tiara* which was worn by Serenissimos, the *cidaris*[1] was worn by several sorts, as King, priest, and people. Now, as I find occasion, give me leave to make a few cursory observations.

And first concerning long hair. Albeit in these modern times I find it is the common mode of the Eastern people to shave the head, all save a long lock which superstitiously they leave at the very top, such especially as wear turbans, mandils, dustars, and puggarees:[2] in ancient times, nevertheless, it is apparent (witness these images) that the nobler sort of men wore their hair very long. Over their heads an officer holds a mace or other like ensign of majesty; another an umbrella. In the one hand the King holds a short spear, which as I apprehended was the

sceptre of old, and by the Persians had in veneration. In the other he holds a mound,[1] or round ball, signifying sovereignty. Some others seem to be of principal note; for they have round folded caps a span long and flat at the top, not unlike to Caps of State or Maintenance: with long vests in large plats and folds, and ample sleeves like unto the ancient maunch [manche] or surplice, and armed with short crooked scimitars stuck thwart their breast into a girdle. And othersome (according to the mode now used there) wear high-peaked caps, such as I found worn in Mozendram; and in the right hand they hold a short staff or baton, such as in pictures are given generals or those that have eminent command in armies. Others resemble soldiers, and are armed with sword and dagger, half-pike and bow with very large arrows; but their quivers are of an antique shape different from those which are at this day used. There are also the figures of lions contending for prey, tigers, goats, and other beasts. And in vacant places betwixt the images the wall is damasked *à la grotesco*, or adorned with trees and landscapes, which, though not drawn by Lysippus,[2] nevertheless for the great antiquity they bear may worthily receive acceptation from any traveller.

Adjoining these towards the West is a jasper or marble table about twenty foot from the pavement, wherein are inscribed about twenty lines of characters, every line being a yard-and-half broad or thereabouts: all of them very perfect to the eye, and the stone so well polished that it reserves its lustre. The characters are of a strange and unusual shape, neither like letters nor hieroglyphics—yea, so far from our deciphering that we could not so much as make any positive judgment whether they were words or characters, albeit I rather incline to the first, and that they comprehended words or syllables, as in brachyography (or

short-writing) we familiarly practise. Nor indeed could we judge whether the writing were from the right hand to the left, according to the Chaldee and usual manner of these Oriental countries, or from the left hand to the right, as the Greeks, Romans, and other nations imitating their alphabets have accustomed: nevertheless, by the posture and tendency of some of the characters (which consist of several magnitudes), it may be supposed that this writing was rather from the left hand to the right, as the Armenian and Indian do at this day. And concerning the characters, albeit I have since compared them with the twelve several alphabets in Postellus,[1] and after that with those eight and fifty different alphabets I find in Purchas,[2] most of which are borrowed from that learned scholar Gromay [i.e. J. B. Gramaye], which indeed comprehend all or most of the various forms of letters that either now are or at any time have been in use through the greatest part of the universe, I could not perceive that these had the least resemblance or coherence with any of them; which is very strange, and certainly renders it the greater curiosity, and therefore well worthy the scrutiny of some ingenious persons that delight themselves in this dark and difficult art or exercise of deciphering. For, how obscure soever these seemed to us, without doubt they were at some time understood, and peradventure by Daniel, who probably might be the surveyor and instruct the architect of this palace, as he was of those memorable buildings at Shushan and Ecbatan; for it is very likely that this structure was raised by Astyages or his grandson Cyrus; and is acknowledged that this great prophet (who likewise was a civil officer in highest trust and repute during those great revolutions of State under the mighty monarchs Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, Astyages, Darius, and Cyrus) had his mysterious characters: so as how incommuni-

cable soever these characters be to us (for they bear the resemblance of pyramids inverted or with bases upwards, triangles or deltas; or, if I may so compare them with the lamed[1] in the Samaritan alphabet, which is writ the contrary way to the same letter in the Chaldee and Hebrew, yet doubtless in the age these were engraven they were both legible and intelligible; and not to be imagined that they were there placed either to amuse or to delude the spectators; for it cannot be denied but that the Persians in those primitive times had letters peculiar to themselves, which differed from all those of other nations; according to the testimony of a learned author, *Persæ proprios habebant characteres qui hodie in vestigiis antiquorum monumentorum vix inveniuntur.* However, I have thought fit to insert a few of these for better demonstration [*omitted here*]. Which nevertheless, whiles they cannot be read, will in all probability, like the *Mene Tekel*, without the help of a Daniel hardly be interpreted.

Adjoining these is a spacious room, best resembling a hall, albeit some think it was a *jewma mechit*, or temple: the dimension by the ruinous walls that compass it may very well be discerned. In it there are nineteen columns, or pillars, most of which are perfect, albeit some have their capitals either broken or defaced; and upon those the storks build their nests, whom winter weather offends more than do the people, who have them in little less than veneration. Those that remain entire are (contrary to usual form) sharp towards the summit or top, so that it is not easy to guess what manner of arch or superstructure it supported save what I have described concerning Persepolis, or of what kind of structure the whole was, whether agreeing with the Ionic, Doric, or Corinthian. In height these pillars are about twenty cubits, which at the least make thirty

foot, and in compass near three yards and a half, allowing for the intervals betwixt every flute; for they are all round and fluted, every pillar having forty flutes, and every flute three full inches, as I measured, and distant from each other about nine yards. The capitals have their mouldings enriched; the pedestals also wrought into grotesque with figures, and both pillars, capitals, and pedestals all of the best sort of white marble, and ranked in perfect order or rows, such as we see in cathedrals or in the halls of illustrious princes. Now, albeit there be but nineteen pillars at this day extant, yet the fractures and bases of other one and twenty more are perspicable, from whence and from the resemblance they bear with the *alcoranes* [i.e. high slender turrets] which the Mahometans usually erect for use and ornament near their *mechits* they term these *minars* [i.e. towers]: so as 'tis probable that forty of these pillars were standing such time as the Persians gave this place that new denomination, but how long it has been imposed, those I asked the question of could not satisfy, the precedent name being utterly forgotten. Notwithstanding this limitation, it is evident there were in all a hundred pillars when the place was in perfection, as appears by the vacant spaces and also by the bases or foundations of several rows of columns which are yet visible, in the whole amounting to that number.

Hence, ascending a few marble steps, we entered into another large square chamber, which might be a room of presence: I paced every side (an uncertain but the best way of measuring I could then make), and found them fourscore-and-ten paces; the four sides making three hundred and threescore paces. Into this large room are eight several doors, but unequal places of entrance; for I found four of them have six, the other two four, paces. Each doorstead [i.e. doorway] is composed of seven well-polished

black marble ſtones close laid one upon another, every ſtone about twelve foot in length, and four foot in height; which, as also the walls and broken arches, were wrought or portrayed with figures resembling some great persons on horseback, after whom proceed several others in sacerdotal habits bearing branches in their hands, followed by sundry others that lead along with them beaſts of several species, but whether by way of triumph or for sacrifice I know not.

Out of this we passed into another room contiguous to the former, which some Persians in company persuaded us had been a nursery, othersome that it was part of a seraglio. The room is large, though unequal in the sides, for I found two were threescore, and the other two threescore and ten, of my largeſt paces. It had seven doors for entrance, probably typifying their *mythra* (or the sun) with seven gates which the Persians had in divine adoration myſteriously representing the seven planets. Adjoining this was another, which in pacing I found how two sides thereof were twenty, the other two thirty, of my largeſt paces. The walls here (as of the reſt) were of black marble, but so incomparably polished and glazed that we beheld it with admiration; for several parts of it were as bright and splendent as tuch,[1] or ſteel-mirror, so as we could very perfectly see the reflex of our faces and bodies when we ſtood before it. In othersome places the gold also that was laid upon the frieze and cornice, as also upon the trim of veſts, was also in as perfect luſtre as if it had been but newly done; which is to be wondered at, the violence of weather to which 'tis exposed and length of time (being upwards of two thousand years) duly considered—an art of great value with the ancients, and longeſt preserved amongſt the monaſtics, as we find upon figures and capital letters in old vellum

manuscripts and Bibles, but since well-nigh loſt or by our painters nowadays but meanly imitated. The sculpture on both sides the wall has for ornament a variety of figures somewhat larger than the life (unless that men in those times were greater than now they are), some of which images represent sovereign Princes, as by their sitting, habit, and ornaments may be imagined; for they are seated in antique chairs of ſtate, the hair upon their heads being very long and crisp, and about it some wear high-peaked tiaras, which the Venetian ducal cap moſt resembles, and, in little, the tag or sharp point the Mozendram *coolas* [*kulāh*, a cap] have that are lined with curious wool,[1] or that you see worn by the old inhabitants of Persia in my following description of Isfahān. Others have caps that be flat and round, and othersome more high and folding like caps of ſtate, which together with the long robes or upper veſts they wear is resembled by those our Knights of the Garter use at St George's Feaſt or inſtallation of the Knights of that moſt honourable Order, differing only in the sleeve, which is more large and purfling,[2] like those we see worn by Bishops, save that these be wider and looser at the hand. In their hand one holds a half-pike; another a paſtoral ſtaff; others short thick truncheons, or ſtaffs of command; a general's weapon is his truncheon, a soldier's his sword, the one serving for command, the other for execution; and in the other hand they hold round balls, or mounds, signifying (as I suppose) sovereign dominion. Amongſt other attendants, two officers of ſtate are remarkable: for one of them holds a *sumbriero* [umbrella] over his head, which probably was not so much for shade as ſtate, and gave rise to the royal canopies which in those primitive times and after were used; the other erects a mace or like ensign of honour crooking towards the end, in those days doubtless reckoned amongſt the regalia.

Upon the frieze and architrave over the heads of the images are some characters inscribed which differ from those I lately mentioned, bearing (so well as the distance would suffer me to judge) a little resemblance with the letters anciently of use amongst the Georgians, which were corrupted from the Greek. And, if so, it cannot be withstood that as to most nations the Syrians have given language, so unto the Greeks arts and sciences of most sorts owe their original; and concerning whom in travel (to speak the truth) we meet with more memorials of antiquity than we find extant of succeeding Romans or indeed of any other nation. In lesser figures are represented the Satraps, or Persian nobility; who with their arms stand on the one side of those majestic figures, and on the other the Magi, or Arch-Flamens, some of which hold lamps, others censers, or perfuming-pots, in their hands. I questioned some of the best sort of Persians then in company whom they thought those princes did represent. One said he supposed Keyomarras, another Jamsheat or Shem-sheat Noeshano, i.e. *Shem filius Noe*, *quartus rex Persarum* (as Saddi in his *Rosarium* wittily fancies); a third Aaron or Samson; a fourth Ast-char, i.e. Ard-shir, the last of the Persian Kings in the hundredth descent from Adam; though I think it means Ahasuerus (whom some make the founder of this palace; which I cannot think was a temple, both from the variety of rooms and ascents, as also from the nature of the story portrayed in sculpture); and another Zulziman [Sulaimān], as they call Solomon; whereas I expected that in these various conjectures Rustam, their famous champion, would have had mention, concerning whom I have formerly given my apprehension.

Now, forasmuch as the remaining figures or images are many and different, yea so many as in the two days' stay I was there it was impossible I could

take the full of what I am assured an expert limner may very well spend twice two months in ere he can make a perfect draught—for, to say truth, this is a work much fitter for the pencil than the pen: the rather, for that I observe how that travellers taking a view of some rare piece together, from the variety of their fancy they usually differ in their observations, so that when they think their notes are exact, they shall pretermit something that a third will light upon, a defect the painter can best supply. And seeing I did not take them in order as I went from place to place, I shall nevertheless from the idea and mixed notes I then took enumerate the particulars, so as upon the whole I shall leave little unspoken that is remarkable.

These walls in their perfection doubtless expressed an unspeakable majesty; howbeit, through length of time and barbarousness of people, they are in some parts broken and demolished, although the arches and square fragments yet remain, so as the story that is engraven upon the marble (which is high and thick) continues to this day in many places unblemished. Upon the wall in sculpture is figured a person of quality (as his habit declares) contending with a lion, whom with his right hand he grasps by the leg to prevent his outrage [i.e. attack] and thereby seems to have the victory (the contest with lions being no unusual practice with the Persians). Near them are two inferior or servile persons, one of which holds, as it were, a flaming torch in his hand (than which lions fear nothing more), the other a basket full of provision, but the basket for shape differs from any I have seen in other stories.

Near this is a square of five broken pieces resembling arches and windows, 'twixt which upon both sides are the figures of some great princes, most of which as to their habits are little differing from those I lately

described, albeit their postures vary, for some of them are wrestling with lions. Betwixt the arches are flat pieces of walls lower than the arches, embroidered with several sorts of antique work with figures intermixed, and characters writ upon the top difficult to our understanding. Adjoining that is the figure of a monarch, whose right hand grasps a sceptre of unusual length, for part of it seems to be underground; and behind him (but in less proportion) attend divers of his servants, one of which advances something towards his head, which I took for some kind of mace, though much differing from those great maces we use in England; others bear lighted torches, or flambeaux, for they are large. Nigh whom is an image of monstrous shape; for, albeit the body be like a man, he has dragon's claws instead of hands, and in other parts is deformed; so that doubtless it was an idol and not unlike some *pagothas* [i.e. images] I have seen amongst the Brahmans in the Mogul's country, all which are of as ugly a shape as can be imagined. There are also several armed men, which hold pikes in their hands, erected.

Thence, ascending four easy steps, upon the walls we see cut the effigies of several persons in pontifical habits, most of them following as in a file each other. In their hands they carry several things, some of which resemble dishes and censers. Near forty paces thence in another large square room is the portrait of some great person, for he has the regal robe upon his shoulders and the tiara upon his head, and is followed by sundry petitioners, but in several habits, as men of several nations, and may be presumed such both by their different habits and for that they have scripts in their hands which they seem to present the King in the nature of suppliants. In the rear march the guard, some armed with spears and swords, and some with bows, who also by the long crisped hair

they wear seem to be of more than ordinary quality, for even in those times that gave some distinction. Upon another part of the wall is the like figure of another great man, over whose head one officer holds a parasol, another a lamp: near whom stands a Flamen (as by the vesture may be conjectured), and his sleeve is either carelessly or modishly thrown over his arm: after whom follows a Marshal, for in one hand he holds fetters and with the other leads a prisoner, as by the posture of his body may be presumed, who as in an afflicted state seems to supplicate. After him proceed several others, all in order, one of which leads a ram, and sundry Flamens follow with censers in their hands, as in those times was accustomed in preparatory sacrifices.

Near this towards the centre of a large square room there is a hole, which gives way into a vault through an entry that is about seven foot high and five foot broad, first leading towards the North and after bending towards the East. 'Tis flagged at the bottom with square marble stones of extraordinary size, arched above and broad enough for three abreast, leading into a fair room, or chapel, which is also arched and supported with four pillars four yards about, eight in height, and four yards in distance from each other; and through which is a passage by another entry towards the mount, upon the wall whereof is engraven their grand *Pagod*. The sides of these two entries in like sculpture and matter cut have been carved with figures of several men, by their habit seeming to be priests, orderly following one another with their hands held up and joined together, as in those Oriental parts was usually acted when they would express triumphs or other causes of rejoicing. The front is artificially engraven into the similitude of men and beasts in various postures; as men combating with lions and other wild beasts

of sundry shapes, and beasts one against another. Among the rest is the figure of a horse preparing to defend himself against a lion; but so rarely fancied as gains the sculptor praise sufficient, the posture is so natural; such as when that art was more in perfection would hardly have been bettered. Over and on each side the door through which we entered, are carved in the marble some men armed with sword and pike, and some with targets [i.e. shields], over whose heads upon the architrave are characters engraven, which like the rest proved adverse to our intellect.

Near that is a second subterranean passage into another square chapel, strongly arched and supported with four white well-wrought marble pillars, each about seven yards high (for 'tis presumed that the greatest part of this pile was vaulted underground). Near which is a fair arch of like stone, whereupon is engraven a man of an extraordinary size, wearing his hair extraordinarily long and curled both upon head and beard; the last of which is cut square after the mode of the aged devout Arabians: his head is covered with a flat round cap, and at his feet (in sign of eminency or conquest) a lion couchant is placed. Another man a few steps thence holds a crooking-staff, mace, or other ensign of magistracy in one hand and a lamp in the other. Several pike-men also seem to guard the place, who appear only from the waist upwards. Nigh these is another sovereign Prince (in these particulars I repeat not, seeing they are several figures) royally seated in a chair of state. In his right hand he holds a long sceptre such as I have formerly mentioned. On the one side an officer of state advances his mace or such-like ensign towards the Prince's head. A little higher a man is placed upon one knee, and by his bowing posture (albeit his face be turned towards the North-west) seems to supplicate

some deity. On either side the Prince in two several ranks ſtand many Flamens, whose heads are filleted (for 'tis that gave them their names), and in their ſacerdotal garments holding up their hands and joining them together, dancing and rejoicing as in old times was used in pæans to the sun, their Apollo. Not far thence is the like ſtory, in this only differing—here the prisoner being upon his feet makes his proſpect towards the Eaſt, with his finger either saluting the rising sun or seeming to contemplate heaven.

A few paces thence are figured two giants, who by pure force subject two lions, whom they hold down by their hands faſtened within their hair. Nigh them are placed another guard of foot with spear and sword, as it were safeguarding some notable prisoner. Adjoining that is the image of another sovereign Prince, in habit and poſture little differing from the former; only the sceptre here rather resembles a Bishop's or paſtoral-ſtaff, which he holds erect in his right hand. At firſt view I imagined it was the image of an Arch-Flamen, but, more deliberately, that it rather repreſents some sovereign Prince. Now, albeit of late times Kings amongſt the infidels in some parts imitate our European monarchs not only in ſtate but also in their regal ornaments of crown and sceptre, nevertheleſs of old the variety was far more in those diſtinctions. For (that I may not exceed my bounds) in Persia the diadem, the mythra, the tiara, and the cidaris, with the wreath or chaplet, were the regalia of old, as now the mandil is with which the Shaw, and with the puggaree the Mogul's head is adorned. Amongſt these the mythra (which some make one with the cidaris, as in *Zech.* iii. 5, where, after the vulgar Latin, cidaris is translated mitre) was not leaſt in eſteem with Kings, seeing it gave the *agnomen* to the Persian King Kidor-Laomer, albeit the prieſts of Jupiter and the sun were in solemnities and noted

sacrifices also permitted to wear it. The diadem was a royal band (saith Plutarch, *Vita Demetrii*), and properly signifies a roll, or wreathed head-band; or a silk ribbon wreathed about the forehead (saith Drusius),[1] which were first attributed to the heathen gods, as were crowns of gold. But in after-ages diadems were worn by Kings and sovereign Princes, who instead of crowns had maces, which were in no less veneration, maces by some being worshipped as gods; whence it is that the images of the heathen deities usually had sceptres or maces in their hand. A wreath of blue and white silk embroidered with precious stones, which the Suræna crowned Cyrus with, and then invented. The mythra in like sort was an ornament for the head: made of pure fine linen, as we find recorded (*Exod.* xxviii. 39), and of like use as furred caps be with Kings and Princes, when they wear their crowns. The mitre being put upon Aaron's head, the holy crown was put upon the mitre (*Exod.* xxix. 6), and, being an ornament for the head, was with little variation worn by women as well as men. The tiara was little different, being a round wreath of linen wrapped about the head, worn by noble women as well as men; by priests also in Persia, by the High-Priests among the Jews, and by the Caliphs of Egypt and Babylon. The cidaris (as I lately mentioned) was worn by the Persian Kings also, and by Princes in that monarchy; and was the same with the tiara. The King's resembled a cap of several pieces of silk of various colours sewed together, rising straight up with a sharp top, not bending, as those which were worn by inferior Princes in token of subjection, and was usually set upon the King's head by the Surena, or principal Magus, at the coronation.

The robe this great Prince wears is long and majestical: towards the skirt are folds as is usually

seen in large loose garments, but towards the shoulder somewhat ſtrait, like the rich copes used in cathedrals, or those worn at the reception of Ambassadors by the magnificos in Venice. Towards his head a mace is raised, which was an inſeparable adjunct, it seems, when Princes sat in ſtate; and on either side the King attend several great persons: on one side the nobles or Persian Satraps, otherwise *Homotimi*, as Xenophon ſtyles them, and on the other the Magi, or prieſts. Two men also wait behind with great lamps, and some with rolls of parchments; opposite to them is a prisoner in chains, brought as it were to trial by the Marshal, who formally leads the captive by one hand; the prisoner by the submiss bending of his body seeming to invite the court to mercy. Under these is placed a guard of six ranks of pikes, both men and arms in full proportion. Upon the left side of the throne ſtand several other Flamens, who hold rolls of parchment in their hands; and upon the right the nobles, who wear long hair, have antique garments upon their heads, bows in their hands, quivers full of long arrows fixed to their right sides, and swords with plain guards unto their left. A select number of prieſts and nobles seem to withdraw apart, and to expoſtulate or argue somewhat concerning the prisoner, who by this noble appearance and manner of proceeding may be conceived to be some person of eminency; but who he was the myſterious characters there engraven can beſt discover. And yet, seeing some imagine this ſtructure was raised by the direction of Cyrus the Magnificent (who ruled *c.* A.M. 3400, and whose supreme officer the Prophet Daniel for some time was), it may without offence be presumed Daniel, who, when he was the President or Chief of the hundred and twenty Princes mentioned in *Daniel* vi. 2, by the envy or rather conspiracy of those ethnic Princes or Governors he was accused for worshipping

God contrary to that impious decree of Darius; for which he was arraigned, condemned, and cast into the den of lions. Otherwise it may represent Croesus, that unfortunate Lydian King, who, being deluded by the oracle's amphibology,[1] engaging against the Persian, became Cyrus his prisoner; and had suffered, but by calling upon Solon in that his lamentable condition; for, seeing Belshazzar, the last Assyrian monarch (to whose subversion Cyrus principally contributed), was slain, it cannot properly represent that great conquest and revolution.

About a large stone's cast thence over continued heaps of rubbish, wherein doubtless are buried many rare pieces of art, is a void space, in which, as my thoughts prompted, that famous temple stood which was dedicated to Diana, there called Anaya; in its time reputed next to that at Ephesus, the most curious piece throughout the world. At the East end there rises a hill or rock, upon part of which, about fifty foot from the ground, in like sculpture is the figure of a King, who with erected hands seems to adore the rising sun. Near which, so well as my sight would serve at such a distance, I fancied that I saw the fire and a serpent engraven, which, being most obvious to wind and weather, is most worn and least perspicable. The lifting-up of the hands in worship has of long time been a posture also amongst heathens. Moreover, that the Persians of old were polytheists may be proved by these three idols. For, albeit the grand *Pagotha*, by being the tutelary *numen* of the place, was in most repute, the fire nevertheless was their principal deity, for with them it represented omnipotency, as the sun the hieroglyphic of eternity, and the serpent, time's revolution and sagacity.

Scarce ten yards distant from these, but upon the same declivity or front of the mountain, in like sculpture is figured the image of their grand *Pagotha*,[2]

a demon of as uncouth and ugly a shape as well could be imagined, and, if reverenced by those wretches, sure it was not in love, but rather with a *Ne noceat*, base fear too often drawing dastardly spirits into vile subjection. It is of a gigantic size, or magnitude, standing as upright as his deformed posture will permit, discovering a most dreadful visage 'twixt man and beast: under his chin is a large maw or other thing like unto a satchel, but for what use 'tis a question whether the sculptor understood it. This monster has seven several arms on either side (as if descended from Briareus), and, instead of hands, he stretches forth his vulture's-claws, his body being somewhat distorted. What the meaning of these seven arms should be is hard to guess; but, according to my fancy, they may signify on the one side the terrene power and dominion those Kings had over so many kingdoms or provinces, and the other, a mysterious type of the seven great planets which the Persians had in adoration. And albeit this *Pagod* as to form be most terrible to behold, yet in old times it seems they gave it reverence; and, to qualify the dreadfulness of the figure, those more recent tell us that it represents the greatest Prince Persia ever had, both in reference to extent of empire and to the power he had over infernal spirits, whom by magic spells he used to bind and loose as he listed: so great a necromancer do they feign Jamsheat to have been. According to the course of their stories, he lived about a hundred years after Keyomarraz, whom some imagine to be that Kidor-Laomer (*Kitter* in the Hebrew, so called from the *kidaris*, or royal cap he wore) vanquished by the patriarch Abraham. But having occasion in several places to remember this Jamsheat, here I shall say no more.

Upon the King's left side are placed a stand of pikes, opposite to which in a little lower station is

placed a man who by his posture and garb appears to be in a distressed condition, for, albeit he be in the presence of the King, he seems nevertheless to expostulate with some principal officers, and either from guilt or else upon view of that deformed monster to be in some kind of astonishment so well as the sculptor's genius and hand could humour it. Below the guard are twenty Flamens placed, some of which with their hands point upwards towards the King, others towards the sun, and the rest downwards towards the temple of Anaya. Two ranks of other Flamens, fifteen in each rank, are placed on each side the altar, who by their mimic gestures and elevation and conjunction of hands express their *epinicia* by this mode and manner of rejoicing; unless it were an antique form of worship which probably they then used unto their *Pagods*. Some of these have their faces towards the King, who also had his share of adoration; but others turn their backs, glancing sideways upon the *Pagod*, whom in this dance they half environ. Lower are figured eighteen or twenty lions in a row, every couple looking towards one another. In the lowermost place opposite under the altar is a door, or rather mouth of a cave, which gives entrance into the chapel that is supported by pillars. Mr Skinner (who travelled those parts more lately) assures me it is yet open and remaining in the same condition I have described.

Near these are the remains of a large sepulchre, or coffin of stone, presumed to be the dormitory of some remarkable though unknown person; for both the villagers thereabouts are silent in it, and 'tis the less inquirable seeing that it was the custom of the monarchs of Persia to have their corpses let down into deep holes, or pits, purposely bored within the sides of mountains; as this day appear abundantly by the signals upon the hills about Persepolis, where

the bodies of the greatest number of those that preceded Alexander the Great were interred, as I shall hereafter note. About a bow-shoot hence to the Southward upon the plain or lower ground is a high column in perfection; but of what use at such a distance I apprehend not.

To conclude (for *in magnis voluisse sat est*): this is the sum of what I have to say relating to this unparalleled antiquity and (when in perfection) incomparable structure, which has so far the precedency that Don Garcias de Sylva Figuroa (Ambassador A.D. 1619 to Shaw Abbas from Philip the Third of Spain) upon his view not only prefers it before all he saw at Rome, but concludes that it is undoubtedly the only monument in the world at this day extant without imposture; yea, far exceeding (saith he) all other miracles of the earth we can either see or hear of at this day. Give me leave therefore to add that here (where I may say *materiam superabat opus*, the materials are rich but much more estimable the workmanship) nature and art seem to conspire towards the creating amazement and pleasure both in sense and intellect, the present ruins retaining such a majesty as not only express the founder's magnificence but in the beholding strike a sensible impression (if not of veneration yet) of admiration, in such especially as have a due esteem of silver-haired antiquity. Is it not therefore great pity that some illustrious prince or other noble person valuing rarities has not ere this sent some painter or other like artist to take a full and perfect draught of this so ancient monument? —the rather, seeing that the inhabitants of Shīrāz, but principally the villagers at Mardash and other people thereabouts, put no value upon it; but contrarily (finding that, albeit sometimes they gain, yet most times they lose by free-quarter of *soldats* and others who out of mere curiosity repair thither) in

barbarous manner spare not to deface and tear asunder what they can in spite and under pretence of serving their common occasions, albeit by the Dukes of Shīrāz they have at sundry times been punished for it; in so much as these rude rustics have barbarian-like done it more spite than either length of time, injury of weather, or hostile rage ever could effect. Nevertheless, I may here with thankfulness acknowledge how that upon my proposing it some years since unto that great Mecaenas of antiquity, the late noble Lord Thomas, Earl of Arundel, he was so sensible thereof as to that end he dispatched a youth[1] thither, whom Mr Norgate recommended to his Lordship for one he knew could both design and copy well; but I hear he died by the way at or near Surat, before he could reach Persia, so as that worthy endeavour became frustrate. To proceed.

Little more than a mile hence is Mardash,[2] which in a Spanish reporter[3] I find writ Margatean, and in an Italian[4] Mehrchoascon, very much differing from the right pronunciation. 'Tis a village consisting of near two hundred houses, such as they be; the people of which place were so transcendently superstitious that (upon notice we were Christians and not Mussulmans according to their *Alcoran*) what ground we trod or what places we entered, at our departure they sifted ashes and dust, apprehending we had polluted the earth, by reason of our profession: which being done in our sight made us some pastime. This and the neighbouring villages, for that they are watered by aqueducts forced from the river Kur, or El-Chyr (over which upon the Bind-Emyr, a bridge so-called, we rode in the way from Shīrāz to Persepolis), seem very delightful places, the gardens and fields by that refreshment appearing at most seasons extraordinarily pleasant and fruitful in variety of flowers and fruits and corn. Nevertheless, by those sluices (the mode

of those parts) the main channel is so ſtraitened that in several places 'tis very hardly discernible.

Northwards about three English miles from Chilmanor, at the foot of that mountain which verges towards Persepolis, in like sculpture is carved the figure of a giant, which the Persians say is the representation of Ruſtam; which may the better be credited seeing that in his memory the place is called Nogdi-, or as some pronounce Nasci-Ruſtam, i.e. Ruſtam's Monument.[1] This Ruſtam was a hero celebrated in the old annals of Persia, which these modern times preserve but by tradition, so that uncertain it is what age he lived in; but, as I gathered afterwards at Isfahān when I went to see his tomb, was in or about the reign of that great Artaxerxes, or Ahasuerus, who took to wife Heſter the Jew, in whose wars 'tis likely he was some eminent commander, concerning whose ſtrength and acts, romance-like, they report wonders. Nigh this upon the same hill the images of several women and maidens are carved; one of which they say is the figure of Ruſtam's earthly goddess, of whose amours and adventures which, like a knight-errant, he performed for her sake, the Persians tell many pleasant ſtories.

Not far thence (where the mountain in like manner is made smooth and even) are two other large figures of giants on horseback. The one has the royal tiara upon his head with long crisped hair dangling under it, and upon his shoulders that royal veſt which the sovereign Princes wear, as elsewhere described. In his left hand is a club with iron spikes at the end, not unlike that which painters usually give to Hercules. Opposite to this is the other chevalier, who wears a like veſt upon his body, with hair upon his head of equal length, but bare-headed. The horses in their poſtures face each other, as do the riders, who with their right hands ſtretched on high lay hold upon a round ring,

seeming to contend about it, and either to force it from each other or break it asunder. This probably is a symbol, or emblem, of that great empire, and represents to all generations that great contest for the monarchy of the world which happened betwixt Darius and Alexander, or otherwise that 'twixt Cyrus and Artaxerxes.

In another place upon the precipice of the hill is the effigies of another gigantic person, little different in habit and mounted upon a like Bucephalus. Within his right hand he holds a sword, not so hooked as the *damasco* nor so close-guarded as ours, and with his left outstretched he grasps a foot-man that seems to oppose him; backed by another comrade bare-headed, who by this conquest over his fellow in submiss manner by the bowing of his body seems to beg the horseman's mercy. There are several other images carved in that mountain which are lasting monuments and very well worth a traveller's notice; but these I lately named are the principal. Now whether these stupendous monuments may have been made by the direction of some Persian potentate or of Alexander the Great, who had most pleasure in that kind of ostentation, and Lysippus the most expert statuary in the world at that time marching with his army, or whether they were formerly cut by the directions of that mighty monarch Nebuchadnezzar, the Hercules of the East, or precedent to him by the appointment of Semiramis, I am not able to determine, and therefore leave it to the further scrutiny of some future traveller who in these things may have a better genius, contenting myself only with the prospect and relation. At Caramoon-Shahoon,[1] a mountain near unto Pully-shaw in the way 'twixt Isfahān and Bagdat, the like curiosities are cut, and in all probability during the time these were effected. At Hamadan[2] also the like, and in some other parts of Persia, which,

being engraven upon the solid ſtone at so great height, and not upon the declivity but hollowed within the precipice of those mountains, endures the violence of wind and weather, and 'tis likely to continue as it is while the rock itself laſteth. But to return.

Upon either side of this mountain near Chilmanor, especially that which reſpects the South, the rock is cut smooth; and upwards above a hundred foot high in it are cut, or pierced, several holes, some being of larger size than other: the leaſt is three foot square. Also in the side of the hill some perſpectives are engraven, or at leaſt designed. Now, seeing that Diod[orus] Siculus and other writers of those times acquaint us that, when the Persian Kings had the sovereign command of the world, their sepulchres, or burial-places, were not in cemeteries where graves were usually made but in deep holes purposely digged within the rock or marble mountains about Persepolis, whereinto the corpses (after they were embalmed) were let down by long cords or other engines fitted for that purpose—so as for the performing that laſt office, there was no ascending without a ladder, which was only reared upon such solemn occasions.

Besides these upon the same mountains some pieces of perſpective are elaborately and regularly cut, resembling the nobleſt sort of ancient ſtructure. The loweſt door, or place of entrance, is open, and as if it were to be ascended by ſteps: on either side the door are placed flat pilaſters, which suſtain the architrave and other superſtructure. Towards the summit are other doors shut, and the whole embellished with a few portraits of men, which serve for ornament, something conform to that *templum solis* which long after by Aurelian the Emperor was erected upon Mount Quirinal in Rome, as expressed by Laurus. Upon the culmen has been a *Pagod*, which the inhabitants thereabouts say was Jamsheat [Jamshīd] or

Shem-phid, he that succeeded Ouchang, and he Syamec the son of Keyomarraz,[1] who ruled Persia *c.* A.M. 2000, and was contemporaneous with the Patriarch Jacob, six hundred years before the destruction of Troy, than which (some presume to aver) no monument in the world precedes in time. In which we ought not to be positive.

About three hundred paces Southward from Chilmanor there is a single column, entire from base to capital, but, being so low and without company, it is not easy to conjecture of what use it was. The pedestals of two other columns, square in form, are seen at no great distance thence; but uncertain what sort of column they bore, seeing there is an empty hole in one of them, which some think served as an urn to keep the ashes of some dead bodies that were burned.

Some space from the mountain towards the valley are several coffins or troughs of stone; some whole, but most broken: in which one may presume dead corpses have been laid. There are, moreover, the relics of some tanks, or conservatories of water, towards which one may discern the aqueduct, or water-passage, was cut through from the top of the mountain; so as by a pipe what rain-water fell at any time from the clouds was conveyed down into the cisterns. And with good reason; for, albeit the city Persepolis had the benefit of the river lately mentioned, yet the building expatiated most towards the North-east, which was towards the palace. Certain it is, so great a distance needed these helps (wanting springs) the better to feed their places of pleasure, as orchards, gardens, grottoes, etc., which the city had plenty of, and those very large ones. The only ruin that remains of building in that part the city stood is a spacious square, which had but one door for entrance. The walls are high and lasting, for they are of extra-

ordinary large pieces of marble. And, albeit the cement of these that joins the ſtones is visible, yet of what ſubſtance the single column is I lately mentioned, I somewhat doubt, seeing 'tis so high and differing from the colour of that quarry, and by the curiosity of the cement seeming as if it were one piece of ſtone; so that the little time I ſtayed there would not suffer me to satisfy myself whether it was natural or artificial. Howbeit, since upon second thoughts I suppose it may be such plaſter as in old time was made of flour with whites of eggs and the beſt sort of ſtone beaten into powder, with which the outsides of some softer materials was usually finished or pargeted; and of such a composition was that *piscina mirabilis* near Cuma, which for colour and durableness even in those times gained admiration.

CHAPTER IV

The Journey to Isfahan and Stay there.

To proceed now in our travel.

The eight-and-twentieth day of March we put foot in ſtirrup, and that night rode four-and-twenty miles to a town called Moyown [Māīn]. In the mid-way 'twixt those two towns I observed a hill, upon whose top (as the ruins showed) hath ſtood a caſtle so advantageously situated by nature as we judged was impregnable. A late rebellious Sultan manned it againſt Abbas, his Sovereign, who (to terrify others) came in person to reduce it. But such was the Sultan's resolution, such the height where the caſtle ſtood, so narrow the entrance, and so desperately defended that in six months' siege he had but little hopes of taking it. Loth he was to draw off; and what ſtratagem to use could not suddenly devise. At length he goes this way to work—a reward was promised to any [who] would effect it. What force could not do, magic (at leaſt of gold) perpetrates; for an old wizard, covetous of gain, promises his beſt, and accordingly by spells so perplexed the deluded Sultan that, upon the witch's assurance of fair quarter, he descends; but the block rewarded him. Abbas acknowledges the enchanter merited his price; but while the wizard dotes upon his gold, he sees not that danger was at hand; for the King, grudging the loss and knowing no better way to recover it, but for being a witch, sends him to Satan without his head; making that the occasion of his juſtice which but a little before he held useful, though then disliked it. To return.

Moyown, a town of note upon the road betwixt Shīrāz and Isfahān, is very delightfully seated; en-

riched also with sweet water, excellent wine, plenty of wood, ſtore of grass, and diapered with nature's carpets. It belongs to their highly honoured Prophet Izmael, whose tomb in a well-built *mechit*, called *Emoom Izmael*,[1] is here seen: considerably endowed through the liberality of many princes and great men, for towards its maintenance yearly twelve thousand *mawnd-shaw* of rice and four thousand of barley is allowed. Next night we lodged (slept I cannot say, we were so vexed with mosquitoes) in O-jone [Ujān], a village conſiſting of thirty families, moſt of them Prophets or Prophets' children. We ſtill found leaſt profit where such Prophets dwelt, seeing they drunk no wine, nor were grapes allowed to grow amongſt them: not that wine there is held bad, but from some tradition, and probably that it is the blood of those giants who warred againſt the heathen deities. Nor was the water in their tanks so wholesome as might merit commendation; albeit the conservatory was as good as any we saw till then, being large, and plaſtered with a composition of lime and sand with some glutinous matter (as I apprehended) which made it both large and smooth, so that it seemed to be no other than natural ſtone, and better than what we call plaſter-of-Paris.

Next day we rode over some craggy and ſteep hills, and at night made Tartang our *manzeel*: a small town moſt remarkable in a *mechit*, wherein we beheld a monument, or tomb, which was raised a pretty height from the ground and covered with violet-coloured velvet; under which lies buried a great-uncle of the King's. Next night we came to Assepose [Āsupās], a place observable only in an old caſtle, which was sometimes a garrison; in and about which inhabit (as we were told) no fewer than forty thousand Georgians and Sarcasshes [Circassians], who by profession are Chriſtians, albeit little better than captives,

being forcibly transplanted hither. They are a people [that] have Saint George, the Cappadocian Bishop, in veneration, being their Patron. From Mahometans they differ, not in habit nor mode, but in their gray eyes, a great argument of heat, says Aristotle, as black is of the contrary, the colour of most Persians, and have long white hair, which, after the mode of those antic gallants recorded by Pliny and Lucian, they wear tissued with fillets of silk and gold or silver. If any of these (which is too too often) turn Mahometan, they are *ipso facto* preferred beyond vulgar merit. Poor souls! hearing that we were Christians, they not only flocked about us but wept to see us: nor wanted we bowels of compassion to behold Christians in such a miserable thraldom and condition, and under such temptations. Nor far distant hence is Thymar;[1] memorable (if Byzar[2] err not) in an ancient monument, by some Hebrew characters supposed to be the burial-place of Bathsheba, the mother of King Solomon, which probably may be mistaken for Beth-shemesh, which signifies a house dedicated to the sun: howbeit 'tis called Mechit-Zulzimen, i.e. Solomon's Chapel, a place (if truly so) well worthy seeing.

Next night we lay in Whomgesh; next in Cuzcuzar [Khūshk-i-Zard]; next we came to Bazeba-chow, and next to Degardow [Dih-i-girdū]: eight leagues from which place (and near Yezdycawz) we rode over a mountain of black marble (where doubtless are quarries of serpentine and porphyry, if the earth were examined). The descent was precipitous, so that save by ragged steps, and those not a little dangerous, was no riding down. Out of this part of the Parchoatrian Mountains the river Rhogomana springs, which, having watered Shīrāz, runs into the Persian Gulf. Howbeit, down we got, and that night rode to Gumbazellello,[3] a village famous for a caravanserai and for the best wheat-bread in Persia. Next night we came to

Yezdecawz [Yazd-i-Khāst], a town which ſtands pleasantly in a narrow valley, the ground on each side declining gently so as no hill appears near it, the country round about for some miles being even and champaign. It is hardly to be seen or found till very near the place, did not a caſtle point it out, which was built by Yezdgird, a Persian King, above the town long since, as this name partly intimates. Here is a very ſtately caravanserai, the beſt from thence to Bander [i.e. Gombroon] on the Gulf of Persia.

Next day, passing through De-Moxalbeg [Dih Maqsūd Begī], we got to Amno-baut [Amīnābād], by some called Boyall,[1] a village of thirty families, moſt being apoſtate Georgians; enclosed (to exclude their shame) by a high, ſtrong, and round wall with battlements, which makes it to resemble a caſtle, albeit a village. It is commanded by Daut (as they call David) Chawn, brother to the Duke of Shīrāz; who for his apoſtasy was made an *eparch* [i.e. governor of a province] and honoured with three temporal titles, but purchased it may be with loss of an eternal happiness. Here is a neat caravanserai and banqueting-houses for his own delight: that I went into had five rooms upon a floor, which were well painted with imagery and embossed with gold. The gardens were formed into good order, and, being the Spring, which (as Virgil saith) makes all things fair, amongſt other flowers were tulips and roses of several colours.

From Amno-baut we rode next day to Commeshaw [Qumishah], a town boaſting in a thousand houses, and especially in its great antiquity. Sir Robert Sherley was once commander of this place, under that wicked parricide and apoſtate prince, Conſtandelchawn; but it seems they bore small love to either of their memories, neither vouchsafing to bid him or us welcome (as moſt towns did we hitherto passed through, although I have omitted to speak the cere-

monies), nor any accommodation there, though due to so noble a passenger. At this place Persia [Fārsistān] is bounded towards the North, for here Ayrac ['Irāq] or Parthia takes beginning. Chiraef, Gardonachow, Nowbengan [Naubanjān], Kazeron [Kāzarūn], Pherushabad [Fīrūzābād], Estache [Istakhr ?], Nahandioen are towns in Farsistan, which in this course I can but name. Yet—that you may the better go along and for that the latest maps of Persia are erroneous, both in rivers, situation of places, and true names of towns (for, to speak truth, none that I have seen, either those set forth by Hondius, Ortelius, or Mercator, who writ by one copy, have five right names)—I have therefore inserted this of the Persian Empire, in which, I presume, neither the position of places are much mistaken nor the names of towns in the least fictitious.

The next day we got to Moyeor [Mehīār], a considerable town, for it consisted of about a thousand houses: and, albeit their houses were neat, yet they were in no wise comparable to their dove-houses for curious outsides. This reason they give: some of them (as tradition persuades at least) are descended, not *a columba Noe* [i.e. from Noah's dove], but from those who, being taught to feed at Mahomet's ear, not a little advanced his reputation, persuading thereby the simple people they communicated to him intelligence from some angel.

Next night we were brought to Spahawnet[1] by a servant of Meloyembeg, the King's fiscal, who entreated the Ambassador to repose a day or two there, till Isfahān could fit itself for their more solemn reception. Where in this interim we may remember that most of those *manzeels* we have passed from Chehelminor to this place are 'twixt twenty and thirty miles asunder. The whole distance is somewhat above 200 English miles, as I computed.[2]

HERBERT'S MAP OF PERSIA

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The tenth of April we left Spahawnet, a village six miles South from Isfahān. When we had gone a farsang further, we were invited to a collation prepared in one of the King's gardens that was by the highway, whither the English Agent and such other European merchants as were residentiaries in Isfahān came to express their civilities unto the Ambassador. A mile nearer the city, the Visier, the Sultan of Isfahān, Meloyembeg, and Hodge-nazar [Khwāja Nazar], the Armenian Prince, in a cavalcade of about four thousand horse and innumerable foot, came out to meet us. The highway for full two miles from the town was full of men, women, and children: here also we found the Banians[1] in great numbers; who all together all the way in a volley of acclamations welcomed us with *Hoshomody Soffowardy*, the better sort with *Hoshgaldom Soffogaldom*,[2] in our language "Welcome, welcome; Heartily welcome," which with the kettle-drums, fifes, tabrets, timbrels, dancing-wenches, hocus-pocuses [i.e. jugglers], and other antics past my remembrance, but according to the custom of those countries, ennobled the entertainment. The bridge also over which we passed into the city was in like manner full of women on both sides: many of which, equally coveting to see and to be seen, in a fair deportment unmasked their faces. The first place we alighted at was Connapotshaugh,[3] a house of the King's at the West side of the Mydan [Maidān], where some of the noblemen kneeled down and tessalemed [*cf.* p. 50], three times kissing the King's threshold, and as oft knocked their heads in a customary obeisance. Sir Robert Sherley (who was well acquainted with the formalities of those parts, and in all places habited like a Persian) sizedaed [*cf.* p. 80] also, which made him the more to be respected. A coozel-bashaw concluded the ceremony in a panegyric, that the excellency of

Shaw-Abbas had attracted a prince and other gentlemen from the extremest angle of the world to see whether fame had been partial in the report of his magnificence; but no wonder, since his beams spread themselves over all the universe! That done, bottles of pure wine were lavished out; after which, with a continued clamour of the plebeians, thereby expressing their joy, we were conducted to another house of the King's, which was at the South-east end of the city, through which a broad sluice of water had its course into the Zinderout [Zindah-rūd], which made our lodging the more delightful.

The fourth day after our being in Isfahān, Mr Burt, the English Agent and a very accomplished merchant, feasted our Ambassador, expressing a very noble entertainment and hearty welcome; where, according to the mode of Persia, there was store of odoriferous flowers and sweet water. At night a large tank of water was surrounded with lighted tapers, artificially uniting two contrary elements; squibs also and other fireworks, for the more honour of the feast: such as made the Persians admire. Next day Hodge-nazar, the Armenian Prince, was visited by the Ambassador at his house in Jelphey [Julfā]. A Christian he professes himself, but (I must be bold to say) his house was furnished with such beastly pictures, such ugly postures as indeed are not fit to be remembered. Amongst other our cates, I took most notice of a roasted pig, in regard it was the first we saw in Persia, and is meat equally offensive to Jew and Mahometan. The flagons and bowls in his house were all of gold: vials of sweet water for perfume, and glasses of Shīrāz wine were emptied for our better entertainment.

These Georgians and Armenians are by some called Jelphelyns, from a suburb adjoining this city, but rather in memory of their metropolis, which bears

that name, near Ararat. The Georgians are the ancient inhabitants of that country, and have a little intermixture with other nations. By profession they are now for the greatest part Nestorians and Jacobites,[1] and more inclinable to arms than trading, as their neighbours the Armenians be. But for comeliness of body, height of spirit, and faithfulness in trust are of that repute, especially with the Persian, that many of them are employed in places of command, especially against their turbulent adversary the Turk. And as of old the Egyptian Souldans had their Mamalucs, so at this day the Persian King has the greatest number of his coozelbashaws from thence: it being seldom heard that any of them is false, or, having served the Persian, ever turned to the Turk. Notwithstanding which the Persian King in our times, upon some distaste given by Constandel-chawn, made war against that nation; for (as one observes) though glory and dominion be two excellent things if well acquired, yet are they but bad motives to commence a war or to invade the just possessions of another. And I may not omit that Sir Robert Sherley, one time when we were travelling together, gave us the ensuing relation.

Scander,[2] a late Georgian Prince, had by a Sarcassian [Circassian] lady three sons, Scander, Threbeg, and Constandel. Threbeg enlisted himself under the Turk; Constandel did the like under the Persian; but both for preferment became apostates and turned Bosermen.[3] Constandel was the more active of spirit, albeit in body naturally deformed. Abbas, taking some distaste against Scander for his compliance with the Turk, the Prince so slightly excused the fact as exasperates Abbas. Ally-chan thereupon was ordered to march against him with ten thousand horse. In this expedition none was more forward than Constandel (who with more credit might have

mediated for his country), this administering occasion to put in practice his ambitious designs: yea, of such repute was he then at Court that he was joined in commission with Ally-chan. Having entered Georgia, Constandel-kawn, under a pretence of duty, gave his aged father a visit; who received him affectionately, but withal neglected not a friendly reproof for his apostasy; whereupon that night, after an invitation to a banquet, he caused his father to be made away, and then prevailed with the party he commanded, with whom some temporizing Georgians complied, to salute him by the name of King. But so odious both to God and man was this parricide, as he had little comfort in that forced greatness; for, not long after, conflicting with Cicala's son[1] (who had entered Gheylan with a party of Turkish horse), Constandel received a prick in the arm, and was constrained to retreat; but, which was worse, so suddenly and so unexpectedly was he assaulted in his tent by his own countrymen that, albeit he himself made a shift to escape, they cut in pieces an accursed catamite who was his bed-fellow, and did him what further mischief they could. Constandel, being come unto the Persian Court, so provoked the King as he forthwith dispatched him back for Georgia in the head of a gallant army, pretending to expel the Turk; but by his vancouriers gave the Georgians notice of his cruel intent. The Queen (his late brother's wife) prevailing for an interview, Constandel was shot by an ambuscade, upon a signal given by that Amazon. But Abbas, glad of the occasion to discharge his promise, sends them word that as they had treacherously slain his subject and servant, so he would have ample satisfaction. Nevertheless, by the friendly interposition of Ally-chan (who grieved not one jot for the death of his competitor), Abbas alters his first thoughts, and was content that young Temerisk

by his appointment should be their King. Temerisk, in the head of some thousand Persian horse, was received into Georgia with joyful acclamations; but long his halcyon days continued not; for the Turks' Ambassador then resident at Isfahān infuses jealousy into Abbas, as if Temerisk was more the Grand Seignior's friend than his; and with like artifice Temerisk was abused. Whereupon the young King fearing to come to Court upon Abbas his invitation, Lalla-beg presently marched into Georgia with thirty thousand horse, foraging the country with fire and sword. The young King for his safety first retired to the mountains; but, there also being alarmed, he was forced to flee unto the Turk; where he prevailed for such a force as not only reinstated him in his own but fell into Shervan. Which so incensed the Persian King that, drawing together what force he could, he resolved with himself to make quick work, and not only to harass the Georgian country, but, if possible, to exterminate the people from off the face of the earth. To which end, in person Abbas enters his country, killing all that came in the way, firing churches and towns most lamentably, and cutting down all their mulberry-trees; and, having in that sort satisfied his passion, returned, and gave way to Temerisk to take a review of his cruel execution. Morad, a noble Georgian, not knowing any better way for retaliation, like another Zopyrus,[1] disfigures his face, and flees to Qazvīn to imprecate the King's revenge against Temerisk for that wrong. Abbas, giving belief, orders a considerable force to fall into that late wasted country. But so soon as they were upon the Georgian confines, in the night, when the Persians dreamed of no enemy at hand, Morad, with five hundred confederates and as notable resolution as ever appeared in men, fell into the camp, cut in pieces seven hundred men, and amongst others eleven Chans and Beglerbegs:

the alarm ſtriking such terror into the reſt that they could not be persuaded when the day appeared to run any further hazard among those desperate men, who had nothing left but their lives and for their fortresses inaccessible hills. Since which Abbas, by the mediation of several coozelbashaws that are Georgians, has given them an assurance of peace from thence; they on the other side promising to put a greater value upon the friendship of the Persian.

Fearing I have made too large a deviation, let me now lead you into Isfahān, the metropolis of this great kingdom; yea, not inferior to the greateſt and beſt-built city throughout the Orient.

Isfahān metropolis of the Persian monarchy, is seated in the Parthian territory (now called Ayrac) and as umbilic to that spacious body which at this day is awed by the Persian sceptre. She is in compass at this day about nine English miles, including towards seventy thousand houses, and of souls (as may be conjectured) contains about two hundred thousand; for, besides natives, there are merchants of sundry nations, as English, Dutch, Portuguese, Pole, Muscovite, Indian, Arabian, Armenian, Georgian, Turk, Jew, and others, drawn thither by the magnetic power of gain. It hath several good buildings; but the moſt observable are the Maydan, *mechits*, hummums, and palaces; as be the gardens, monuments, and Jelphey [Julfā], a suburb adjoining.

Isfahān is moſt pleasant in its situation, elegant as to building, populous for inhabitants, rich in trade, and noble by being the usual residence of the Court; eminent for all sorts of exercise, sufficiently watered by the Sindery, fruitful in its soil; and for air so pure and quick that I very well remember we found it much warmer in more Northern cities which had greater latitude. And, seeing Quintus Curtius saith of Persia, *Regio non alia in tota Asia salubrior*

GEORGIANS

AN UZBEG

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habetur, I may in praise of this place add, than the air of Isfahān no part of Persia is more healthy. Howbeit, the town is of no great ſtrength, yet has a mud-wall about it; and towards the outside of the city, a large caſtle, unflanked but moated about; and several houses within, which guard the treasure, arms, and ice there ſtored.

Let me lead you into the Maydan; into which ere I can bring you, we pass over a well-built arched bridge[1] of hewn ſtone, which is towards the South-weſt end of the city, supported by five-and-thirty pillars, through which the Sindery (or Zindarout) from the mountains ſtreams gently; spreading in rainy seasons here well-nigh so broad as the Thames, but very shallow. For in summer her channel is contracted, and so shallow that children usually wade or pass through it, for that the citizens for the better watering of their gardens by sluices drain and divide it into many rivulets, insomuch as the course of the river is spoiled, and (which is ſtrange) loſt in some valleys not many leagues diſtant thence, where 'tis drunk up without ever emptying itself (like other ſtreams) into any sea or ocean: especially by the pipes which feed the two great and famous gardens belonging to the King, called Nazer-jareeb and Cher-baugh [see p. 132], which for beauty contend with all other in Asia.

The Maydan is without doubt as spacious, as pleasant and aromatic a market as any in the universe. It is a thousand paces from North to South, and from Eaſt to Weſt above two hundred, resembling our Exchange, or the Place-Royal in Paris, but six times larger. The building is of sun-dried brick, and an uninterrupted building, the inside full of shops, each shop filled with wares of sundry sorts; arched above (in cupolas), terrace-wise framed at top, and with blue plaſter pargeted. And, being the nobleſt part,

is placed as it were in the heart of this city. The King's palace, or Chonna-Potshaugh, conjoins it upon the West side, possessing a large space of ground backwards, but juts not to the street further than the other buildings, which are uniform to the street, so as to passengers it gives not any bravery, her greatest gallantry being in the outward trim; for it is pargeted and painted with blue and gold, embroidered with posies of Arabic, which after the grotesque manner makes it show very pleasant. Within, the rooms (according to the common form there) are arched, enlightened by trellises; the rooms embossed above, and painted with red, white, blue, and gold; the sides painted with sports and landscape; the ground, or floor, spread with carpets of silk and gold, without other furniture; terraced above, garnished with a pharoe[1] overtopping many mosques; and the garden, or wilderness, behind the house made fragrant with flowers, filled with airy citizens privileged from hurt or affrights, and for which they return their thankful notes in a more melodious concert and variety than if they were in the exactest vollyere [i.e. aviary] in the universe. Within the hippodrome many of the cavalry use to ride (according to the ancient custom, as Xenophon in the Life of Cyrus instances); so do the Persians at this day, daily repairing to the court-gate, mounted, with lances in their hands, *shamsheers* [*shimshīr*] or swords and quivers by their side; where, after they have pranced awhile, they depart, unless the King prepare to go abroad; for then they give their due attendance.

The North aisle of the Maydan hath eight or nine arched rooms, usually hung with lamps and latten candlesticks, which being lighted (as 'tis usual, especially at the Festival of Lights, which they call *Ceraghan* [*chirāghān*]) give a curious splendour. Thither the Potshaw and others frequently resort for pastime,

as tumbling, sleight-of-hand, dancing girls, and painted catamites (that *nefandum peccatum* being there tolerated). At the furthest end North is the mint, where we saw one day silver coined, gold the second, and next day brass. Not far thence are cooks'-shops, where men use to feed the helpful belly, after the busy eye and painful feet have sufficiently laboured.

Afore the King's door are one-and-thirty demi-cannons of brass and twelve iron culverins unmounted, brought thither (as I suppose, after some overthrow they gave the Portuguese or Turk) from Ormus or Babylon. Opposite to this palace is a fair temple, or *jewma mechit*,[1] but that at the South end[2] is the most noble. The outside is stone: not formed according to the Cross (the hieroglyphic of our salvation) as ours be, but round as were the Jews'. Within this here is distinguished into aisles; the walls are lined fifteen foot high from the sole [i.e. ground] with white, well-polished marble; cupolaed, compassed with walls, and open to the air, the aisles excepted where the people resort to prayer and prostrations, which are covered; and without are some seats to rest in. In the centre is a large tank, and at the portal another, octangular, filled with pure water, which first glides round the inside of the Maydan through a stone course, or channel, six foot deep and as many broad, which, after a pleasant murmur, drills [trickles] into this tank, whence it is sucked out by subterranean passages and distributed into private houses and gardens for use and refreshment. Within the Maydan the shops be uniform, trades usually having their shops together; of which, some be mercers, lapidaries some, and (not the fewest) such as sell gums, drugs, and spices, showing also greater variety of simples and ingredients of medicines than ever I saw together in any one city of Europe; and such as may give encouragement to physicians both to view and judge

both of their nature and quality, as well as temperature of the climes they come from, which such as are ignorant cannot distinguish.

Other mosques (here called *dear* and *zunæ*[1]) are orbicular for shape, and part thereof have large cupolas for sight, but low and indifferently pleasant, a great part being open to the air; and some have their *alcoranas*, high, slender, round steeples or towers, most of which are terraced near the top, like the Standard in Cheapside, but thrice the height, for the better conveniency of the boys at the accustomed hours to sing aloud in, and for placing lights at the *Ceraghan*, or Feast of Lights, which is annual. The materials of these *mechits* are sun-burnt bricks, varnished on the outside and beautified with painted knots and fancies: few are without their tanks, or cisterns, of water, wherein Mussulmans wash their hands, arms and eyes, having formerly bathed their face, ears, breast and feet, as an operative work to purge away sin, if not to confer holiness. The female sex during worship use to approach no nearer than the door of the *mechit*.

Hummums in this city be many and beautiful; some are four-square, but most be globous. The stone of which they are built is for the most part white and well-polished; the windows large without, crossed and inwardly made narrow; the glass (where glass is) is thick annealed and dark; the top or outside covering round, and tiled with a counterfeit turquoise, which is perfect blue, very beautiful and lasting. The insides of these hot-houses are divided into many cells and concamerations [i.e. chambers], some being for delight, others for sweating in, all for use; for, the truth is, bathing with these is (as it was with the Greeks and Romans) no less familiar than eating and drinking, yet the excess doubtless weakens the body, by making it soft and delicate, and subject to

colds. Howbeit, they may better there use it than we in Europe, by reason that they drink water, eat much rice, *pelo* [*pilau*], and like food of easy digeſtion, which makes their bodies solid and hard, so as little fear is that bathing will make them frothy: besides, their much sitting and little exercise makes them sweat less and need more bathing. These baths are of pure ſtone, paved with black and chequered marble: men frequent them commonly in the morning, women towards night: the price for bathing is very small, but so much used as makes the gain the more abundant. 'Tis accounted a catholicon againſt moſt diseases, especially colds, catarrhs, phlegm, aches, agues, *lues venerea*, and what not. The women's being there is known by a linen cloth usually displayed afore the door, which serves to forbid men any approach during the time they ſtay there.

The city is built upon a level ground, and of oval form, having many ſtreets, and scarce any house but is accommodated with large gardens full of cypress-trees. The city-wall is of no force againſt cannon: but of use againſt horse, and shock of any lance: some parapets and bulwarks it has of more ornament than use, the Persian magnanimity ever choosing to die rather than be besieged. It has a dozen portresses, or gates,[1] of which four are lately shut up (Gouideſt, Chaly, Mergh, and Cherbaugh), which are lately made the entrance into a royal garden: the other eight are Hazena-baut, which opens towards Shīrāz and the Gulf; De-crideſt, to Babylon and Ardabī; Tockzy, or Tebriz-abaut, to Kashan, Qum, Qazvīn, and Tabrīz; Kerroen, to Yezd and Coureſtan; Lamboen, to Hamadan; Sheydack Madayan, to Kandahar and India; Yowbara and Dalwaet.

Palaces here are few: the King's house is in the Maydan; that also where we lodged belonging to the King, but made ready for our Ambassador;

Conna Meloeymbeg, Mir-Abdula, Tamas-Koolibeg, and Haram Beguna[1] were all I saw worth the remembering. The first is low built, pargeted and painted without, but gilt within and spread with carpets, the usual furniture of this country; all which have large gardens beautified with flowers, being plentifully watered. The last, which is the royal seraglio, is famous for the treasure and beauties it contains; of which (being dangerous to inquire, and much more to view) we will be silent. The castle is large, strongly walled and moated: made defensive with some pieces of brass, but more by a troop of lean-faced, beardless, memberless eunuchs, who though Cyrus made such esquires of his body, now, like so malignant sagittaries, have no other duty save to guard the ladies. The battlements it has are pleasant to look upon; but the horizontal plain, which is easily discovered from thirty rising turrets there, yields most pleasure.

Gardens here for grandeur and fragour[2] are such as no city in Asia outvies; which at a little distance from the city you would judge a forest, it is so large; but withal so sweet and verdant that you may call it another Paradise: and, agreeable to the old report, *Horti Persarum erant amœnissimi*. At the West end of Isfahān is that which is called Nazer-jareeb,[3] a garden deservedly famous. From the Maydan if you go to this garden you pass by Cherbaugh,[4] through an even street near two miles long and as broad as Holborn in London, a great part of the way being garden-walls on either side the street; yet here and there bestrewed with *mohols* [*mahal*], or summer-houses; all along planted with broad-spreading chenaer trees, which, besides shade, serves for use and ornament. Being come to the garden, or rather fruit-forest, of Nazer-jareeb, you find it circled with a high wall, which is about three miles in compass, entered by three gates that are wide and well built.

From North to South it was a thousand of my paces; from East to West seven hundred; and the prospect from one end to the other easily and fully discovered by reason there is a fair open aisle (like that in Fontainebleau) which runs along, and is formed into nine easy ascents, each surmounting or rising above the other about a foot, all being very smooth and even. In the centre, or middle, of the garden is a spacious tank, formed into twelve equal sides, each side being five foot, set round with pipes of lead, which spout the liquid element in variety of conceits; and that sort of pastime continues to the North gate, where is raised a pile for prospect and other sort of pleasure, anticly garnished without, and within divided into six rooms: the lower part is adorned with tanks of white marble, which fume out a cool breeze by quaffing so much crystalline water as makes it bubble there by a constrained motion; the aqueduct being brought by extraordinary charge and toil thither from the Coronian[1] Mountain. The higher rooms are beautified with variety of landscapes, which represent their manner of sport, hawking, fishing, riding, shooting, wrestling, courting, and other fancies. The roof upon the parget was gilt, and painted with blue and other colours. In this summer-house by some gentlemen who were coozelbashaws of the Georgian nation I was invited to taste some Shīrāz wine. They expressed very high civility, and gave me leave to drink what I pleased; nevertheless I was sorry to see them in that exercise so over-liberal, which the custom of the place reproves not: but, professing themselves Christians, have for their instruction that of the Psalmist, *Vinum lætificat cor; in jucunditatem creatum est, non in ebrietatem*, etc. (*Eccles.* xxxi. 28). Nevertheless it was worthy my observation and commendation that, being over-charged, they never quarrel, nor amidst their cups lash out in discourse to the just

offence of any; whereas in other countries excess in wine has too often contrary effects.

But what seemed the most pleasant was the view we enjoyed from her terrace: that afforded us a curious prospect into a great part of the city, which (save at Rustam's tomb,[1] upon a hill two miles thence) elsewhere by reason of the level cannot well be obtained. This garden is replenished with trees of all sorts, for medicine, shade, and fruit; which are all so green, so sweet and pleasant, as may well be termed a compendium of sense-ravishing delights, or Abbas his Paradise.

Monuments of antiquity I could find but few; burial-places, as in other Asiatic cities, and agreeable to the law of the Twelve Tables, being commonly without the towns: yet some here are. As Rustam's tomb we were directed to; which we found two miles from Isfahān, behind the garden we last spake of: a tomb scarce to be discerned by reason of its ruin, but by the Gowers' cabala [i.e. occult tradition] preserved from oblivion. To see it, we foot it to the very top of a hill not easy to be ascended, where we found a hollow cave, whether cut by art or nature scarce discernible. His grave is here, as they say; but his image we found at a place near Chilmanor (from his gigantic shape engraven upon the side of a black marble mountain), now called Nocta or Nogdi-Rustam [see p. 111], a brave chevalier (as report makes him) such time as Artaxerxes (Queen Hester's husband) wore the diadem A.M. 3500. Some disgusts happened 'twixt Rustam and his brother Shaw-gad [Shughād], who, at a time when Rustam was hot in chase of some beast, it seems he fell into a pit which Shaw-gad had digged and deceitfully covered with boughs as if it had hatched no danger. But in prosecuting his hate, and looking into the pit the more to glut his unbrotherly revenge, he was slain by a dart Rustam

flung up to retaliate him. Such was the end of Rustam and his brother;[1] of whom the Gowers (the old Persians) fable no less than what we find others do of Bellianis, or Ogaero the Dane.[2]

Nearer the city is Darius (or rather Xerxes) his mount,[3] a rising hillock which the people showed us, whence Xerxes (upon view of the innumerable army he had in that large plain) wept, upon a meditation that in few years none of them should be living. A notion true, and sooner than he predicted; for what by Themistocles on shore and Leonidas at sea, at Salamis and Thermopylae, his huge army melted away, and quickly became less numerous. Howbeit, some say his second view of the army was at Abydos, near Hellespont.

Not far from thence we rode to the hills now called Demawend[4] (of like name with those of Epire known to Ptolemy), through which Abbas (who thought nothing impossible or unfeasible for the accommodation of the citizens) is forcing a passage, though he effect it not in less than twenty years' time, by the incessant toil of 40,000 (sometimes 100,000) men, to force a river to Isfahān, that runs contentedly to itself fifty miles thence, and by this, I suppose, is effected:[5] which aqueduct, when accomplished, will appear of more use than pomp.

Within Isfahān I found that column or pillar of heads of men and beasts, which was erected as a *salvo* and expiation of the King's oath. At the base 'tis twenty foot round and threescore high or thereabouts; for the truth is I forgot to measure it. The occasion of erecting this dreadful monument was this: Anno 1500, Heg. 880, such time as Shaw-Tamas ruled Persia and Guin-shaw[6] added to the lustre of that diadem, this city (surfeiting with luxury, for *Ubi uber ibi tuber*) refused not only to contribute a reasonable sum to the King (albeit at that time infested with

Turk and Tartar), but audaciously opposed his entrance—a rebellion so insufferable as made him vow a suitable revenge. With speed, therefore, and fury he assaults and in rage enters, firing a great part of the city, and in hoſtile severity pillaging each house. To conclude, regarding neither the outcries of old men, weak women, nor young children, in two days he put to the sword 30,000 Isfahānians, and *in terrorem aliorum* erected a pillar of their heads, upon which might properly have been writ: *En, quo discordia cives perduxit miseros!*

In like manner, Abbas by the haſty death of father and elder brother, impatient of co-rivalship, lops off such branches as he thought might eclipse his greatness; and, speeding to Isfahān to juſtify his title to the crown, expecting at his entrance to be welcomed, the citizens unadvisedly upbraid him with the death of Hemyr Hamze [Amīr Hamza], his brother, and old Mahomet: a reproof unfit for subjects to their King; who, as Cicero admonishes, are to speak as reverently of him as of the gods: which had these here observed, they had not so highly incurred his high displeasure; Abbas being so enraged, that by his father's soul, the seven orbs, Bismilla,[1] and Mahomet, he vows revenge. For a month's space they held out, and defended the city againſt the King; but in the end victuals grew short, and, upon his diverting the river (as Cyrus when he took Babylon), so many as could did ſteal away, choosing any hazard rather than to endure a famine. Abbas takes the advantage of it, and by ſtorm enters, killing for two hours men, women, and children, shewing no mercy. For he commanded forthwith a pillar to be reared of all the rebels' heads, as a memorial of his juſtice and their disloyalty; wherein probably he took for example those three towers of heads Tamberlane caused to be erected of those he massacred at Damascus. And

doubtless the tragedy had been acted, had not the Mufti in commiseration feigned a vision from his Prophet, which declared that so a pillar were raised of heads, no matter though it were beasts' heads—and so he interceded for pardon: to which Abbas after so sufficient slaughter condescended, forthwith commanding a speedy destruction of all kinds of beasts (the innocent suffering for the nocent), of whose heads and those men already slain this monument of merciless mercy was reared, outbraving for height many *mechits* in Isfahān, though now grown ruinous.[1] Such another is in Sumachy,[2] 'twixt Erez and Derbent, upon the like occasion; which some would have to be dedicated to the sun.

The site of Jelphey [Julfā] resembles Pera, which is opposite to Constantinople, or as Southwark is to London; the river Zindarout interposing. 'Tis called a suburb, as be those other of Gower-abaut, Abbas-abaut, Chanz-abaut, Azen-abaut, and Cheigh-Saban,[3] though indeed they are most peopled with men of one persuasion. Jelphey is governed by a peculiar Podestate,[4] an Armenian Christian Prince (as they style him), Hodge-Nazar [Khwāja Nazar] by name (though a merchant by profession), having superintendency over them. He and his enjoy freedom of conscience, but for money-matters and public taxes are at the sole disposition of the King. In Jelphey (named so from another of that name in Armenia) the people inhabiting this suburb are numbered 10,000; and in Azenabaut 4,000 families. By some 'tis written Golfa and Chiulfa, but I have better hit our dialect. The Jelphelyns are habited like the Persians, but differ in aspect, most of these and the Georgians having brighter hair and greyer eyes. They are for the most part merchants, many of them factors for the King, who exacts an account especially at their death; and, if of considerable estates, declares

himself heir, and disposes of what he thinks best, none daring to contradict him. They profess Christianity, taught them erroneously by Jacobus, the Syrian monothelite; and have two Protomists [i.e. chief priests], one in Jelphey, the other sometimes at Sis[1] near Tharsus, other times at Ecmeasin [Echmiadzin], not far from Rivan [Erivan], as with their tenets I have spoken of.

Gower-abaut (another suburb) takes its name from the Gowers[2] that inhabit it; nicknamed from their idolatry, being relics of the ancient Persians, such as at this day the Persians [Parsees] be in India. The Persians have them in small account; partly for that they are the original people of that country, partly for that by their industry they shame the Persians in their idleness. These (if we may credit tradition) differ from all other Gentiles in that they never built any temple to the sun, as most idolaters have done, but give a pretty good reason; for (say they) no place on earth could be sufficiently capacious, seeing that *Mundus universus est templum solis*. Zertoost [Zarathustra] was their law-giver, and no other than Zoroaster, whose ashes (if the Greeks may be believed) were consumed by lightning, invocating Orion. Nevertheless, some think that he was Nimrod; but more certain it is he was that Zoroaster who first taught the Persians magic and judicial astrology. Howbeit, some there be that imagine Zertoost was that Perseus the Grecian hero who first gave Persia the name, and upon his Pegasus is said to fetch that fire from heaven which they after idolized. Albeit the Mahometans apply the name Gower to Christians, seeing it signifieth an unbeliever. These Gowers adore the sun, called Mythra, believing it to be a globe of fire, a representator of a more powerful deity. Their Flamens were a sort of Platonists, for, albeit they acknowledged many creatures to be excellent,

yet they are no way comparable to the Creator, who is (even as they account) the centre of all perfection. *Pulcrum cælum, pulcra terra, sed pulcrior qui fecit ista*, etc. Nevertheless they have declined that, and at this day deify an elemental fire, which (like that of the Vestals, if we may believe them) doth not extinguish.

Their marriages are such as I have related amongst the banished Parsees that live in India; but their burials differ, for in reverence to the fire these not only forbear to burn the dead, fearing to offer it an unclean thing, but even hold it a crime to spit into the fire, which yet they repute sacred. Howbeit, in the Oriental parts of India amongst the Brahmans, the dead are exposed to the fire; albeit in the Occident it came first in request by Sylla, the Dictator, who, having abused the dead corpse of Caius Marius, fearing like sauce, ordered that his dead body should be burned; which was done, and after practised by the succeeding Roman princes. But whereas the Egyptians powder the dead with salt and spices to preserve them from putrefaction, the Parsees in India expose the dead to the sun's rage till he have eaten them. And these Gowers oft-times put them in the hollow of a tree standing upright supported by the bole, till observation release them; for if the vulture pick out his right eye first, then they conclude that he is in Paradise; if the left, then a *cacodæmon* [i.e. evil spirit] vexes him; and they feast or fast by that observation, as joy or sorrow is occasioned. Contrary to the Persian satraps, who had their graves so deep in the sides of rocks and mountains that they were usually let down by cords or other like devices many fathoms; the corpse being first embalmed. These people are for the most part mechanics or husbandmen; few of them either scholars, soldats, or *soldagars* [*saudāgar*], as they term their merchants. Their habit varies but little from the common mode, save

that their headpiece is fashioned to the garb of Hyrcania. Their women show their faces (a thing in these parts very rare); and their apparel and hair is tinctured with yellow (resembling the burnished embroidery of the sun), for a flame-coloured scarf hangs loose behind them; by the Parsees more esteemed of than other colours, from its resembling the sun, their deity. Howbeit, many of them (either out of zeal or poverty) go barefoot, for they use neither shoes nor sandals.

The Portuguese friars also have two houses here, and are of the rules of Carmel and Augustin. Their chapel is neatly gilt, and adorned with ornaments, as organs, altars, crucifixes, images, candles, etc., with which they endeavour to convert men to the Papacy. But, for the Armenians, they are spectators rather than auditors, and love no innovation; and the Persians, 'tis their principle to contemn images. Nevertheless they are of some use, seeing they usually serve to send intelligence to Goa and other parts of Christendom.

We entered Isfahān the tenth of April, and on May Day departed thence towards the Court, which was then at Asharaff, in Mozendram, about four hundred miles distant northwards from Isfahān.

CHAPTER V

The Journey to Court and Events there.

Our first night's journey was to Reegue[1] (or Reig), an hour's riding from Isfahān. Thenceforward (by reason of the incomparable heat) we were forced to travel in the night, all day refreshing ourselves in the caravanserais, good resting-places when gnats forbade it not. From Reegue we travelled to Sardahan, sixteen English miles thence; and next night we made Whomg our *manzeel*, being seven and twenty miles from Sardahan. Next we came to Tawgebaut, a house and garden of the King's, which for beauty and sweetness is comparable to any other in Parthia, and the more observable for that it is seated in a barren sandy soil, and for five hundred paces every way gives a pleasant prospect of most sorts of trees familiar to that climate; as also of Persian fruits and flowers, viz. pomegranates, peaches, apricots, plums, apples, pears, cherries, chestnuts, damask, red, and white roses, tulips, and other flowers in great variety; watered with streams, beautified with artificial grottoes, having also hummums of stone paved with white marble. The *mohol*, or summer-lodge, brags also of a dozen chambers, which were delightful to the view, rich in embossments of gold and paint of various colours, and proud in the architect: so as it will easily be granted that architecture, sculpture, and painting are in most parts of the world now, and have been, and ever will be, in esteem with princes and people best bred and most ingenious. And all this cost is safeguarded from sand and stealth by a defensive wall, so high as hinders (save in one rising artificial hillock which is raised in midst of the

six descents) the affrighting sight of a circumvolving wilderness. A traveller is not to imagine pleasure his object, for pain and misery will entertain him oftenest: otherwise I could have lulled myself in this paradise.

From Tawgebaut next night we came to Bawt, which was six farsangs, or eighteen English miles, distant; nothing memorable save an old castle in the way, which by reason of the darkness of the night we could hardly discover. From Bawt we got by break of day to Obigarmy: both these are the King's houses; who, using this road, has at every twelve miles' end a lodge betwixt Isfahān and the Caspian Sea, wherein our Ambassador had the honour to repose and found reasonable good accommodation. And now the danger is past, let me tell you, most part of the last night we crossed over an inhospitable sandy desert, which was ten miles broad and in length (as they told us) little less than a hundred: where here and there we beheld the ground covered with a loose and flying sand, which by the fury of the winter weather is accumulated into such heaps as upon any great wind the tract [i.e. track] is lost and passengers (too oft) overwhelmed and stifled by that impetuous tyrant—yea, camels, horses, mules, and other beasts, though strong, swift, and steady in their going, yet sometimes are not able to shift for themselves, but perish without recovery. Those rolling sands, when agitated by the wind, move and remove more like sea than sand, and render the way very dreadful to passengers. Howbeit, which was some amends, the dryness of these parts, caused through the influence of some constellations, give less advantage to the sun by exhalation to occasion winds than in hotter places and near the sea is observed. Indeed, in this place I thought that curse fulfilled which is mentioned in *Deut.* xxviii. 24, where the Lord by Moses threatens

instead of rain to give them showers of dust; for albeit the King (to do as much as may be for prevention of harm and preservation of passengers) has raised at every three miles' end a wall or castle; yet by the unstable foundation, in March and September, in despite of their best props, it is piecemeal torn asunder, that little or no remains appear of their late standing. This our last night's travel was thirty miles.

Next night we rode one-and-twenty miles to Suffedaw, an old weather-beaten caravanserai, well agreeing with the situation, being placed in an unsociable desert. Our next night's lodging was at Syacow, ten farsangs, or thirty English miles; a place that made amends for the last, this being notable in her caravanserai, which is built from the ground of good freestone, white and well polished; yea, to the best of my remembrance, unless at Tanghy-Dolon, this was the first building of that material I saw in eight hundred miles' riding; most of the building as we passed being of brick well-hardened in the sun, as is common in these hotter parts of Asia. A word of our last night's journey. The most part of the night we rode upon a paved cawsey [i.e. causeway] broad enough for ten horses to go abreast, built by extraordinary labour and expense over a part of a great desert, which is so even as that it affords a large horizon: howbeit, being of boggy loose ground, upon the surface it is covered with white salt in some places a yard deep: a miserable passage! for if either the wind drive the loose salt abroad, which is like dust, or that by accident horse or camel forsake the cawsey, the bog is not strong enough to uphold them, but suffers them to sink past all recovery. This cawsey has some resemblance with those ancient *viæ militares* whose foundations were laid with huge piles or stakes pitched into a bog, and fastened together with branches,

or withes of wood, upon which rubbish was spread, and gravel or stones afterwards laid, to make the ground more firm and solid. That of Trajan's was notable. But a dreadful passage this was, and the more to be feared because some forlorn hopes of highwaymen many times pillage passengers. God be blessed! we escaped this, but not another which was little less formidable; for we had no sooner passed the salt desert but of necessity we were constrained to climb over and about the hills called Cartandæ of old, so high were they, and glomerating; but for the easier ascent formed as if Olympus had been cut out into labyrinths.

From Syacow we rode next night two-and-twenty miles: most part of the way was over another salt desert, wherein (as we were told) thousands have unhappily perished, and would yet run like hazard did not a like large and well-made cawsey secure the passage. Here we pitched, old Terminus in this place limiting Parthia from reaching further North: from whose high tops look we back and memorize her that was once formidable to the Roman Emperors and mistress of the greatest part of Asia. In the Scythian tongue she signifies an exile or stranger, as Justin in his 41st Book. The Parthian diadem was once garnished with two-and-twenty kingdoms, comprehending the greatest part of Asia; from which magnificence she fell; yet, after a long eclipse, by virtue of the Sophian stem, recovered a great part of her former brightness. 'Tis now called Ayrac, surnamed Agemy, to distinguish it from that including Babylon.

Next night (the moon making our way the easier) we rode to Ghezz, a pretty lodge belonging to the King, distant from our last *manzeel* eighteen miles. Near this place we overtook some of those Creats[1] or wandering herdsmen old authors commonly call

nomads. Fixed ſtations these keep none, but for mixed profit and delight remove from place to place as fancy and good paſturage invites, with all their family and ſubſtance treaſured up in long waggons covered with felt, and ſo high as they admit of a diviſion into two ſtories: the loweſt (the place of usual residence) is even with the ground; and they have six wheels to draw with. A people, albeit now of no account amongſt the Persians, yet time was, when called Parni,[1] by their courage as well as numbers they obtained for Arbaces their countryman the Parthian Empire. But, having elsewhere spoken of this sort of people, I shall give you a brief account of our laſt night's travel, which for the greateſt part of the way was through the bottom of part of Taurus, level with the ground, though the top ordinarily moiſtens itself in the middle region. This is that ſtrait[2] (and not ſtraits in the plural, though the name be such), or narrow passage, which is so much famoused in authors: by Pliny called *Caspiæ portæ*, who also terms it *ingens naturæ miraculum* (a great miracle of nature); Bertius,[3] *Caspiarum claustra*; Strabo and Ptolemy, *Pylæ Caspiæ*; and others, *Mediæ*, *Zagriæ*, *Zarzeæ*; Diodorus Siculus, *Caspiæ portæ*; Priscian, *Caspiadas tangunt portas*, etc.; and some, and not improperly, *Pylæ Semiramidæ*; albeit different from those we call *Caucasiæ portæ et Iberiæ* (which are near Derbent) and wherein doubtless Maginus[4] is mistaken in saying that the *Caspiæ portæ* are in Turqueſtan, which he places in Zagathay, or Altai as now called. This narrow ſtrait is not more than forty yards broad and eight miles long; but the mountain on either side is precipitous, and so high as it is much above what an arrow could reach at twice the shooting, were it possible to begin the second where the firſt shot reached; and is one of three noted passages through that great mountain Taurus,[5] which from Persia and

the South and Western parts lead to Armenia, Hyrcania, and the Caspian Sea, and which doubtless gave this the denomination. Through this it was the fair Amazonian came to Alexander; for that mentioned in Pliny which Nero threatened the Parthians to pierce through was in Armenia, and formerly spoken of.

Now, albeit some have attributed this pass to the spirit of Semiramis, who, to express her power and to eternize her memory to posterity, effected wonders, this certainly is rather the work of nature, God's handmaid; the height and hardness of the mountain rendering it an endeavour vainly to be attempted, if not impossible to be effected, by man. Albeit the Persians (merrily I thought, till I perceived them displeased with my incredulity) assured me that it was done by Mortis Ally's arm with the help of his *sulfikar*,[1] which, say the Persian chronicles, was eighteen cubits long; but by equal faith you are bound to believe Ally's arm was proportionate. Now, to confirm this for a truth, they tell us that Ally, being in pursuit of the Gowers (so then they called the Christians), unsheathing his *sulfikar*, for the quicker execution it parted in two (at least was double-edged), with which he so hewed his enemies on the right hand and on the left that at some blows he beheaded hundreds; which made the rest fly to purpose. In the pursuit, the better to overtake his enemies, he clove rocks and mountains in twain, and then (as they suppose) made this smooth passage: to which I have but this for answer: *Hanc fabulam longi temporis mendacia finxit*; for, would they give that credit unto Pliny he deserves, they might know how that long before Ally's birth, speaking of this passage, he says: *Ruptura est montis longitudine octo mill. pass. angustissima*, etc. A description rightly agreeing with what we found it; and Strabo saith this strait was made by

a terrible earthquake that rent asunder several great mountains, and this amongst the rest.

But of more certainty is what a Persian then in our company told: how that a dozen years since a valiant thief with five hundred horse and three hundred muskets defended this narrow road against all passengers, none passing nor repassing without some acknowledgment: albeit the King of Larry-Joon[1] (whose dominion lay amongst the mountains) frowned at his sauciness, and threatened him; but such storms rather made good music to the thief's ears. Howbeit, Abbas also upon affront grows choleric to be so bearded, yet scorns to honour his overthrow by an army, well knowing he had many chevaliers about him, by whose courage he little doubted to reduce him; but such was the fame that went of this thief's fortitude that by their demur Abbas apprehends their fear, and for anger grows pale at it. Nevertheless, ere he could give his rage a vent, an Armenian undertakes the work; whom the King embraces; and, having breathed fresh courage into the hardy Christian, being excellently mounted as a passenger he singles out the thief, who doubted not to master so fair a beast with small opposal. Such confidence had he in his valour that it was his custom to give fair play, usually commanding his company to look on at a distance, albeit more than one entered the strait. So that in short space this pair met, and engaged each other with sword and buckler. The Armenian followed his blows with such dexterity that, after some bloodshed, upon a close he gave death a free passage: a victory nobly attained; yet so irksome to his men (whose lives depended upon his safety) that, like robbed bears, they fell upon the victor, who doubtless had then and there expired, had not some coozelbashaws that were spectators relieved him; by whose sudden falling on the thieves were quickly sacrificed

unto their maſter. The Chriſtian thus returning to Court crowned with laurel, Abbas adds to his luſtre and gives him a command, so unsupportable to the weak soul of this champion that, further to cajole the King, he denies his faith, and turns infidel, though abundance of tears were shed by his countrymen as dissuasives from it. But see the end of his apoſtasy: the King, albeit he had cause to favour him by reason of his good success againſt the Tartars, yet jealousy (or rather divine vengeance) so ſtung old Abbas that, without any known occasion or acquainting any man with his reason, he commands Lallabeg to cut off his head, such time as he was singing a lullaby to his good fortune.

Our next night's *manzeel* was at Halvary (eighteen miles from Ghezz), a village pretty well built and delightfully seated, and where the earth was mellowed by a sweet rivulet that purls from the tops of Taurus; also the ground was moſt part of the year apparelled in green, requiting the painful husbandman with a due acknowledgment of olives, walnuts, wheat, wood, and other things. Bidding an unwilling farewell to that pleasant place, the next night we rode twenty miles, to Periscow [Firūzkūh], i.e. a broken or divided mountain; and by the position thereof may probably be the issue of that which Ptolemy calls Arsitis. The town is sometimes honoured with the King's residence: not that the beauty of this house (which is but ordinary) allures him, but for that there is choice hawking, pheasants and other game more abounding there than in moſt other parts of Parthia. The Pole is here elevated six-and-thirty degrees. The town is refreshed with very sweet water; the situation is upon the brow of a high, well-wooded but (agreeable to its name) divided hill, having on each side a ſteep access; whose top has been crowned with a large caſtle, which now by age or war (the canker-worms of all tem-

poraries) is moth-eaten—her ribs only appear, expressing desolation. One Mahumed then commanded the town; and, albeit trusted with the sword and scale, I fear he was Astrea's corrupted servant. No marvel then if in a discontented humour she left the earth; for we can witness that in Persia (especially in Periscow) justice was corruptly balanced. At our entrance into the town (to extort a bribe from our Ambassador) he hanged one Persian (at least we were so made to believe), cut off another's nose, and mutilated a third, to show that his laws (like Draco's) were writ in blood: *Viscera impiorum sunt crudelia:* their delinquency was for the felonious stealing a trifle of two shillings value from a footman serving the English Agent. Another was ready to be trussed up; but secret notice was given our Ambassador that, if he pleased to beg his life, upon presenting the Governor with something, it should be granted him. This was the main design; and, although well enough seen, our Ambassador very gladly ransomed him. Complaint was also then made against a farmer for thrashing a whore against her will. The Persian Rhadamanth, 'twixt jest and earnest, bids geld him and hang his stones at her ears as two pendants, such as to him the Gulf of Persia afforded none so precious. The poor wretch humbly besought him to spare his useful parts; the like did his astonished wife; so as, after mediation of friends and thirty pound fine, upon promise to grind in his own mill ever after, the execution of the sentence was remitted. But each man cried out: "A severe censor is this Daraguod" [*dāroghā*, governor].

After two days' repose in Periscow, we continued our travel, the Court then being little more than a hundred miles distant from us. Our first night's journey[1] from Periscow to Gheer was four-and-twenty long miles, and tedious in the passage, for some part

was over rugged hills, other part through whistling dales; in both which we were so weather-beaten with a storm of wind and hail bred in Tartary, and forced over the Caspian Sea (which from hence, if the season had permitted, we might have seen), as for some time not only took away our sight and hearing, but threatened our brains; for, in despite of our best skill to keep together, we lost one another; insomuch as we had hardly recovered our company had not the unmelodious noise of the braying mules and jingling of the camels' bells (being to windward) brought us together, and helped us out of these Caspian, or Zagrian, Straits; through which, when neither sun, moon, nor star befriends, whosoever hereafter travel, let them be sure to borrow Theseus his thread, or be content to wander in some kind of labyrinth.

From Gheer we rode next night four-and-twenty miles, to a small village whose name I have forgot; but remember very well that the frogs (the bul-buls or philomels of this marshy place) assembled in such numbers, and chirped such loathsome tunes, that we wished Homer would have given them another King. These in the Spring engender of the slime that froths from their own bodies, and in shallow plashes croak and ride one another outrageously; but towards winter resolve into their first matter. 'Tis strange what some report that, if their heart and liver be pulled out, they will nevertheless skip up and down; and no less certain it is that frogs are of great virtue, if physically used; for there is no part of them but what is medicinable, if Aldrovandus[1] in his report be rightly informed.

To Aliavarr [Aliābād], one-and-twenty miles from the town of frogs, we rode next night: a very pleasant place for earth, water, and wood; and where we found store of pheasants, a bird abounding in these Hyrcanian towns, but near the river Phasis in Mengrellia (empty-

ing itself into the Euxine near Trebizond) originally breeding. Next night we got to Necaw [Nīkāh], five-and-twenty miles from Aliavarr; observable only in the King's house, and for that their common mansions and churches differ not from ours of the ordinary sort in England. Here (as in some other parts of Hyrcania, it being summer-time), we were exceedingly pestered with flies and gnats, whose vexatious stings made some of us, when we arose, look as if we had the measles. And, when we came near the sea, we were no less troubled with snakes; for, if so be we left the road and rode through the green pastures, then they would wind about our horses' legs, without other harm than affrighting and serving to persuade us into the common path again.

Next night we got into Asharaff [Ashraf], a city upon the Mare Caspium. The Emperor of Persia was here at this time, expecting the Ambassador; unwilling to remove till he came, and (as we thought) resting there so long both that he might see the extent of his Empire and likewise have a prospect of the better parts of Persia. The Sultan of the town, attended with fifty coozel-bashaws, met the Ambassador three miles from the Court; and, having civilly brought us into Asharaff, ushered us to our lodging: I may say *us*, for the ceremony was very much below the quality of so eminent a person as an Ambassador.

Asharaff (or Ahashuraff, and yet I dare not say so-named from Ahasuerus) is distant about two miles from the Caspian Sea: seated in a low ground, many salt marshes circumvolving her, and but meanly watered—no other but a small spring streaming from the Taurisian mountains drills in two branches through it, the broader of which is not five yards over, yet in former times a river of good breadth. But no wonder we crossed over so few that we could call rivers, seeing the people cut them into many small sluices, and

divert the ſtream to serve their occasions; so that oft-times the true channel is not to be discerned. Howbeit, the ground here is reasonably fat, but uncultivated, the greater part of her inhabitants ploughing *in campo martio*. I judge two thousand families live in this town; and no doubt increase daily, the King having but of late affected this place. His palace is pretty large, and but newly finished; albeit Farrabaut [Farāh-ābād], the Hyrcan metropolis, but five miles Weſt thence, is the place where the seat royal in that country has been kept for some generations. Abassebaut[1] also, not above two miles thence, surpasses for a curious summer-house, excelling all his other for proſpect, painting, hummum, waterworks, and a foreſt which is ſtored with game of several sorts: so as it attracts the King, who wherever he ſtays long makes cities of small villages.

The bazar here is but ordinary; and the *mechits* not to be admired. The palace is large, and looks into very pleasant gardens, albeit the building itself be not very regular, but rather confusedly divides itself into four *mohols*, or banqueting-houses, which be gorgeously painted. Were these united, they might better delight the eye, and cause the architect to be commended—but more of it at the Ambassador's audience. Abassebaut signifies "Abbas his Garden."

The Pole Arctic is here elevated eight-and-thirty degrees seventeen minutes; it is due North from Isfahān, as we observed in our ſtarlight travel (for in the summer-season the days are raging hot and not to be travelled in); Arcturus was ever right before us. From the Gulf as we travelled from Ormus to this place are a thousand English miles; from Isfahān three hundred and fifty or thereabout, as we reckoned.[2]

Before I give you a brief survey of Hyrcania, let me present a short narration of our Ambassador's audience and entertainment. After four days' repose,

the King assigned him his day of audience. It was the five-and-twentieth of May, our Sabbath, and the fag-end[1] of their Ramazan, or Lent: advantageous to the Pot-shaw, though I will not say it spared him the charge of an entertainment. Sir Dodmore Cotton, our Ambassador, had Sir Robert Sherley in his company, with myself and seven or eight other English gentlemen his followers. Good reason it was some Sultan or other should convoy and show him the way (the Court being a quarter of a mile distant from our house); but what ill office was done at Court I am not able to divine, for a small cavalcade it was, yet so it happened that notice was given by a courier from Mahomet Ally-beg, the favourite: so as to the Court his Lordship got, very few of the town having notice of his time of audience, as appeared by those few that came out either to see him pass or to view the manner of his reception; which without doubt was the product of the favourite's envy, occasioned through the spite he causelessly bore unto our noble countryman Sir Robert Sherley: for otherwise it might have been wondered at, seeing Abbas, of all sorts of honours, counted to have strangers at his Court the highest.

At our alighting an officer bade us *Hosh-galdom* [see p. 121], and ushered us into a little house which stood in the centre of a large court, wherein was no other furniture save a few Persian carpets, which were spread about a white marble tank filled with water. Here we reposed, and for two hours were entertained with *pelo* and wine; nothing so good as the material they were served in, flagons, cups, dishes, plates, and covers being all of gold. Thence we were conducted by some Sultans through a spacious garden, which was curious to the eye and delicate to the smell; whence we were brought into another summer-house, which was rich in gold embossments and painting, but far more excellent in a free and noble prospect,

for from the terrace thereof we had a delightful horizon into the Caspian Sea towards the North, and Southward at a great distance could discern the high mountain Taurus. The chambers were large and square; the roof arched and richly gilded. The ground was spread with carpets of silk and gold. In the midst were tanks full of sweet water (an element of no mean account in these torrid regions), and round about the tanks were placed (*pomparum fercula*) goblets, flagons, cisterns, and other standards of massive gold, some of which were filled with perfumes, other with rose-water, with wine some, and others with flowers. And after we had rested so long as we might at full feed our hungry eyes with that food of ostentation, we were conducted into another square large upper-chamber, where the roof was formed into an artificial element, many golden planets attracting the wandering eye to help their motion.

Here the ground was covered with richer carpets than the former, the tank was larger, the material more rich, and purling streams by pipes forced up into another region. This sea was so deep and so capacious that it seemed a little ocean, where the spoils of shipwrecks were conjured out to please the most avaricious Mammon; for so much gold, transformed into vessels for use and ornament, were set for us to look upon that some merchants then present made an estimate at an incredible value.[1] Another watery magazine there was circled with a like wall of golden vessels: most of the flagons, cups, and other plate were garnished with rubies, diamonds, and like stones. But the chamber by the length it had was more resembling a gallery than a room of state; the ceiling was garnished with gold, and pencilled with story in lively colours: all which seemed to strive whether art or nature to a judicious eye would be more acceptable. One John, a Dutchman (who had long

served the King), celebrated his skill here to the admiration of the Persians and his own advantage. The floors also in this room were overlaid with such large and rich carpets as befitted the monarch of Persia. Round about the room were also seated several tacit [i.e. silent] Mirzaes, Chawns, Sultans, and Beglerbegs; who, like so many inanimate ſtatues, were placed cross-legged, joining their bums to the ground, their backs to the wall, and their eyes to a conſtant objeƈt; to speak one to another, sneeze, cough, or spit in the Pot-shaw's[1] presence being, ever since the time of Aſtyages,[2] held no good breeding; nor may they offend the King, who by the fulgor [i.e. lightning] of his eye can dart them dead as soon as speak the word, as Cæsar said unto Metellus. The Ganymede boys in veſts of cloth of gold, rich bespangled turbans and embroidered sandals, curled hair dangling about their shoulders, with rolling eyes and vermilion cheeks, carried in their hands flagons of beſt metal; and went up and down, proffering the delight of Bacchus to such as were disposed to taſte it.

At the upper end (surmounting the reſt so much only as two or three *maſtabas*, or white silken shags,[3] would elevate) sat the Pot-shaw: beloved at home, famous abroad, and formidable to his enemies. His grandeur was this: circled with such a world of wealth, he clothed himself that day in a plain red calico coat quilted with cotton, as if he should have said his dignity conſiſted rather in his parts and prudence than *furtivis coloribus*, having no need to ſteal respeƈt by borrowed colours or embroideries. Cross-legged the Pot-shaw sat; his shash [i.e. turban] was white and large; his waiſt was girded with a thong of leather; the hilt of his sword was gold, the blade formed like a semicircle, and doubtless well-tempered; the scabbard red; and the courtiers, *regis ad exemplum*, were but meanly attired.

The Ambassador, by Dick Williams, his interpreter (*Callimachee*[1] the Persians call him), acquainted the King that by his master's command he had undertaken a very great journey to congratulate his success against their common enemy the Turk; as also to promote trade, and see Sir Robert Sherley vindicate himself from Nogdi-Ally-beg his imputations; and withal, to desire that a perpetual league of friendship might be continued 'twixt the two powerful monarchs of Great Britain and Persia.

The Pot-shaw, raising his body, returned this answer: To the first, the Turks were a mean people compared with the generous Persians, as appeared by several battles he had given them ample proof of; and that than the Turks no people in the world were more inconsiderable. Nevertheless he wished unity amongst Christian Princes, the Ottoman grounding his conquest upon their discord. Concerning trade, the King of Great Britain should, if he pleased, receive ten thousand bales of silk at Gombroon every January; and for payment would by way of exchange accept of so many thousand English cloths as should be adequate in value; for as, he well knew, the silk was a greater quantity than he could use in his own dominions, so were the cloths to him; but he would hazard the venting them by his merchants to serve his neighbours, so as neither we nor he should need to traffic or hold correspondence with Turkey. It would infinitely be to his satisfaction to disappoint the Grand Seignior of that yearly custom he was forced to when his caravans go by the way of Aleppo or Trebizond to the Venetian, Genoan, French, or other European merchants, so as the janissaries were maintained by those customs. What was this but to sharpen his enemies' sword to his destruction? Concerning Sir Robert Sherley, he had been long of his acquaintance, and expressed as many considerable

favours towards him (though a ſtranger and a Chriſtian) as to any of his born ſubjects. That if Nogdi-beg had aſperſed him unjuſtly, he ſhould have ſatisfaction: it argued indeed Nogdi-beg was guilty, in that he choſe rather to deſtroy himſelf by the way than adventure a purgation. "In ſome ſort he preſaged my rigour; for had he come, and been found faulty, by my head (an oath of no ſmall force) he ſhould have been cut in as many pieces as there are days in the year, and burnt in the open market with dogs'-turds. Now touching a league of friendſhip with the King your maſter, I cheerfully embrace it; and concerning yourſelf, you are truly welcome. And ſeeing you have done me that honour none of my predeceſſors ever had before—for you are the firſt Ambaſſador that ever came from Great Britain in that quality into my country—you may deſervedly challenge the more reſpect. Yea, as I account your maſter chief of the worſhippers of Jeſus, ſo do I of yourſelf in a ſuperior degree to any other Ambaſſador now preſent."

This ſaid, the King ſat down again. And whereas all Mahometans ſizeda, or knock their heads againſt the ground, and kiſs his garment, in a friendly manner he pulled our Ambaſſador near him and ſeated him by his ſide, ſmiling that he could not ſit croſs-legged; and after audience, in another apartment, calling for a bowl of wine, there drank his maſter's health; at which the Ambaſſador ſtood up and uncovered his head; which, being noted by the Pot-ſhaw, the more to oblige he lifted up his turban; and, after an hour's entertainment, dismiſſed him with much ſatisfaction.[1]

It is a real truth that *aures atque oculi regum ſunt multi;* ſo we found (though not the occaſion) that the King's goodwill became ſoon diverted; for, from that day till we arrived at Qazvīn (albeit no offence

was given), neither was the Ambassador cajoled[1] at Court nor saw he the King, neither did any Sultan invite or visit him; all which was imputed to the envy of Mahomet Ally-beg, who by bribery was made our enemy; one that for his faculty in diving into other men's actions, and informing the Pot-shaw with his observations, made a shift to engross the royal favour, insomuch as most business of State passed through this impure conveyance. So that it came to this at length: whom he loves, the King honours; such as he hates, the King crushes all to pieces. To have his good opinion each great man outvies others; insomuch that his annual comings in *viis et modis* was bruited to be seven-score thousand pounds sterling. And well might be, since Myter-beg [Mihtar Beg] (the overseer of the King's harams) has a hundred thousand pounds yearly, if it be true that some there assured me.

Sors nostra humilior! Tamer-beg's [Timūr Beg's] house at the North end of the town entertained us twelve long days and nights (so long the Court stayed after we got thither), where the sun darted his outrageous beams so oblique upon us as made us believe we felt not more heat when we were within the burning zone than we did in Asharaff at that present. Nor did the sun, we thought, more torment us in the day than did those innumerable swarms of gnats, mosquitoes, and like vermin in the night season. Howbeit, our comfort was that, if it were so for any continuance, our short stay there was some sort of prevention. And yet, though our sufferings were great in one sense, the extremity of the Pot-shaw's justice, or rigour I may better call it, was more in another, as his miserable subjects felt it in a higher degree. I shall give but a few instances —too many of so brave a Prince, whose virtues balance his infirmities. And, seeing they are the reports of

some I met there who had been long in Persia, I will with Q. Curtius say: *Plura scribo quam credo, nec enim affirmare ausus sum*, etc.

A poor distressed wretch bestowing a long and tedious pilgrimage from Cabul to this place upon some little business, ere he knew what the success would be, unhappily rested his weary limbs upon a field-carpet, choosing to refresh himself rather upon the cool grass than be tormented within the town by the merciless vermin. Poor man! he fell *a malo in pejus*; for snorting in a climacteric [i.e. critical] hour, at such time as the King set forth to hunt, his pampered jade startling, the King examines not the cause but sent an eternal arrow of sleep into the poor man's heart: jesting, I did the man no wrong; I found him sleeping, and asleep I left him. Poor wretch! happy only in this: *Æneæ magni dextra cecidit.* The courtiers also, to applaud the fact, parasitically made him their common mark, killing him a hundred times over, if so many lives could have been forfeited.

A soldat's wife, having fed too high, in a lustful bravado petitioned the King for natural help, her good man proving impotent. A dangerous impudence! The King finds it to reflect upon himself (old at that time and master of four thousand concubines), so as he promises her speedy justice; calls his physicians; and, when phlebotomy was held too mean a remedy for her distemper, they gave an asinego an opiate potion, which so enraged the beast as by force he basely became her executioner.

There are *mollissima fandi tempora*, which are not always lit upon: as appeared in a needy soldier, who, drawing up a catalogue of his good services, closing it in want and humbly entreating some stipend from his god of war for such and such good services: *non bis peccatur*; for, for his sauciness, he was drubbed (with many bastinadoes on the soles of his feet) well-

nigh to death, and [the King] examines who it was that wrote it. The clerk makes his apology; but the King, suffering passion to predominate over reason, that he should never write worse makes his hand to be cut off, giving the poor wretch just cause to ingeminate: *Oh! quam vellem nescirem literas.* Thus we see the worst tyranny is law upon the rack: *summum jus summa est injuria.*

Two needy knaves were arraigned in the divan, and condemned for stealing: many grievous taunts the Pot-shaw levelled, saying they deserved death for daring only to come so near his Court so ragged. They confess they therefore stole that they might wrap themselves in better clothing. Abbas, not satisfied with their excuse, commands two new vests to be brought, but winding-sheets had been more proper; for the executioner forthwith dragged them away, and upon two sticks staked them up on their fundaments, an execution practised of old in Persia.[1]

Such, and such other, was his inhuman pastime during our stay at the Caspian Sea. But enough, or rather too much, upon such a subject; especially relating to so great and generous a Prince, as notwithstanding these mistakes is beloved as well as feared at home, and abroad no less highly honoured. Therefore, to record the variety of tortures here too much used by men-eating hags of hell, cannibal-hounds, *capigi*[2] and their death-twanging bow-strings, ripping up men's guts, and the like—what could be the effect but an odious and unnecessary remembrance?

Abbas by divers wives had several children,[3] for whose education neither cost nor care was spared. Of most hope were Ismael, Soffy-mirza, Codobanda-Sultan, and Emangoly, four brave young Princes. The two first were begot on Gordina, daughter of Simon-cawn; the latter two of Martha, daughter of Scander-mirza, both Georgians, both Christians. The

first lady was brought thence by Kurchiki-cawn, the other by Shaw-Tamas-Coolibeg, both being Persians, both favourites: all of them so dear to Abbas that it seemed he then had got the elixir of earthly happiness: his wives were so incomparably beautiful, his favourites so exactly faithful; and his sons so lively the characters of his person, policy, and courage—reciprocally joying the aged King, and overjoying the warlike Persians. But it is commonly observed that, as the most excellent things alter soonest and that no day is so serene that is not shadowed with some cloud, so this candour and perfection in these youthful Princes quickly vanished. For Ismael (when by reason of his delight in arms and quick signs of magnanimity the Asiatic world gazed and admired him) in an infernal cloud of poison went down to an untimely grave at nineteen, in the meridian of his splendour. Soffy-mirza, dogged by a like adverse destiny, though elevated at first for revealing a conspiracy, was in the end at equal years thrown down and crushed to death, after the dumb *capigi* had got a hateful victory, mere jealousy in the King commanding it. And Emangoly, ere his popular applause could hatch his ruin, upon conference with a witch that understood the *almuten* [i.e. horoscope] of his nativity, perceiving that short life attended him, grows fearful of his sire's inconstancy, and in a deep and disconsolate melancholy evaporates his sad spirits, leaving the expectation of hazard and sovereignty to Codobanda Sultan, surnamed Soffee, who (made wise by his brother's miseries) so prudently behaved himself in duty to the King, and in a pleasing and safe distance to the people, that Abbas dotes, the people celebrate, and an uncontrollable good fortune seems to dandle him. Affability, bounty, loyalty, courage, and experience in arms at home and abroad; the Persian monarchy, Turk, Arab, Mogul and Tartar

admiring, fearing, and commending him in several eulogies: so as his own left nothing unsaid or uninvented that might honour him; and his enemies, without giving their thoughts the lie, could not but idolize him. Who for all that (not, like our common spirits, afflated by every vulgar breath upon every act deify themselves, and conceit all great additions of honour below their merits) stood immovable; sorry he grew so popular; modestly chiding them for flattery; and condemned himself of hypocrisy by suffering his victories to be so gilded, since what he had or did was but a reflex of his father's virtue, which he doubted might suffer an eclipse by his accumulation. Oh! how execrable is this marrow-fretting scab of jealousy and envy!—it converts that reason which only makes us men, without any regard of justice, into brutishness; yea, to exceed in cruelty the most unreasonable and most violent creatures! Is Abbas a King, a father? Does clemency belong to any attribute more properly? Is Soffee-Sultan-mirza a Prince, his son? On whom can he more justly confer his love? In whom should virtue rather dwell? Where can there be a better centre? Poor Prince! the path he treads to add lustre to his father's diadem and to oblige his country betrays his steps, and entices him to an affrighting precipice; for, the more he indulges his father, it serves as fuel to an unjust jealousy; the more he dignifies his country by his good success against the Turk, the more applause the people crown him with, but Abbas fears the more his popularity. Yea, so far fears, so much degenerates from paternal piety, that without pity or regard of justice (which makes Kings more beautiful than when circled with diadems) he contrives his ruin.

During these his cabinet-machinations, the Prince brandishes his steel in proud Arabia, where, after several conquests, the victor himself became capti-

vated. For an Arabian Princess of great beauty (and in such bodies usually are impaled the fairest souls) fettered him; but such was his bravery and worth as he quickly redeemed himself, and made her his prisoner—such magic and interchanges are in love, such magnetic power hath princely virtue. By this lady he had two children, Soffy and Fatima, a name given her (as I suppose) in memory of Fatima, the wife of Mortis Ally [Murtaza 'Alī]. This young Princess Fatima was no less loved by Soffee-Mirza, the sire, than doted on by the grandsire Abbas. A strange affection, to distinguish so unnaturally, to separate where nature had so strongly united, to hate the graft and to endear the fruit! But, that his hate might flow more currently and less suspected, he looks one way and aims another; seeks to enrage by abusing him whom he loved most dearly, Magar, an Arab, the Prince's tutor, a faithful and prudent servant. And indeed *Vir bonus solus est prudens*, Aristotle tells us in his *Ethics*. Such was Magar, whom Abbas calls for, and, in lieu of rewarding him for his son's generous education, darts him a stern frown, accusing him of pride, and charging him that he had bewitched the Prince with a disloyal ambition. Magar for all his prudence sees not the venom prepared; and therefore in an humble but confident innocence excuses and endeavours to quiet him; but the more he vindicates himself, and the clearer he made the Mirza's [Prince's] loyalty appear, the more he exasperates the King; so as the higher was his rage inflamed. At first the King amazes him with a volley of defamations, and in that maze gives the sign—a dreadful sign! for forthwith the blood-thirsty *capigis* break in and strangle him. A barbarism! an act so unbecoming that famous King that with the vulgar sort to this very day it will not be credited. Nevertheless, fame's shrill-mouthed trump sounds it abroad,

so that the Prince (then in action against the Tartar) has notice of it. Whereupon, as a man void of sense, immediately he leaves the camp; and, being come to Court, after many signals of sorrow beseeches the King that he may know the reason of Magar's death; who flashes him this thundering retort: "For thy ambition." The Prince calls Heaven to witness his loyalty; but Abbas provokes him further, to have more colour to satisfy the world in his designed destruction. The Prince, inflamed with passion, in that distraction imagines he saw Magar a-strangling; and in that ecstasy unsheaths his sword, vowing to rescue him. In the greatest, nay I may say the wisest, of men reason hath not at all times the predominancy over passion; as we find exemplified in Shaw-Abbas, an illustrious Prince and at some times reputed an indulgent father; but now so far from that that he sorrows not the least at his distraction, but upon this miserable advantage (by some fair terms first disarming him) invites him into another room, and (pretending he was not very well) withdrawing himself, commanded seven big-boned villains, deaf and dumb, through a trap-door to issue into the room armed with bloody minds and deadly bow-strings; whose very looks as well as habits and weapons quickly betray their office and intention, which needed no other interpreters. The Prince innocently admires [i.e. wonders at] the cause; and if oratory or other way of entreaty could have wrought remorse in these hell-hounds, only till he knew the ground of this cruel command, he had afforded it; but, well knowing they were without reason and inexorable, with an incomparable rage and vivacity he flew upon those monsters, now one, then another receiving such testimonies of his courage that (ere they could fasten upon him their ghastly twanging bow-strings) he sent three of them to the Devil; and for some time

defended himself, offending those blood-hounds with admirable courage and dexterity, insomuch that, had he mastered but any weapon, he had doubtless saved himself and sent them packing; but wanting it, his breath failed, and longer his valour could not nourish him, for *facile est vincere non repugnantem*. So at last they fastened their nooses on him, who now for want of breath was as a dead man; and the villains had triumphed in his further tortures had not the King (who it seems was not far off) prevented it, commanding them only to pinion him, and (before he could recover sense and strength) by drawing a flaming steel before his eyes made him stark blind; forbidding him the sight of what he most loved, wife, babes, friends, and Magar's carcass: by which impiety Asia lost her fairest jewel, Persia her crown of honour, and Mars his darling.

The loss of this brave Prince was quickly rumoured: all Persia mourns, and in many threnodies sigh his farewell; the army also swells with passion, but, seeing no remedy, by a forced silence murmur their imprecations. The Prince, when he perceived his own undoing (the eye of reason lent him such a sight), having cursed his birth, his fame, his loyalty, and (which is most sad) his parent, by many frantic threats vows his destruction; but finds his revenge impossible; yet at that conceit roars hideously, and not to be comforted till Suliman-mirza, Kurchiki-cawn, and other his kinsmen and quondam favourites flocked about him, and by their miserable examples dictate patience; none of which but in some measure had swollen big with the King's infusion in their times, and through like jealousies were made blind, or crushed and damned to perpetual imprisonment.

In those discontented times Abbas kept his orb, moving like another Saturn; for now he imagines his crown fixed close to his head, nothing appearing that

might disturb his quiet; and amongst his delights nothing so much pleased him as young Fatima: no siren was melodious in song, no creature delicate in feature, save pretty Fatima. If any stood in fear, who could compose his passion but Fatima? Court and kingdom admired his love to this pretty favourite, and no less rejoiced in it; for by this innocent lady they oft-times found the way to expel his rage, and how to pleasure him. The prisoners also by Fatima got livelihood, for want of which they were oft-times well-nigh famished, none but she daring to mediate; and thus by this good infant gained they what formerly they pined for, food and comfort. But what joy has the blinded Prince, since he cannot participate? Revenge delights him more; that word as music best pleases the infernal fancy of this melancholy Mirza, not caring how detestable, so Abbas suffered. The Devil inspires new rage and blows the coals of (more than cruel) assassination: for, albeit he passionately loved Fatima, yet hearing how his father doted on her, that afresh begets his hate, yea hatches the innocent's confusion. Oh! in him behold the savage and transcendent cruelty of cursed man: revenge had plunged him headlong into a whirlpool of unnatural barbarism, insomuch as, when the pious child came (in an unlucky hour) to bring him comfort, and by all symptoms of duty to express a lovely obedience, the wretch grasps and in a lymphatic fury whirls her neck about, unable to untwist herself from his wrathful hands, miserable Fatima expiring by her hellish father; and in her the joy of parents, delight of Abbas, candour of Persia, and comfort of the distressed vanishing. The astonished Princess his wife cries out: his sight deceived him, that it was Fatima!—little dreaming that he therefore martyred her because Fatima. And, as if that had not been enough (to prevent the King of a successor), hearing young Soffee's voice dolorously

crying out for Fatima, winged with rage he gropes for him; but by the Princess's interposing the child escaped, or else had loſt (what he now enjoys) the Persian diadem.

Abbas, when he had notice of this tragedy, grows so outrageously passionate that many feared he would become his own executioner. But, when he had drenched his sorrow in a sea of salt tears, he moderates his spleen, and revives upon hopes of additional punishment, vowing to retaliate his diſtracted acſt in the height of cruelty: which being told the Prince, had so terrible a reply, with a million of dismal curses added, that the King was as one aſtonished. To conclude, after he had tired out a few more minutes with impatience, and considered that death only sets man free from the misery of this world by breaking asunder the chains of bondage, the third day he put a period to his life by quaffing up a cup of poison. *Non malum eſt mori, sed mori male*, saith St Chrysoſtom. Nevertheless, the King showed needless ceremony in his obsequies. The disconsolate Princess sequeſtered herself from the sight of man; but since her son's coming to the crown, whether he hath by his benign aspecſt banished her discontent and in some measure assuaged her sorrow, I could not learn. But for Abbas himself, he bade the world farewell a little after our departure.

Now after this digression, give me leave to give you a brief survey of the quality and condition we find Hyrcania at our being there.

Hyrcania (now under the dominion of the Persian King) hath to the East Mergiana, to the South Mount Taurus, to the Weſt Armenia and part of Media Atropatia, and North the Caspian Sea. Treble it is in length from Eaſt to Weſt what it is in breadth from North to South: a country known in several ages by several names. Nevertheless, at this day not

part, as some would, but whole Hyrcania is by the Persians named Mozendram.

By the several days' journeys we rode within this kingdom I observed that it is in most places of a good soil, through the benevolency of the clime; replenished with grass, fruit, corn, flowers, and the like; and hath cattle in great plenty. Moreover, for their manner of husbandry, buildings, and civility, more resembling ours of Europe than any other we had hitherto observed in Asia. And, though the soil be good, the earth no doubt is much bettered by those many rivers and rivulets that, springing from Taurus, stream abundantly and delightfully through the country, and empty themselves into the Mare Caspium. Such are Cyrus and Cambyses (which gave two great Kings their names, and near which of old the Obareni and the Oleni inhabited) Araxis and Obsel, four rivers that deduce their springs near each other in Mount Ararat; Connac, which divides Media from Hyrcania, Mazeras, Bundama, Hydero, issuing some suppose out of the deserts of Lop, Aragus, falsely said to drill from the Molossians; and others, which after a long trickling race, having mellowed the earth, disembogue themselves into the Caspian. Near the mountains they have sometimes a distempered channel; for, after great rains or melting of snow, they commonly overflow the lower grounds; but the best is those landfloods meliorate the earth, and are but of very short continuance. I could neither see nor hear of that which Strabo in his 11th Book reports concerning some rivers here which fall so violently from the rocks that men may pass under the water as under an arch without wetting: some water-works indeed there be at Abassebaut that by art have that very resemblance. But in old times it so superabounded with wood as that the whole was called Sylva Hyrcana, and whence in probability it was that the Scythians termed it

PLATE IX

A MAN OF MAZANDARAN

A ZOROASTRIAN

[face p. 168

Hercoon (i.e. a solitary place) in their language: which nevertheless nourished offensive creatures of several kinds, as snakes, which we saw abundance of, but more especially lions, wolves, foxes, wild-cats, boars, and tigers.

Albeit since the woods have been destroyed, towns built and the country inhabited, it is much altered; for tigers we saw none, but (as a good exchange) found plenty of cows, buffaloes, horses, camels, sheep, mules, deer, red and fallow, antelopes, hogs, goats, and other like beasts; and of birds, store of hens, pheasants, partridges, nightingales, pouts, quail, woodcock, thrush, and other birds; of fish, especially near the Caspian, sturgeon, mullet, mussel, dog-fish, eels, tunnies, and others: grain also of most sort, and fruits and roots in great variety. But that tree called occhus, which is said to distil honey,[1] we found not; but one that had sweet sap, or juice, which 'tis likely gave the occasion of that report; but of oak, elm, ash, and most in mulberry-trees there is great plenty.

In former times Tambrace (that was in vain besieged by Seleuchus Callinicus), Telebrota, Saramanna, Adrapsa, Soconda or Soconaa, Sorba, Asmurna, Tapen, Carta, and Mauzaca, were towns of note; but now totally lost, unless they be revived in Farrabaut, Asharaff, Abassebaut, Periscow, Omoal, Barfrushdea, Chacoporo, Caban, Bildith, Baedz, Darabgier, Gengee, Sumachy, Erez, and Bachu[2]: nigh which last is a spring of that rare kind of oil or clammy substance which some call *neft* [Arabic *naft*]; but whether of that kind we find mentioned in the 2 *Macc.* i. 36, which Nehemiah sprinkled the wood with that was laid upon the altar after it was exhausted from the pit wherein the priests had concealed the holy fire at such time as they were led captive into Persia, I cannot say, save that the name *naphtar* and *nephti* there mentioned, as well as the quality, have some resem-

blance. This *nephta* is an oily or fat liquid substance, in colour not unlike soft white clay; of quality hot and dry, so as it is apt to inflame with the sunbeams or heat that issues from fire: as was mirthfully experimented upon one of Alexander's pages, who, being anointed, with much ado escaped burning.

Many such strange springs have been found. Aristotle mentions one in Carthage; at Occhus in Thessaly another such was, as Pliny reports; near Oxus, as Curtius: and the like near Babylon: for that at Cardavas in Saxony near Brunswick is rather a sort of bitumen, not unlike that is evaporated in the Mare Mortuum [Dead Sea]. This strange spring puts me in mind of another memorable water we saw and tasted of at Chacoporo [see p. 178], a town about twelve miles West from Farrabaut, both of them upon the brink of the Mare Caspium. For eleven months it is sweet and potable; but one month every year so brackish as renders it unfit to drink or to dress meat with.

The natives for the most part are exceeding courteous to strangers, and hospitable; and in some parts no less industrious in husbandry. They speak Persian, yet have a peculiar dialect of their own[1] which they the less use since they became subject to the Persian, who oft-times would be very merry with them, but we could perceive it was in a deriding way, either occasioned from their imperfect speech (as the Parisian mocks the Norman and Gascon), or simplicity of heart, or else from the report they meet with of the women's courtesies. For the men, we found them (as I have said) of a very pleasant disposition, and delighted with novelties. Of old, their ancestors (as the Abbot of St Albans did with the Norman Conqueror) thought to have prevented Alexander's desired entrance; but with the same hand and instrument the Gordian knot was cut, these Hyrcanians and their ways were mastered.

A great part of the country through which we passed was champaign, and near the town enclosed with quickset. One time I left the road to ride through a pleasant green field; but many snakes twined about my horse's legs, without further harm than putting us both into an affright, and, as it were, advising me another time to keep the road. We also passed through great woods; but of all the trees I saw, none for number as well as use exceeded the mulberry. For thirty miles' riding that tree had the pre-eminence; and larger of that kind I never saw, nor bearing more fruit, albeit 'tis the leaves they most value. The berry, if white, pleased our belly best, the colour our eye, the leaves our observation; for, indeed, in most villages and cottages we saw sheds filled with laborious people minding their enriching silkworms: an insect whereon nature hath expressed so much art as is scarce comprehensible. This worm, as in quality, in diversity of shape also varies from other worms; for her first generation rises from a small round sperm less than mustard-seed, which, by laying in the sun or other moderate heat, increases to an inch; the first shape it assumes is like the palmer-worm, from which resemblance in six months' space it twice changes. The male after copulation dies; whom the female soon follows so soon as she has laid her eggs or seed, which you please to call it. Her food is usually the leaves and boughs of mulberry-trees, the white most delighting her; strewed every day fresh over her shed, which must be kept sweet and warm. The worm being shut up eats greedily, frequently raising her little head; and, being as it were tired, sleeps two days together, during which she casts her skin, and then eats with a fresh appetite. Soon after that she four several times casts her coat, and then, having discharged her belly, falls to work, in short space making her lawn both winding-sheet and sepulchre.

The silk happens to be of such colours as are commonly laid before her, and is usually either white, yellow, green, or sand-coloured; but being shut up, such is the transparency of the excrement that the fly is discernible. The exterior part is in colour like pale-gold mixed with lemon; the silk rough and hairy; the interior part more hard and of an oval form, the better to inhume the fly: whose task being done, sometimes she dies, other times she breaks forth; and then the worm is metamorphosed into a butterfly. Sometimes the silken balls are exposed to the scorching sun, through whose ardour the poor worm is broiled to death—not unlike a miser that voluntarily sacrificeth himself to death so it be to contemplate his rich idolatry; but by this expansion the silk (they say) becomes finer than if suffered to break her habitacle. After this, the cods are thrown into a cauldron, the water being moderately hot; then with a cane the people stir them about, at once drawing the slimy silk from as many as the instrument can conveniently lay hold upon, and with a wheel draw off the silk, raw, which being dry is folded. During the winter-season the silkworms sleep without eating, so as they seem dead; but in the spring, being laid in the sun, revive again—a perfect type of the Resurrection. From the Seres or Regio Serica (part of Scythia towards Industan) this worm first came into Persia, not long before Alexander's time; but until the Emperor Justinian's time (which was about the year of our Lord 530) it was not known in Europe, the first being presented by the Persians unto the Emperor at Byzantium as a rarity. That they afford honey, yield wax, build nests, and are a sort of spider Aristotle and Pliny so think; but I think the Persian King finds it most, from hence extracting 7,600 batmans of raw silk yearly.

CHAPTER VI

From Ashraf to Qazvin.

Upon Whitsun Monday [June 2] we bade farewell to Asharaff, Shaw-Abbas the same time removing his Court to Qazvin.[1] The reason why he went one way and we another was (as I suppose) that we might have the better prospect of his country; for he went by Periscow [Firūzkūh], we by Larry-Joon [Lārījan].

The first night after we left Asharaff we lodged in Ferrabaut,[2] which is five miles from Asharaff. Ferrabaut is a town upon the South-East side of the Caspian Sea, probably taking name from Ferrag-baut or Ferrag-zed (*baut* [*bāgh*] signifies a garden, *zed* [*zād*] a son), who succeeded Shezyr, or Shaw-zyr, son to Jazan-Zeddah, that was predecessor to Yezdgird, the Hyrcanian king slain by the Romans about the year of our Lord 595,[3] five-and-twenty years before the era of the Mahometans took beginning. The situation of this city is upon a flat. The soil rich, and beautified with gardens full of fruit; watered by a stream of sweet water [the Tajand river] about forty paces broad, which, springing from Taurus, after a long and circling race, at this town incorporates with the briny Caspian. The air, nevertheless, is not so pure here as we could find it was in most other places higher up; but whether caused from some insalubrious marshes that are there, or from the vapours that usually arise from the sea (a little mile thence), I am not able to determine. Instead of walls it hath a deep moat or graff, willows and other trees being planted upon the banks, which are broad enough to walk on; so as it gives both shade and ornament. The houses differ from the common form of Persia, for they are not flat above, but like

ours in England in the roof; also tiled and glazed according to the English fashion. This town has about three thousand families. The streets are broad enough; not regularly built. The *mechit* is not extraordinary. And two bazars it has, yet neither of them singular. Few houses but have their gardens contiguous, which together make a combined beauty though seeming separate. Of most note is the King's house[1] at the North end of the town; from whose balconies we had a large and delightful prospect into the sea as far as Talca, or Tazata, as the isle[2] was then called; and some of the gardens extend to the brink of the Mare Caspium. This palace has two square large courts railed about, and the ground by the elaborate gardener was formed into grass-plots and knots of several sorts, and replenished with variety of trees and flowers, which makes the place seem exceeding pleasant; and amongst others tulips and roses were there so plentiful that what is said of another is properly applicable to this: *Hic rosas nutrit nitidosque flores veris amœni.* And amongst other trees the spreading chenaers, sycamores, and chestnuts surround the place with so much beauty, and every part of the house affords so amiable a prospect, as makes the eye and smell contend which shall surfeit soonest of variety. The mulberry of both colours at that time presented us also with choice fruit, no less wholesome than pleasant; so as by way of gratitude give me leave to tell you the Egyptians make that tree the hieroglyphic of wisdom; and upon this account, knowing that the frost is its deadly enemy, it seldom or never buds until the cold weather be wholly gone, and then as by instinct it puts forth speedily, and as quickly ripens to maturity.

This house of the King's, though it be spacious yet is low; but the rooms are high enough, arched and of sufficient length, rather resembling galleries

than rooms of State. Three of those chambers were more richly furnished than the reſt, for the sides were adorned with looking-glasses, which irradiated the ceiling or roof arched and richly painted and in some part embossed with gold; but no *baldacchino*, no cloth of State was there, the King being absent: the windows were of Muscovian glass,[1] cemented with gold or what resembled it: glass it was of large panes and very clear, which sort of glass (if that be a proper name) is taken out of a rock called Slade in Corelia, near to the river Dwina in Russia; and by being soft is easily cut in pieces, sliced into thin flakes, and preferred before other glass, both for that it is clearer and not so brittle nor so apt to burn[2] as glass or horn. The floors we could not enter with our shoes on; but with good reason, seeing they were spread, some with velvet ſtuffed with down or fine bombazine, others with rich carpets and calzoons[3] of bodkin[4] and cloth of gold. Howbeit, in winter-time the Pot-shaw sleeps in sheets of coſtly sables or rich short curled shag of the sheep of Corazan. In the gallery where the mirrors are, not only on the sides but on the arch overhead in ſtory or landscape is pencilled several immodeſt sports and gambols.

The Caspian Sea is deservedly ranked amongſt the wonders of the world; for greatness, taſte, and colour, resembling (albeit without any visible mixture with) the ocean; and which is admirable, never overflows its bounds, albeit many great and notable rivers [enter], namely Volga, and several other which run perpetually into this sea, thereby swelling her concave womb; so as a wonder it is it keeps within its compass, albeit the circumference be full 3,000 miles. So that in all probability it hath some secret vent or inlet into the Euxine or some other sea; for, considering how that these mighty rivers are incessantly vomiting their full gorged watery ſtomachs into it, in reason

it may be granted that it would overflow its banks, did it not as well empty as receive. For that is but a weak assertion that the sun attracts equally by vapours to that excess of water which is poured in. The shape or figure of this sea is oval. From North to South the diameter is about 600 miles; towards the shore 'tis shoal-water and full of *syrtes* [quicksands], so as ships that usually pass over draw not above eight foot water when they are loaden; but, being a few leagues off at sea, 'tis very deep and hardly fathomed.

Now to know whether this Caspian have that property other salt seas have, as to ebb and flood: to satisfy my curiosity, one day I stood some hours upon the strand purposely to observe its motion; and, albeit there was little or no wind stirring at that time, yet the water was somewhat turbulent and rolling especially towards the shore, and not unlike what we observe in calm weather in our narrow seas, and in its waves resembled a flux and reflux of the water; and, though not in such a measure as with us upon the English shore, yet more than is within the Baltic Seas, and the water more salt; that in the Baltic being fresh by reason of the store of melted snows which with the fresh water floods is incessantly poured in; as in some measure 'tis in the Caspian, which is the cause that it abounds so much with eels, lampreys, trouts, and such other fish as love to be in the fresh waters; and withal to manifest its saltness is proved by the plenty of mullet, sturgeon, lobsters, oysters, and those other fish I lately mentioned.

In eight days ships usually cross this Caspian Sea from Astracan to Derbent or Ferrabaut. This passage is when the winds are favourable; for through adverse winds Sir Anthony Sherley was eighty days[1] in his passage. The ships here are not unlike our old *corraghes* [i.e. coracles] which Julius Cæsar mentions

in his wars with Britain, and Lucan the like; for they are only sewed or stitched together with hemp and cord, and, comparatively with ours, have little strength through want of iron. Many canoes hewed out of some large oak we saw, of which provision Hyrcania has plenty; each so large as capable to hold six men, who as fishermen would launch some leagues into the sea without apprehension of danger. But at Ferrabaut and other sea-towns we saw great vessels with masts and sails, flat-bottomed, unless they were such as traded from port to port, keeping in sight of land, having little knowledge of the compass or other help for navigation, save what the pole-star and other Arctic constellations administered. The greatest of those vessels I saw exceeded not 30 ton; in which they nevertheless adventure to cross to Astracan (or Citra-Kaun,[1] as they call it), a noted town and isle in 47 degrees North latitude: the isle is 12 miles long and 3 broad. The town is seated upon a rising ground, about which is a line for defence, and upon the works some pieces of cannon mounted; the houses are not many nor well built, but sufficiently peopled. And, albeit the soil be barren and the air bad, yet such is the attraction of gain, that it is much resorted to by merchants of several countries who trade hither for furs of foxes, sables, woolverin,[2] ermine, lufern,[3] miniver, beaver, otter, squirrel, and the like, which Russia and the dominions under the Muscovite and Tartar abound with, as also for fish, and more especially for caviar, which being sauced with salad-oil, vinegar, and pepper is held a dainty, and potargo,[4] and principally for salt, which they extract from salt water and vend in great quantity, to the increase of the Duke's customs; who since he wrested it from the Negay Tartar[5] in the year of our Lord 1494 hath erected a castle of good defence there; as appeared when Johannes Basilius, the Emperor (about six years

after) gave Selymus, the Grand Seignior, two memorable defeats, at such time as he brought his armies hither in behalf of the injured Tartar: and the like soon after by his son Basiliades; which good success gave the Russian a peaceful possession and subjection.[1]

We travelled along the sea-side and came the first night to Chacoporo,[2] which is about twelve English miles West from Ferrabaut: the way we rode was close by the shore. This town lies open to the sea, which beats oft so outrageously against her banks that the inhabitants are oft put to charge in maintaining them. Here we crossed over a fresh water that was about a stone's cast over; one month in the year 'tis salt (as the inhabitants told us, but not the reason of it). Next night we rode to Barfrushdea,[3] a large town pretty well built, and no less well peopled; but the sea doth not so much advantage them as the land, by reason of that plenty of silkworms they nourish: and indeed the place appeared to us the pleasanter by reason of that plenty of wood and water it had, which was as good as plentiful. Here they would drink no wine—the law prohibits it; but the ground of that law we could not learn, though we did suppose it was from that ridiculous tradition of the miscarriage of Arott and Marot,[4] the two debauched angels. From Chacoporo to this place was twelve long miles. The inhabitants we could perceive delighted much in archery, an exercise these countries have even from the infancy of time been not a little famous for.

The next town of note we came to was Omoal,[5] built under the North side of the imperious mountain Taurus; and of such grandeur that no less than three thousand families there inhabit. They were then a mixture of several nations, Armenians, Scythians, Persians, Jews, Kurds, Banians, Indians, and Muscovians; who, albeit they make a Babel of several languages, yet live harmoniously; and, which is no less

remarkable, being tolerated their own forms (for in matter of conscience they question none where there is no breach of peace), they observe well-nigh seven several Sabbaths successively each after other: the Banians having Thursday for their Sabbath; Friday, the Persians; Saturday, the Jews; Sunday, the Armenians; Monday, the Peguans; Tuesday, the Gowers and Kurds, or Fire-adorers, who are the ancient Parthians; so that, if any of the Scythians beyond Bochar [Bokhara] were there, they would complete the week in that variety, each observing a morality of the day.

The town is built in a large level, but withal a very pleasant and fruitful soil; happy in her present prosperity and former greatness; her visible ruins making good the report that once it was this country's metropolis. Nor are her buildings of the meaner sort, or the castle unworthy notice, seeing it gives place to none I saw in all that province for beauty or strength, being fortified by a deep moat, or trench, it has that is full of water and compasses the castle, so as the only entrance is by a bridge which they draw and let down at pleasure, serving as a place of good defence to secure themselves against the rodomontados of the neighbouring Taurisians and other mountaineers: and few houses but have their gardens. Yet of best note is the cathedral,[1] or *jewma mechit*, in which (as we were told) are entombed four hundred and forty-four Princes and Prophets, whose sepulchres, though they be not so magnificent as that which with 1,000 talents Alexander raised for his friend Ephestion near this place, yet such they are as raise veneration amongst the people, if not admiration with passengers; especially that of Meer Agowmadeen, to which they chiefly offer the mysteries of their religion. When I entered, I found about a score of ancient grave Arabians, or Zophilars,[2] sitting cross-legged in a circle near the

Prince's dormitory, with each an Arabic book laid before, out of which both modeſtly and musically they performed their exercises. This, as I supposed, was the *parentalia vel sacra funeſta in honorem mortuorum*. After the Eaſtern mode, they wagged their bodies, bowing their heads and battologizing [i.e. repeating] the names *Allough whoddaw* and *Mohumet* very often; wherein they were so seriously composed that, albeit I entered unexpectedly amongſt them and in my country habit (which gave moſt safety in travel, and elsewhere was sufficiently admired), nevertheless they continued their service without diſturbance or deviation; yet was no sooner ended but they arose, very civilly bade me welcome, and showed me withal what antiquities the place afforded, and as they thought might be acceptable to a ſtranger.

Thence passing to the river side (over which upon a bridge[1] of ſtone we rode the night before) to refresh myself under some poplars, seven or eight more beautiful than bashful damsels (like so many nymphs) sprang out of the water, as I suppose to admire my habit; but I, no less admiring their confidence, quickly left them. For the truth is I took them for *amorosas* and violators of the bounds of modeſty, until from better satisfaction I was made to believe it was simplicity and the opportunity they took to see a ſtranger; for when the sun mounts to his meridian the men commonly go to sleep, and the women then have the benefit of the river, where they use to swim and probably cool their heat, in both kinds 'tis to be feared too much there abounding. The habit of these water-nymphs was a fine shuddero or lawn embroidered at the neck, wriſt, and skirt with a border of several-coloured silks and threads of gold; but in public they go veiled, according to the common mode, with a long sheet which from top to toe covers them.

From Omoal we travelled to Larry-John [Lārījan], or Joon as some pronounce it, being probably that Jonaca I find mentioned in Ptolemy. This place is from Omoal thirty miles; and here the kingdom of Hyrcania is terminated by Mount Taurus, a mountain reputed the greatest through all the world, both for length and height; for in one continued ledge of hills it makes way from the Lesser Asia unto the furthest part of East India, not less than 3,000 miles. So high as the labour we endured was very great in the ascending. For, albeit our travel in and over this mountain was sometimes through narrow inhospitable straits, otherwhiles it was over extraordinary hills, such hills as after two days' winding and painful climbing (for I may so call it, seeing that oft-times we durst not ride) we got so high that we could clearly see the clouds hanging a great way below us and obscuring the earth, and by the sensible alteration of the air might well perceive we were mounted a good way up into the middle region: so different was it from the weather we found below; and to our sad remembrance no less different in operation than rationally could not otherwise be expected, ascending from a hot and descending into a hotter country. For a gentleman of our company and of our country died soon after; and myself, not minding to alter my thin habit, by the like cold I took upon the mountain, and in our descent into a very hot soil, fell into so violent a dysentery as in eleven days gave me a thousand stools, most of blood. But whether it had any influence upon those honoured persons, Sir Dodmore Cotton and Sir Robert Sherley, I cannot judge; albeit they both were in good health when we passed those hills, and left this world for a better within a month after.

Now the ascending this mountain Taurus was not more troublesome, I thought, than the descending;

for in some places we had the path so uneven and so unskilfully cut that we were in danger of tumbling down a deep and dreadful precipice, at the bottom of which we could hear what we could not see, a hollow murmuring water. But one part of that mountain was a more frightful passage than the rest, this for the space of three miles being cut or forced through the side of a perpendicular hill, the top and bottom of which was indiscernible, the widest part not being much above a yard; insomuch as, if two horsemen should chance to meet, I saw not how they could safely pass by one another, unless they made like shift the two goats mentioned in Pliny did; who, accidentally meeting in such a place, had no way to preserve themselves but by the couching of the one while the other passed over. That passage at Penmaenmawr 'twixt Aber Conway and Beaumaris in little resembles this; but for danger is not comparable. A very wretched pass, and good cause have I to remember it. For, whilst I was sometime through a needless curiosity looking up, wondering at the great height above, and anon darting my sight down, no less marvelling at the depth below, unawares a rock, that jutted ill-favouredly out of order, unexpectedly struck me such a blow that I was somewhat astonished, and happily delivered from a fall into that abyss. A rock I may say that demands an uncivil tribute of heedless passengers. Howbeit, out of that formidable path of death we got at length to the top of that imperious mountain, which by its evenness for full fifty miles—such was its breadth from Omoal to Damoan [Damāvand]—and incomparable prospect it afforded made some amends for the danger we had lately passed: for from thence we raised our prospect, so well as the interposing mists would suffer, not only over the breadth of Hyrcania but far into the Caspian Sea, as we apprehended (certain we could not be, seeing it

was above a hundred miles distant), for the reflex of the sun's rays, which are better combined in a plain superficies than where the prospect is over hills and dales, and the air near the sea, by being intermixed with thick and watery vapours, the sea also by a refracted sight presenting itself in a thicker medium, rendered the object less distinguishable; and, save that it was a delight to have an uninterrupted object, little other use could we make of what we saw at that distance, our sight was so imperfect.

Now concerning Taurus, if we were to give that mountain the several names it bears in the different countries it runs through, varying indeed according to their sundry idioms, it would be endless. I shall, therefore, content myself in taking notice of that part thereof which came in our way, and by the natives is called Albors:[1] a mountain of great fame (if not infamous, rather) by reason of that pyre of idol-fire, which (if tradition may be credited) has continued unextinguished for full fifty generations. Furthermore, upon this high mountain it is (say the inhabitants) that Pischyton, eldest son to Gustasp[2] (who in Jacob's day ruled Persia), is, endowed with power of not dying, with thirty other immortal Chyrons,[3] who by Zertoost's doom are to continue there till Doomsday.[4] So as, if any could find the place, they may (in another sense), if thieves meet them, be likewise made immortal.

Here also upon Quequit's high hill are some relics of the furious giantess[5] Lamasaque and of Arneost, her husband, a giant of monstrous shape and proportion. How many cubits he was high is incredible; but armed (as the Persians fabulously report) with two horns as big as the tusks of an elephant; his eyes also were proportionably big, and his tail was like to a cow's; but in fight he was as powerful as Hercules. This great thief and his wife were nevertheless both

slain by Ham-sha-Honcoir, such another soldier as was Saint Roman at Rohan. But, leaving these, let me draw your eyes to our ensuing journey. After many laborious steps we got to a village called Ryna [Rahna], twelve miles short of Damoan; where we beheld a castle, so built upon the best advantages of art and nature that to us it seemed impregnable; for above, it wanted no ground either for peace or war. It had sweet gardens adorned with fruits and flowers, made happy in a rivulet of pure water which springs there, and thence delightfully streams in many meanders into the bottom.

In this place (as a Persian of quality travelling in our company told us) not above five-and-twenty years ago lived Meleck Bahaman [Malik Bahman], who commanded many hills and dales in Gelack[1] and Taurus—a Prince, albeit confined to the middle region, nevertheless forced with cost and care to uphold his dignity both against Tartar and Persian, his great and quarrelsome neighbours: wherein such was his good fortune, and such the mutual love 'twixt him and his subjects, that though often invaded he stood secure—yea, lived to observe the ruin of many his emulous neighbours; his aim only tending to preserve what his predecessors had made him heir unto, and that his grey hairs might go in peace unto an eternal dormitory. Thus thought Bahaman, who also added his endeavours to complete his thoughts. But Abbas, returning from the conquest of Mozendram (having forced Shalley-mirza [Shāh 'Alī Mīrza], son of Abdalla-cawn ['Abdullah Khān], to become his pensioner), unhappily looking up towards this part of Taurus which seemed to threaten him, resolves to be no longer bearded by that mountainous King; but, according to that motto of Tacitus, *Id æquius quod validius*, pretends that from his lofty dwelling he usually pried into his two kingdoms of Media and

Mozendram, by that having the advantage to ransack his towns, rob his caravans, illure [i.e. allure] his worms, anticipate his progress to the Caspian Sea, and to divert many rivers into other sources, which springing from Taurus ſtreamed into Hyrcania and Shervan, and without whose source those provinces would become barren, if not useless. Meleck Bahaman readily finds his drift; and—comparing him with that fable of the wolf, who, drinking at the spring-head, quarrelled with the lamb for troubling his draught when he was quenching his thirſt at the ſtream below—premeditates what answer to return; whilſt Abbas in an impatient delay resolves to try the chance of war, appointing Methiculibeg [Mahdī-Qulī Beg] to proſecute his design, and not return without victory.

This could not be so secretly intended but aged Bahaman had intelligence. At firſt it troubled him, in that his grey hairs were more propense to ease than war; yet, leſt his subjects from his example might be discouraged, he throws away all dull thoughts and as a common father provides for safety; with arms and victuals furnishing his citadel for many years' siege—yea, omitting nothing that might entitle him a careful and expert soldier. In each defensive place he plants a garrison, and other parts lays naked where the enemy might come, that in nothing the country might relieve the Persian. That done, he mews himself, his Queen, his two sons, and ten thousand select men in his caſtle; in that poſture not fearing anything they could attempt.

The Persian General in the meantime with thirty thousand men march againſt him; and at their firſt ascent find the way dangerous by those many showers of darts and ſtones he thundered on them. They firſt grumbled, and then would have tumbled down, had not Methiculibeg by promises and threats encouraged, exposing his own head in the front of danger; so as

after some skirmishes he laid close siege to the castle, where he was told the King and victory was included. Having well viewed this inaccessible fortress, he despaired of taking it, such was the height thereof, and such the perpendicular ascent, two excellent defences art and nature had enriched it with. Nevertheless, some attempts he made, but invalidable: to shoot their arrows at it was one with aiming at the moon. Small shot they had, and lances good store; but of small force to batter rocks. So that, after many tedious assaults and bravadoes (wherein the Persian had stones in requital), the General well knowing that what strength was not able to do ingenuity as the most forcible engine oft effects, he beat a parley, and with many protestations assured them of friendship—yea, that he might the better shadow pretended truth, presents the aged King with tulipants [i.e. turbans], shamsheers [i.e. scimitars], pearls, and other gilded baits, mean enough to angle for a kingdom; entreating him withal to descend and taste a banquet, solemnly swearing by Mortis-Ally, the head of Shaw-Abbas, Paradise, the Eight Orbs, and other usual protestations, that he should come and go with safety, no other reason inducing this invitation but a hearty goodwill he bore him, and from the hopes he had of coming to some agreement. The peaceful King, unused to deceit and war's rotten stratagems, swallows the tempting hook, and believes all for truth; albeit his wife and sons dissuade, giving him instances of like dissimulation. (Credulity is rather a fault than an offence, seeing it hurts none but itself, yet here is proved otherwise.) Neither those nor the tears his men shed to beg his stay, vowing their constancy to the last, could avert his destiny: necessity being governed neither by law nor power. So down he goes without hostages, where he finds the crocodile ready to embrace him with tears of joy; but, after a

short banquet, gives him an iron bed, regarding neither vow, honour, nor engagement: so as Bahaman now too late repents his dotage. The Persian General also thinks all his own, and therefore sends his sons a message of entreaty, but upon a spear's point, the substance being that, if they wished their father's safety, they should come down and have his word engaged for their safe return; otherwise, he would show the old man no mercy.

Nature enriches man with reason, but time with knowledge and experience. Hence, the two gallant youths, regardless of the rodomontados of that treacherous enemy, make this answer: They would believe he was a man of honour and honesty when according to promise he gave the King, their father, his liberty; otherwise he might account them idiots, breach of faith to their father being so notorious; and that from equal reason he might demand the castle and crown as them by whom those were preserved. Adding withal that the King of Persia's ill-grounded ambition would never prosper; for, though he had craftily avoided the epithet of a tyrant, this would rub afresh his former injustice—yea, anatomize him so as all Asia would esteem him ignoble; yea, the world would tax him of dishonourable avarice, who, commanding over many large and fruitful provinces, could not rest contented without the subjugating a nation never wronging him, and vassaling a King whose predecessors had in a larger series and for more ages governed Larry-Joon than Izmael's posterity had done Persia; being withal a country so cold and barren that in the conquest more than title he could not boast of.

Sua retinere privatæ domus, de alienis certare regia laus est, says Tacitus; whilst private men think their own enough, great ones conceive all too little for their ambition. Accordingly Abbas will not be circum-

scribed; this being the usual return great spirits make: *Jus mihi objectas accincto gladio?*—so as without further treaty he invites them from their consolidated cloud to view their father's head off. They, imagining innocence a sure guard, resolutely bid him do if he durst; but withal call to mind how that murder is inexpiable even in their *Alcoran*. Methiculibeg, having torn his fox's skin with overstretching, sees this device prove air, and knows no way now to blow them up, himself being as it were undermined. Yet, giving rage a vent, he stormed it; but the besieged made so good defence that several coozelbashaws there breathed their last, and so many others were maimed that without more ado they fell into a mutiny, resolving to return whilst they had a possibility; upbraiding the General that he knew not how to use a victory, seeing Bahaman was theirs, Mount Taurus theirs; and doubted not the besieged would do homage if the Shaw would accept of it, and that with more credit and less hazard they could oppose the Turk or Indian. The General in so great a strait knew not well what to do; for on the one side, though he could infuse patience and make them stay, he knew not how to take the fort; on the other, if he returned without conquest, he as well knew his head should off, Ferrat-cawn [Farhād Khān], Oliverdi-cawn, Kurchiki-cawn, and other captains for like miscarriage having that year been so rewarded. Therefore in conclusion he resolves upon this wicked device: he releases Bahaman, assuring him his confinement was only to try his temper; that leave was granted him either to go or stay as pleased him, Abbas his master having sent for him: and that he should depart with full satisfaction, could he but see his sons, whom for their valour he had in high esteem; and that, if articles might be signed, it would fetter him in a thousand engagements.

Bahaman, in no wise considering his craft, was

overjoyed at this proposition, for never did music to dull ears sound more melodiously; so as 'tis thought some spell infatuated him. He believes the Persian and dictates a pathetic letter, and is permitted to show his joy to his sons at a distance. A messenger delivers it, and bewitches the Princes with such pishkashes and presents of worth as were sent; which being accepted (fearing to irritate so potent a neighbour, the Queen also provoking them down contrary to the soldiers, who by many submissive dissuasions presaged their ruin), they signed the articles, and, relying on the General's words, descended and were straight conducted to their endeared father, 'twixt whom was expressed as much love and obedience as was possible: the General also seems to bear a part and invites them to a banquet, where death attended. For, when these three were smiling in a mutual consent of love, the General gives the sign, so as at one instant three coozelbashaws with their slicing scimitars whipped off their heads, all three at one instant being made immortal: and ere this villainy was divulged they made themselves masters of the castle, some receiving quarter, othersome destruction. By that wretched policy this late thought indomitable place and nation was subjected. Such was the miserable end of Meleck Bahaman and his two hopeful sons; forgetful of war's subtleties, and how Aladeule,[1] their neighbour King of the Black Mountain, for playing fast and loose with Selim, first Emperor of the Turks, by equal credulity gave a like issue to his life and kingdom. Opposite to this castle is erected the sepulchre of Bahaman's beloved Queen, in the highway as we passed: 'tis of four equilaterals raised above eight yards high, the material stone well squared, and very apparent and comely. The land here was well wooded: for in old times hereabouts grew many lofty trees, which are rare now in these high places.

A long mile from this sepulchre and higher up into the air is the high peak of Damoan, whose top (shaped like a pyramid) surmounts, as some think, all other parts of Taurus: up which defatigating hill nevertheless we crambled [i.e. crawled], but with difficulty, and from whence we had an unlimited horizon. For we could discover thence the Caspian Sea, albeit eight-score miles distant, and not so mistakenly as Alexander, who upon the prospect judged it to be some outbreaking of Palus Meotis [i.e. the Sea of Azof]. Above, it is composed of sulphur, which causes it to sparkle each night like Etna; a pleasant object to the eye, but so offensive to the smell that it requires a nosegay of garlic in the ascending. Hence most parts of Persia and Chaldæa have their brimstone.[1] The reason why we rode up was out of curiosity to see the baths[2] so generally resorted to; the springs in this bath are some hot, some cold, yet rising out of the same mountain: three of them are more private than the rest, being compassed with walls of stone; the other two are open. The first be for those of quality, the other more common; and hither in August diseased people flock apace in very great multitudes, who receive notable cures from those waters, which by their great virtue and medicinal heat deservedly draw thither that concourse of people, not from several parts of Persia only, but more remote countries. The earth is by philosophers called *elementum frigidissimum*, cold and moist; albeit in some places by reason of minerals it be *siccissimum* and of a combustible quality. For naphta and others of a bituminous substance are without doubt the efficient cause of hot springs (such as these here be), and also of subterranean fires, as experience teaches. These hot baths questionless receive their virtue from the mineral veins through which they pass; but what sort of minerals the water has either its heat or tincture from (whether from

sulphur, vitriol, ſteel, or the like) our short ſtay would not discover; and I could learn little of the people, for they were ignorant.

Now whether this mountain derive its name from the adjacent town called Damoan, or the town from it, others may better determine than myself; but from the etymon of the word in the original language, or dialect, of these parts, it ſignifies a Second Plantation. Whence it is that the Jews, who in great numbers inhabit hereabouts (having as they report been ſeated there ever ſince that memorable transplantation from Canaan by Salmanasser, A.M. 3220, mentioned 2 *Kings* xvii. 6), ſpare not to aver (but from a Cabala, or received tradition from their anceſtors) that upon this mountain of Damoan Noah's Ark reſted.[1]

Eaſt of Damoan's high peak is a town called Nova,[2] in which were about a hundred families. A young man, ſon to Hodge Suare [Khwāja Shāhsawār], or Ashuerus (the Perſian merchant that died in London A.D. 1625[3]) and brother to Mahomet, whom we buried at ſea, hearing of our paſſing by, came out, accompanied with ſeveral of his friends and kindred, to invite us to his houſe, which was about a mile thence. He was apparelled in a robe of cloth of gold, had upon his head a tulipant of ſilk, and was gallantly mounted. His mien was good, ſo was his civility: prevailing with the Ambaſſador to go a little out of his way to accept a collation ſuch as the country and ſmall warning could provide, it was with ſuch cheerfulneſs as gave his Lordſhip and reſt of the company good ſatisfaction. Thence we haſted towards Damoan, where, as we deſcended down a ſteep hill, we paſſed by a black tent pitched in a pleaſant place near the road, filled with above thirty women and men, who at firſt I thought were ſolemnizing their *boalia* and *paganalia*, but it proved a wedding. Staying there

awhile, we saw the bride, about ten years of age, but the groom was thirty. Many bridesmaids came out to admire us, whom we no less wondered at; for their faces, hands, and feet were upon that solemn occasion painted in various forms with birds, beasts, castles, and flowers; their arms and legs chained with manillios, or voluntary bracelets, or rather fetters, of brass and silver, which in their morisco [i.e. morris-dance] made them appear not unlike the Arcadian shepherdesses as described in romances. Having presented them with a small offering we left them, that night making Damoan our *manzeel*.

Damoan, whether it be the relic of Ghabor or Halah is uncertain, but by the Jews (in these parts called Jehuds [*jahūdī*]) their long captivity and abode here, seems to be one of them. And that the Avæ and the Cuthæi were transplanted by order of the Assyrian monarch into Samaria from these parts is imagined. It is a town of good repute amongst the Persians: some write it Damawan, but I took it according to their pronunciation. The North Pole is there elevated six-and-thirty degrees twenty minutes; and [the] longitude is eighty-eight. It is included by a skirt of Taurus, in the Kaboncharion province (part of Gelack), and this was the limit of Media to the North. A town pretty well watered it is, for a branch of Gozan refreshes her. Damoan is peopled most part with Jews, who in this place are two hundred families. The bazar is built aloft, and scarce worth the climbing to, except it be to buy wine and fruit, which is had there in plenty and at easy prices. Two days we stayed in Damoan to recreate our wearied bodies; but on the thirteenth of June we departed, and that day rode to Bomaheem [Būmahin], five-and-twenty miles from Damoan.

And, now we are in Media, a word of her. 'Tis divided into Gheylan, Deylan, Vaaz-pracan, and

Thezican. Those are Atropatia, in which we might include part of Armenia, Jelphey or Chiulful being there seated, and Nassivan (Artaxata of old). Shervan has Aderbayon, Harran, Sultania, and Tabriztan, which are in Media Minor. To the North it has Mount Taurus, Parthia to the South, Bactria confines it East, and on the West it has the Greater Armenia and part of Assyria. Pausanias errs in calling this Aria. A rich and puissant country it was in the world's infancy; but, whether by the consuming hand of war or God's justice in revenge of so many holy Christians that Chozroe massacred, I cannot say; but now it is a barren and miserable soil, compared with the phœnix of isles, Great Britain; who, all things considered, equals the best-compacted pleasures of these Asiatic provinces. Nevertheless, it has been fruitful you may say, if Pope Pius II took his information right out of Strabo, as that a hippobotos, or horse-pasture, here should nourish fifty thousand breeders, of which the Nysæan race was most of price—so-called from the city Nisa, one of Bacchus his towns which Hydaspes watered. The course of which river is much controverted, some placing it in Assyria, others in Media, but Plutarch rightly in India: *apud omnes satis constat Hydaspen, fluvium Indiæ non Mediæ*, etc., being indeed a branch of the river Indus. Here also Alexandropolis was founded by Alexander, of which at this day nothing remains. And albeit by the report of writers this country was then verdant and pasturable, yet little grass is to be found at this day, not only here but over most part of the Persian monarchy, save in valleys and where rivers are; but instead thereof camels abound, who make a shift to live even in sandy deserts, and crop the boughs of trees or shrubs which rarely they meet with. The dromedary and it are of one descent, but vary according to the country they breed in: in Bactria and Persia they have but

one gib [i.e. hump], or bunch, the Arabian being oft-times double. In Gesner's *History of Quadrupeds*[1] the giraffe is also mentioned: a spotted beast, with a neck much longer than a camel's, the forelegs longer than the hinder, begot, says he, by a male camel on a female panther. But no such beast in Persia either could we see or hear of. [As for camels,] the males in rutting time burn with too much heat, and grow foaming frantic towards copulation; yet, as some write, in that distraction will by no means commit incest, nor will they go willingly without their consort. They couple backward, go great ten months, commonly have but one at a birth, which they suckle two years apart from company, not losing their milk by a second conception. They live three-score years, labour much, feed little; refrain drink three days, but then quench their thirst immeasurably. Their milk is cordial; their flesh rank and lean; yet in Asia preferred before beef, veal, or pork, which I suppose is because that Mahomet's *Alcoran*, or rather Ozman's parody,[2] commends it. For, albeit camel's flesh was of old eaten by the Oriental nations, as Diodorus writes, yet *camelus cibus est insalubris*, says Galen.

From Bomaheem we travelled to Tyroan.

Tyroan [Tehrān] by her continued greatness, antiquity, and station seems to be that Rhazunda which Strabo mentions. Seated it is in the midst of a large level, or plain; and, albeit at a distance it be environed with hills, yet one way it affords a large horizon. The air is temperate in the morning and towards sunset, but in the sun's meridian we found it very hot. The houses are of white bricks hardened by the sun. The city has about three thousand houses,[3] of which the Duke's and the bazar are the fairest—yet neither to be admired. The market is divided into two; some parts thereof is open, and other part arched. A rivulet in two branches streams

through the town, serving withal both groves and gardens, who for such a favour return a thankful tribute to the gardener. Adjoining the city, the King has a very large garden fenced with a high wall of mud, no less in circuit than the city. The house where we lodged overtopped all the rest; from whose high terrace, early one morning, I took a prospect both of city and country. I could perceive thence that most of the masters of families slept nightly with their seraglios upon the tops of their houses, which were spread with carpets; some (I easily perceived) had three, some six, women about them, wrapped in *cambolines*,[1] or fine linen; but this curiosity (or rashness rather) had like to have cost me dearly, the penalty being an arrow into his brains that dares to do it; which, but for the privilege of the place and that I was in my own country habit, had been executed. The caravans'-lodge here for elegancy far exceeds the *mechit*.[2] The inhabitants are pretty stately, the women lovely, and both curious in novelties; but the jealousy of the men confines the temper of the weaker sex; yet by that little they adventured at, we might see *vetitis rebus gliscit voluntas*. Zenal-chan[3] was Sultan of this city, a man of little worth in our apprehension; for, albeit he had been Ambassador from Shaw-Abbas to Rodolph II, the German Emperor, which no doubt instructed him in some punctilios of good breeding and expressing of civilities to strangers, nevertheless, whether his late employment or his favour with Abbas or his wealth or rather his vexation for Nogdi-beg, his cousin, all or some of these made him so very discourteous, that, albeit our Ambassador in civility sent to visit him, he returned a slight thanks without a re-visit; which we thought barbarous. The Pole Arctic is elevated in Tehrān thirty-five degrees forty minutes; four-score in longitude.

From Tehrān we travelled to a village called Charah,

an inhospitable place; for it afforded us, instead of sustenance, torment, such as the scalding sand and frying sun could operate. Nevertheless in old times this has been of that repute as gave name to the country round about it. But at this day save this small glimpse nothing remaineth. From hence to Tauris is two days' riding.[1]

Tauris [Tabrīz], the late Median metropolis, is situate in that part of Media which of old from one of Alexander's great officers was called Atropatia. The Turk and Persian call it Taberyz and Teveris. By the name of Ecbatan she was best known, and had then her most magnificence; for, saith Strabo, it was fifteen Italian miles about, having walls strong and stately, seventy cubits high and fifty broad, beautified with many lofty turrets and battlements; and the like we have in *Judith*. Within were numbered many noble palaces, but that which Daniel built (the mausoleum afterwards of the Median Kings) was most magnificent, which remained entire and undemolished in Josephus his time and somewhiles after; that built by Darius was no less splendid, for most part was of cedar-wood, the roof being studded and plated with burnished gold: of both which nothing now remains save memory; and I can hardly say memory, since some (but frivolously) make question whether Tabrīz be old Ecbatan, and whether it be in Media or no. But if to be under Baronta, if to be 36 degr. 50 minutes, if to show the ruins of Tobias his grave, if to be the burial-place of kings, if to be the metropolis time out of mind, if to be the city from Jerusalem N.E. four hundred farsangs can make it Ecbatan; or if the authority of Ananias,[2] Petrus de la Valle, Leunclavius,[3] Teixeira, and Ortelius will serve, it will then appear to be Ecbatan in Media; and the rather from this additional authority out of Polybius: *Media sita in meditullio Asiæ regio est opulentissima, cujus caput est Ecbatana.*[4]

Tabrīz, then, is a city both great and populous, famous for an inland trade, and so well governed that it is no terror to such as repair to buy and sell there, for all it is a garrison. The situation is near the mountain Orontes,[1] or rather Baronta, which is a part of Taurus. It is compassed with a mud wall five miles about; the houses after the common mode are flat at top; their material sun-dried bricks. The bazar large, the gardens lovely: that to the South-east was planted by King Tamas and much spoken of, but the Turk's horses have lately grazed there. It hath but a small supply of fresh water, yet what it lacks in that, fire and flame supply, the sun, war's rage, and civil broils having more than sufficiently parched her. Tabrīz is distant from Qazvīn seven days' easy journey; from the Mare Caspium, as many; from Araz (a city of good commerce in silks, and through which Araxis streams), six; from Derbent, eight; from Isfahān, seventeen; from Shīrāz, thirty; from Ormus, fifty; from Jerusalem, fifty; from Aleppo, thirty; and from Babylon, thirty or thereabouts.

Three days' journey from hence is Sumachy [see p. 137], which some pronounce Shamakie, a town consisting of four thousand houses or thereabouts; well peopled and of good resort by merchants from Russia and Armenia, being thence the roadway to Qazvīn. The North Pole is here elevated 39 degr. Situate it is in that part of Media called Atropatia by old writers, and pretends that it had its foundation laid by Shamuc Zeddaule [Shammākh ibn Shuja] A.D. 990, Heg. 370, from whom probably it took its name, having some coherence with it. The ground is good in which 'tis seated, and watered by a pretty river, so as it bears both corn and grapes in plenty; and, though the place be level, it nevertheless has a large and delightful prospect towards the North-west; but of most remark is a fountain, or spring, near the

town, which, instead of sweet water, sends forth a Stygian liquor, thick and clammy, both in colour and taste resembling tar, and not unlike that bituminous liquid substance at Hait [Hit] upon Euphrates, in the highway as travellers pass from Baghdad to Aleppo. This only is in much less quantity, and not put to like uses.

Tabrīz was the royal seat of several Kings, the last of which was Obdolo-chawn [Abdullah Khān], who died and was here buried A.D. 1566, Heg. 946, leaving behind him a son called Syrvan-Sha, who, finding himself unable to sway a sceptre so near to Abbas, the Persian King, prudentially submitted his royalty, and enrolled himself a tributary Prince under his empire. Now, albeit the city is commonly reputed of good defence, yet it was unable to keep out the Turkish army at such time as that old fretful wretch Mustapha with fire and sword invaded those parts and turned most of the towns and villages into ashes; this place especially parching by the heat of his wrath, and the inhabitants suffering under the edge of his merciless sword, the heads of so many of the besieged being upon the surrender whipped off as raised a monumental pillar, which served as a trophy to express his savage fancy.

Next night we made our *manzeel* at Sangurrabaut [Sangarābād], a town consisting of a hundred cottages. In this place we buried a civil gentleman, Mr Welflit, our comrade and countryman, under a broad-spreading chenaer-tree, and fixed a brazen scroll over him which spake his name and nation. This was the utmost we could do in that posture we were.

From Tabrīz[1] we travel through Sultany [Sultānīeh] to Qazvīn, the hills Zagri and Coatri interposing. And next night slept in the open fields under a bespangled canopy, the firmament; the next in Shaw-De [Shāhendih], i.e. the King's town, his purgatory

rather, if a conspiracy of loose and scalding sand, burning sun, and mean cottages could make one; for the houses there differ little in shape or closeness from ovens, so as the people all day bake themselves in them instead of caves and grottoes, which serve well to abate the extreme ardour of the sun: a people so discourteous that our misery nothing afflicted them. Now, in regard that the heat derived from the sun arises from the reflection of his beams darted upon the surface of the earth, where the sun casts his beams perpendicular (which is only within the torrid zone) the heat where the reflex is most must by consequence be greatest. But that the heat should so exceed here at such a distance from the tropic was doubtless from the quality of the earth and inflamed air that render it so intemperate to us, though better endured by the natives, who from their cradles are inured to it. Custom is a second nature. From that hateful town we hasted, and next night got into Qazvīn.

CHAPTER VII

At Qazvin.—Deaths of Sherley and of Cotton.—The Mission returns.

Cazbyn (or Kazvin, after the lisp of Persia) is that same city which was known to ancient topographers by the name of Arsacia or Arsisaca, which Strabo mentions: so named from Arsaces, that valiant Persian who ruled here A.M. 3720, and from whom the ensuing Kings, *honoris gratia*, were styled Arsacidæ. This was two hundred and fifty years before the Incarnation of our Saviour Christ, and is accounted the first that made Media an Empire in despite of that Seleuchus, who was son to the great monarch of Syria, Antiochus, surnamed Theos. By command of Nycanor it was afterwards called Europus, but lost that name when it bended under the next conquest.

Whence the word Cazbyn is fetched I could not learn; but I suppose from Cowz-van, i.e. a vale of barley, as Sheir-van is a vale of milk, etc., or else from King Cazvan, as they call Acembeg the Armenian; or may it not be the relict of Casbira, an old city which Strabo placed here? For, if I should deduce it from Chazbi, as the seventy interpreters[1] translate it in *Gen.* xxxviii. 5, or from Casiphia, whence several of the Levites and Jews transplanted by Salmanassar and by order of Artaxerxes were led back to build the temple at Jerusalem (as in *Ezra* viii. 17), or otherwise from Casapa in Hyrcania, as some have fancied, it would relish of too much affectation. The signification of *Exile* is unknown by interpretation or occasion to the inhabitants, except the broacher of that conceit had recourse to the idiom of the old Parthians. Heylin[2] in his *Geography*

makes this city and Isfahān one, in which conjecture he is mistaken.

The North Pole is here elevated 36 degrees and 15 minutes, longitude 85 degrees 30 minutes. By King Tamas, son of Ismael, it was made the metropolis of this monarchy, the better to affront the Ottomans. The kingdom it stands in is Media; the province Shervan, that part which is called Deylan. Qazvīn is at this day, for multitude of buildings and inhabitants, the chief in Media, and equal for grandeur to any other city in the Persian Empire, Isfahān excepted. It is seated in a very large and fair even plain, no hill of note in thirty miles' compass overlooking her; a champaign it is, yielding grain and grapes; but little wood saw I growing there. Here Ephestion (Alexander's favourite) was buried; but the monument upon which the Macedonian conqueror expended twelve thousand talents is not now to be seen, for time has devoured it. It has a small stream flowing from Abonda (Baronta of old) which gives the thirsty drink and mellows the gardens, from whence by its refreshment and the people's industry they have abundance of fruits, rice, roots, and flowers in variety. I think the reason why we saw no great rivers in any place is from their forcing it into sluices and channels under the earth, to bring it by subterranean passages to such towns as have none but by that kind of derivative: insomuch that, if Indus, Euphrates, and Ganges were amongst them (I mean where the country is most peopled), doubtless they would make them kiss the sea in five hundred ostiums, or branches. Such fruits as I remember we saw here were grapes, oranges, limes, lemons, pomecitrons, musk- and water-melons, plums, cherries, peaches, apricots, figs, gooseberries, pears, apples, pistachios, filberts, hazelnuts, walnuts, almonds, and excellent pomegranates; dates there were also, but such as came from Laristan. And

several gardens we saw here very pleasant; for, being furnished with trees of several sorts and watered with fresh springs, they become replenished with fruits and flowers of several kinds besides those lately mentioned; which, together with the warbling birds that are numerous there, render the place extraordinarily delightful.

Qazvīn is circled with a wall, but of little force against an adversary; the compass is about seven miles: families are towards twenty thousand; and the people not fewer than two hundred thousand that live there. The bazars are large and pleasant, but inferior to some about her. The Maydan is uniform and beautiful. The King's palace and haram are nigh the great market: low it is, built of raw bricks, varnished [i.e. embellished] after the mode of Paynim painting, in blue, red, and yellow tinctures, mixed with Arabic knots and letters of azure and gold. The windows are large, trellised and neatly carved. Within it is of usual splendour; most of the rooms be arched, the roofs and sides neatly painted in grotesque; the ground was also richly spread with carpets of silk and gold, than which no potentate in the world has more or better. And here 'tis worth the remembering what Mortis-Ally (Omer's General) took from Jezdgird, the Persian King, when he was vanquished—a carpet that was sixty cubits square, very curiously wrought with figures and precious stones of several colours resembling flowers; whose border had the representation of the earth, beautified with herbs and flowers as in the spring; and the materials with which it was woven were silk, silver, gold, and stones of inestimable value: by which it appears that this excellent art of carpet-making was anciently practised in Persia.

Near the palace-gate is a great tank, or magazine, of water, made at the common charge, and almost finished at our being here. The hummums, or

sweating-places, are many, and resplendent in the azure pargeting and tiling wherewith they are ceruleated: the vulgar buildings also content the inhabitants, but to a discerning eye yield little admiration. The gardens are many and large; but with those in Isfahān and Shīrāz not to be compared. The *mechits* are not two-thirds so many as John of Persia computed long ago to be above 600;[1] nor those so fastidious in pyramidal aspirings, nor curious in architecture, nor inside glory, as in many lesser towns. So as I cannot enlarge her praise, save that in spring and autumn I believe it may be a temperate and enticing climate; but in summer and winter extreme in contraries, the sun frying them with his oblique flaming glances, and *hiems* [i.e. winter] awhile no less benumbing them with his icicles.

Here we met the Potshaw again, who got into Qazvīn two days before us; and at his entrance into the seat-royal, instead of distributing the accustomed royal benevolence of giving a crown-piece to all the women at his return after a long progress (which the ancient Kings of Persia ever used, and Alexander doubled to those that were with child, and for omitting which Ochus[2] is taxed), Abbas exercised his severity. For it seems that forty camels entering laden with tobacco out of India (the drivers being ignorant of a late prohibition, the King sometimes commanding and restraining as reason of State invited), Mahomet Ally-beg, the favourite (wanting his pish-kash), commanded the penalty be executed, which was to crop their ears and snip their noses; offering withal to his angry justice a dismal sacrifice of forty load of tobacco, which was put into a deep hole that served as a pipe, and, being inflamed, in a black vapour gave the citizens *gratis* for two whole days and nights an unpleasing incense.

After some stay, Sir Dodmore Cotton, to quicken

his dispatch, visited Mahomet Ally-beg, who, according to his education, entertained the Ambassador with a supercilious look, advising him to trust his secrets to his cabinet, wherein, as he would have him to understand, the mysteries of the whole State were locked; the King by reason of other great affairs expressing a willingness that it should be so. The Ambassador in any other place than Persia might have slighted his proposition; but, perceiving no other remedy and desiring to haste home, imparted so much as he saw necessary. In answer to which, he soon perceived that touching Sir Robert Sherley he was to expect no further satisfaction, his adversary being dead and at the Caspian Sea the King having sufficiently honoured him; but to speak truly, the Potshaw had then no affection for him, when probably by reason of his old age he was disabled to do him further service; adding (but out of an enemy's mouth) that his embassies to the Princes of Christendom were but compliments of ordinary moment. But when our Ambassador objected he was in person there to justify his commission, that he had the King's letter-of-credence signed and stamped by the Shaw himself, and that it had been a dangerous presumption for Sir Robert Sherley to look Shaw-Abbas in the face had he been an impostor, the favourite was convinced, we thought; for he had no further objection, save that, so our Ambassador pleased to lend him that firman Sir Robert Sherley brought for his justification, he would return it him next day, with his master's sense concerning it.

It was no small vexation to our Ambassador to treat in this sort by proxy; but *necessitas cogit ad turpia* is an old saying; and three days passed ere Mahomet Ally-beg would either vouchsafe to return the letter or give that satisfaction he promised. Howbeit, at length he came in person and told the Ambassador

that the King had looked upon it, denied it to be his, and in passion burnt it; and that Sir Robert Sherley had liberty to depart. Now, albeit our Ambassador very well knew this undue practice, yet it was in vain to challenge the pragmatic pagan; nor knew he any recourse by justice to ease himself, such was the constitution of that time and place; and, by the inquiry then made, it was very well understood how that he never showed it the King, nor had made further scrutiny concerning it. The truth is, he was bribed, but by whom is not necessary to be mentioned; for Abbas by this got the worst, seeing in this transaction he was dishonoured; otherwise his justice and prudence would have appeared more to Sir Robert's vindication. Besides, the discontent he expressed against Nogdibeg (as noted) and Ebrahim-chan, his son, who durst not appear at Court while Sir Robert Sherley was there, nor many months after till Zenal-chan [Zainal Khān] had mediated his peace (albeit not he but his father had offended), made it as apparent as the sun that there was juggling. The truth is, the wicked practice of these parts is such that, when any are superannuated, according to the proverb, seeing they can do no more work they are to expect no more wages; and accordingly Sir Robert Sherley through old age being disabled to serve the Persians, that made them both slight his person and retrench his pension, even then when he most expected subsistence and merited their best acknowledgments.

And hence came those discontents, nay that arrow of death, that arrested him; for upon the thirteenth of July[1] (in less than a fortnight after our entering Qazvīn) he gave this transitory world an *ultimum vale* in his great climacteric.[2] A family of so good antiquity that the naming serves to illustrate it without any hyperbole. This gentleman made good the old proverb that 'tis better to die honourably than to live

with obloquy. And (wanting a fitter place for burial) we laid him under the threshold of his door without much noise or other ceremony. He was brother to two gallant gentlemen, Sir Anthony and Sir Thomas Sherley, deservedly ranked amongst the greatest travellers of their times, and (by their great experience) qualified for most eminent services, both civil and martial. So as in the due encomium of such, give me leave to apply what learned Casaubon has observed upon Strabo: *Etenim poetæ prudentissimos heroum pronunciant eos qui multis peregrinationibus usi sunt et varia loca pervagati, multorum vidisse hominum cum moribus urbes.* Together with that of *Eccles.* xxxiv. 9, where (in the old translation) 'tis said: "A man that hath travelled understandeth much; and he that hath good experience talketh of wisdom: but he that hath no experience knoweth little. When I travelled to and fro, I saw many things, and my understanding was greater than I was able to express; oftentimes was I in danger of death, but by those things I had deliverance." In some measure verified in these brethren; who in passing through strange countries escaped many dangers, wherein nevertheless they reaped much honour, and in which variety this gentleman had his share; and no less tasted of sundry Princes' favours. For, by Rodolph II he was created a Palatine of the Empire; by Pope Paul III an Earl of the sacred palace of Lateran, from whence he was empowered to legitimate the Indian bastards; and from the Persian monarch he received several honourable commands, and for whom he performed some memorable services; but when he most expected thanks, found least, in his old age, even when he best deserved.

Let it not seem impertinent if I add somewhat to the deserving memory of his wife, that thrice-worthy and heroic lady, Teresia. The country she first drew breath in was Circassia, adjoining Georgia, and 'twixt

the Northerly parts of the Black and Caspian Seas. She was of Christian parentage and honourable descent. Her first relation to the Court was by being sent up to attend the Sultana, and by that means became sequestered to the haram, where are many hundred virgins admitted whom the King seldom or never sees; and, for aught I could hear, to the King she was no otherwise related. He nevertheless has power to dispose of such of them as he pleases to his officers, who esteem it no small honour to receive a wife from his royal hands. According to which custom the Emperor of Persia presented her to Sir Robert Sherley as a testimony of his respect; which lady was a constant companion to him in all his fortunes until death.

Such time as her beloved lord lay dead, and she half-dead through a long dysentery, to add to her affliction one John, a Dutchman (rather a Jew), a painter,[1] regarding neither her sex, profession, nor disconsolate condition, complots with Mahomet-Ally-beg, her husband's enemy, to ruin her; pretending an engagement her husband was in to one Crole, a Fleming;[2] and, knowing he was dead, referred himself to the testimony of the defunct to witness it, having no other evidence, it seems, to prove the debt. She might have paid them by like sophistry, that, if the dead man would affirm it, she would satisfy it. But the pretended creditors haste to the *cawsee* [*kāzī*, judge] for a warrant to attach her goods. Howbeit a faithful honest gentleman of our company, Mr Robert Hedges by name, happily having notice, hastens to her house, and advises her to make quick conveyance of her goods; which the poor lady readily hearkens to, and forthwith tears the satin quilt she lay upon, showing that virtue a stronger could not have bettered; and, taking thence a cabinet which contained some jewels of value, being indeed the all

was left her, entreats that worthy gentleman to safeguard them till the danger was over. He readily obeys; and was no sooner departed when John the Boor enters with his catchpoles, who (without any apology for their rudeness or pity to her distress) broke open her chests, and plundered her of what was valuable—for some rich vests, costly turbans, and a dagger of great price they took away; but finding no jewels (such they had seen him wear, and the rich ostrich-feather also, which they had worried in their ostrich-appetite), they were madded at that disappointment, and made her horses, camels, and asses (being all the personal estate they could then come by) bear them company, not caring if the lady starved. The gentleman, so soon as the storm was past, returned, and besides words of comfort gladded her heart in delivering her her jewels again—of double value by that escape: without which I am persuaded her other fortune reached not to fifty pounds—a small provision for so noble a lady, especially seeing money is so useful in those uncharitable regions. But God provided better for her and beyond expectation, having, as I hear, since placed her in Rome, where of late years she lived with more freedom and outward happiness.[1]

Omnia quæ de terra sunt in terram convertentur we learn from *Eccles.* xl. 11. And in order thereto, like discontents, long conflict with adverse dispositions, and fourteen days consuming of a flux (occasioned as I thought by eating too much fruit or sucking in too much chill air upon Taurus) brought that religious gentleman, Sir Dodmore Cotton, our Ambassador, to an immortal home: the 23rd of July (eleven days after Sir Robert Sherley's death) he bade this world adieu. Our duty commanding us to see him buried in the best sort we could, we obtained a dormitory for him amongst the Armenian graves; who also with their priests and

people very civilly assisted the ceremony. His horse (which was led before) had a velvet saddle and cloth upon his back; his coffin was covered with a crimson satin quilt (black they account not of) lined with purple taffeta; upon his coffin were laid his Bible, sword, and hat. Mr Hedges, Mr Stodart, Mr Emery, Mr Molam, Dick the Interpreter, and such others of his followers as were healthy attended the corpse; and Doctor Goch,[1] his lordship's chaplain, buried him: where his body rests in hope till the Resurrection.

The burial of our three[2] Ambassadors (you cannot otherwise imagine) was no small discouragement to the progress of our travel, being as a body without a head. For, though the Pot-shaw seemed to commiserate us as persons left desolate in a strange country (as an assurance of his respect having sent each of us two vests of cloth of gold), yet were we convinced that he may well call himself a miserable man whose welfare depends upon the smiles of Persia. We prepared, therefore, to be gone; but could not till Mahomet Ally-beg gave his consent. Long attendance we danced ere we could procure a firman for our safe travel and that letter we desired from Shaw-Abbas to our most gracious Sovereign; but at length importunity prevailed; so as we got it, wrapped up in a piece of cloth of gold, fastened with a silken string, with a stamp of Arabic letters curiously gilded upon paper very sleek and chamleted[3] with red and blue, agreeable to the mode of Persia.

The King's firman was thus interpreted: *The High and Mighty* Star; *whose* Head *is covered with the* Sun; *whose* Motion *is comparable to the* Firmament; *whose* Imperial Majesty *is come from* Asharaff, *and hath dispatched the Lord Ambassador of the* English *King*, etc. *The command of the* Great King *is*, *That his Followers be conducted from our Palace of* Qazvīn *to* Saway [Sāveh],

by the Daraguod[1] *of* Saway *to the City of* Coom, *and by the* Sultan *of* Coom *to the City of* Cashan, etc., *through all my* Territories. *Fail not my Command. I also command them a safe travel.*

July: Bahmen, Heg. 1008.[2]

After thirty days' ſtay in Qazvīn, about the midſt of July[3] we willingly bade farewell to the Persian Court. But ere we go far let me give Mahomet Ally-beg, our small friend, his reward, that others may know him. His birthplace was Parthia;[4] his *Almuten* calculated, the aspect was found happy; and in him the Machiavellian motto verified, that a drachm of good fortune is better than a pound of virtue. In a happy minute Abbas by accident caſting his eye upon him, magic infusion it had, it seems; for from a very mean condition he was called to Court, robed in gold, and quickly made the magnet of Persia. So that we see there is no soul so base but is capable in some degree of exalted virtue; as appears in this example: for by being a favourite he quickly became *regis aures et oculi*; and of such reputation that he was acknowledged the idol of the time, entruſted by the King, and in a short space acquainted not only with the intrigues of State but quickly learned to ſteer the helm of Persia. His yearly income at our being there by many was eſtimated *viis et modis* upwards of 100,000 pounds ſterling;[5] which may well be, seeing scarce any Mirza, Cawn, Sultan, or Beglerbeg that depended on the Potshaw's smiles, but in an awful compliment had no other way to make him their friend but by some annual pish-kash or other. His wealth and favour with the King made him vainglorious, and with delight beheld himself in a false glass which represented him much greater than he was—a humour (as one well observes) so poisonous that it usually swells the bladder of vanity with so much wind of ambition as makes men conceive they shall evermore

be Fortune's darling; but Fortune not seldom in sport, like the eagle with the tortoise, raises them aloft, on purpose to make their descent the greater. A favourite, therefore, in the height of his prosperity ought in prudence to contemplate his slippery ſtanding, and how that Fortune is in nothing so conſtant as inconſtancy. His presence was comely; his countenance pleasant, made the more amiable by many complimental smiles. He was of a big full body; large eyes and nose he had, and muſtachios in excess: at this time aged about forty, a third of which he had been Fortune's minion. But, no sooner was old Abbas by impartial death ſtruck from the helm of Persia, and young Soffee made the royal ſteersman, when Mahomet's supercilious looks were humbled; yea, his splendour (in the setting of his maſter) quickly darkened. For Mahomet-Ally-beg his imperious disposition and avarice heaped moſt men's contempt upon him, insomuch as any now dares brand him with becoming epithets; and his eſtate being so vaſt, the very weight threatened to press him to ruin. In this we also see that virtue is the beſt basis for nobility —an ornament that gives Princes' courts the beſt luſtre, albeit favourites and great officers seldom trace her ſteps, as if inglorious, but such rather as suit with their ambition, and have a tendency to delight and advantage. This makes the people sigh, beholding the wicked in authority (*Prov.* xxix. 2). Of all others the Shirazian Dynaſt moſt affrighted him when he darted him frowns of death; but a black miſt of unexpected deſtruction fuming from young Soffee's brows (of the right ſtock) sent Emangoly firſt to an untimely grave, and soon after the Beglerbeg his son to bear him company: neither to be descended of loyal and princely sires, to have Abbas his oath of safety, to be Protector of Persia during the nonage of the infant King, to have famoused the crown by

many heroic services, nor to be Emangoly-cawn could repel the deadly shaft of jealousy; but in the meridian of his course and glory, in the extreme of his hopes, and when so long a farewell was leaſt thought on, he and his are hewn down, his pride amongſt the natives, perfidy to the English, his cruelty at Ormus in Arabia crying for revenge. In which examples we see fulfilled, that as nothing is more proud, so nothing is more miserable than man. While Mahomet-Ally-beg shakes off his rags of discontent, and afresh ingratiates himself; at this day moving in a sphere of greatness.

Abbas, the Persian Emperor, was of ſtature low, of a quick aspect, his eyes small and flaming, without any *palpebræ*, or hair, over them: he had a low forehead, but a high and hawked nose, sharp chin, and after the mode of Persia was upon the chin beardless; his muſtachios were exceeding long and thick, and turned downwards.[1] He was born in the year of Mahomet 938,[2] King of Hery [i.e. Hirāt] fifty years, Emperor of Persia, etc., forty-three, died, aged seventy, in the year of our account 1628,[3] of their era 1008,[4] in Qazvīn.[5] His heart, bowels, and carcass were parted, and buried in Ally-Mosched [Meshed ?], in Qazvīn, in Ardaveil [Ardabīl], or at Qum, some say; so as few, it seems, know the certainty of this distribution.

The Eaſtern monarchs at this day continue the cuſtom of their predecessors, who delight more in epithets of virtue than in titles of kingdoms. They accounted it an effeminate vainglory to ſtuff their letters, or, when they sent their Ambassadors abroad to foreign States, to gild their greatness, by accumulation of names of provinces: in which respect the German Emperor got little in the late letter he sent Abbas; the beginning of which was so filled with titles of his Empire that, after he had heard half a

PLATE X

SHAH ABBAS

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dozen, he had no patience to ſtay the reading of the reſt. Which also is the reason that the Muscovite (unless necessity enforce) seldom or never sends thither his Ambassadors. Nevertheless, the prolixity of titles and epithets is no less redundant in another kind, adorning his letters and dispatches with hyperboles of his resemblance to the sun, his affinity to the ſtars, and agreement with the sweeteſt and rareſt sorts of fruit, flowers, gems, etc. As also with the epithets of wise, famous, sweet, victorious, merciful, juſt, beautiful, courageous, etc. Howbeit, the titles of the Persian monarch may be these:[1]

A B B A S Emperor, or Potshaw of 1 Persia, 2 Parthia, 3 Media, 4 Baƈtria, 5 Ortispana, 6 Chorasan, and 7 Aria; King of the Ouzbeg 8 Tartar, 9 Hyrcania, 10 Draconia, 11 Evergeta, 12 Parmenia, 13 Hydaspia, 14 Sogdiana, 15 Paropamisa, 16 Drangiana, 17 Arachosia, 18 Mergiana, 19 Carmania, 20 Gedrosia, and as far as 21 Indus; Sultan of 22 Ormus, 23 Chorra, 24 Arabia, 25 Susiana, 26 Chaldæa, 27 Mesopotamia, 28 Georgia, 29 Armenia, 30 Iberia, 31 Mengrellia; Mirza, or Prince, of the Imperious Mountains of 32 Ararat, 33 Taurus, 34 Caucasus, and 35 Periardo; Commander of all Creatures from the 36 Caspian Sea to the 37 Gulf of Persia; Lord of the four rivers of Paradise, 38 Euphrates, 39 Tigris, 40 Araxis, and 41 Indus; Of true descent from Mortis-ally; Governor of all Sultans; Emperor of Mussulmans; Bud of Honour; Mirror of Virtue; Rose of Delight, etc.

1 Pharsy, 2 Arac, 3 Shervan, 4 Sableſtan, 5 Candahor, 6 Tocharisſtan, 7 Erey, 8 Zagathai, 9 Mozendram, 10 Turqueſtan, 11 Syrgian, 12 Phargan, 13 Thalecan, 14 Maurenahar, 15 Kalsiſtan, 16 Sigiſtan, 17 Maqueron, 18 Iſtigiaz, 19 Kyrman, 20 Lariſtan & Cizcan, 21 Syndè, 22 Armusia, 23 Larr, 24 Jaziry, 25 Chusiſtan, 26 Keldan, 27 Diarbec, 28 Georgè, 29 Armeny, 30 Karkash, 31 Vaspracan, 32 Aramnoh, 33 Tauracow, 34 Naugracott, 35 Jarval, 36 Deriob-Korasan, 37 Deriob-Farsee, 38 Phrat, 39 Diglah, 40 Arass 41 Syndè.

We left Qazvīn about ten at night, thereby avoiding the sun's too much warmth; and at his first discovery from the Antipodes got into Perissophoon [Farsian], a small town, but memorable in the sweet, cool water we had there to quench our thirst with; an element more useful than fire in sunburnt Asia. Our next *manzeel* was at Asaph. At Begun[1] our next; observable in a royal caravanserai, or hospital of charity, erected at the cost and care of Tahamas, late King of Persia. And, did the water (which is brackish and unhealthy there) but correspond with other delights it has, it might merit better commendation. To Saway [Sāveh] we got next night; a town both great and fruitful. But that it is the ruin of old Tygranocerta, i.e. Tigrani-civitas (as Bonacciolus[2] guesses) I cannot credit, seeing most place that city in Media Superior or Artropatia, neighbouring Armenia. But that it was Messabatha or Artacana I more easily believe. The Pole is here raised 35 degrees 7 minutes. A city I may call it, pleasantly upon a rising hill giving ground to twelve hundred houses, a sweet rivulet [the Mazdaqān river] from the mountain Baronta refreshing it; from which and the people's industry the thankful earth retributes a tribute in variety of choice fruits and grain, as wheat, rice, barley, figs, pomegranates, olives, and honey. I am sure of this, no place I ever came in more delighted me for aerial music; and, of all the choir, the nightingale, twenty together (here called *Bulbuls*) claiming the pre-eminence—refreshment very acceptable to weary travellers.

Our next night's travel was over large plains, raised a little in many places by artificial mounts, and here and there cut into trenches: notable, no doubt, in many gallant encampings. By this we are entered Coom [Qum], where, having refreshed our scorched and wearied bodies three days, of so noble a

place I could not choose but make this following observation.

Qum (in the latitude of 34 degrees 40 minutes) is a city at this day of special note in Parthia, placed in the mid-way betwixt those two royal cities Qazvīn and Isfahān: a city which (if same say true) for antiquity and quondam greatness gives place to no other in Persia. Notwithstanding, some there be, and that of approved authority, who take this city rather than Isfahān to be that which by reason of its hundred gates the Grecians termed Hecatompulos; and may be granted, seeing the latitude is the same which Ptolemy gives it. Nor was this place less considerable for magnitude than antiquity; for κατ' ἐξοχὴν [i.e. *par excellence*] by Arabian geographers it is one of the four best cities that empire had; and the inhabitants have a tradition that for bulk it was once comparable unto Babylon. Friar Odoricus de Friuli[1] also reports it to have been full fifty miles in circumference, and that for greatness it gave not place to any other city in Asia. Howbeit, the circuit it then had cannot by any marks now extant be discovered; but that it was a large town is discernible both by the rubbish appearing in several places, the foundation of temples, and other public structures.

The name this city now bears has been variously pronounced, according to the different dialect of nations: some call it Coim; others Kom, and Kome; Oderic calls it Como; but the Arabian geographers Comm. The situation, nevertheless, is unanimously agreed to be in a large and delightful plain, the country for some miles about very fruitful in its soil, and the air exceeding sweet, seldom clouded with fogs or parched with heat save when the sun passes from the vernal equinox to the Northern tropic. The breezes also seldom fail them, which allays the heat, likewise abated by those fruitful gardens they have,

whose trees are their best umbrellas for refreshment as well as shade, bearing store of delicious fruits, namely grapes, pomegranates, melons of all sorts, pomecitrons, plums, pears, pistachios, almonds, apples, quinces, cherries, figs, walnuts, small nuts, berries, and the best wheat in Persia (Gumbazellello [see p. 118] excepted). The peach, or *Mala Persica*, is also here abounding; a fruit and leaf so much resembling man's heart and tongue that the Egyptian priests dedicated it to their Goddess Isis as the hieroglyphic of affection.

The city has about two thousand houses, most of them of more than common structure—well-built, well-formed, well-furnished. The streets are spacious; the bazar beautiful; but the city is now unwalled, according to the usual mode of cities in Asia. The mosque is famous and venerable, having been richly and beautifully adorned by enshrining the body of once amiable Fatima, Mortis-Ally's wife, daughter and heir to their prophet Mahomet.[1] The *mechit* is of epirotic[2] form; the tomb raised three yards high, covered with velvet, and the ascent by three or four steps of refined silver. And, more than this, there is *nullum memorabile nomen* that I could light upon; for Shaw-Soffee, who succeeded Abbas, was here since buried.

Such time as Tamberlane, the victorious Tartar, returned laden with spoils of war, having hammered the brazen face of the Turkish insolence, A.D. 1397, Heg. 777, this poor Qum (amongst others) parched in the heat of his fury; not from any eye of rage or envy he darted, but from an imprudent provocation and affront which Hoharo-mirza (called B'heder-cawn), causelessly jealous, put upon the triumphant Tartar; so ill resented that no less than the loss both of his life and crown would expiate, making also many men and towns sharers in his misery; this place

especially, which but for the Ardaveilian Siet[1] his requesting mercy had been levelled with the earth, ploughed up and salted. But in the sable weed she is now apparelled; for great Qum is now only *magni nominis umbra*.

From Qum we rode to Zenzen [Sin-Sin], of old Zoara; and thence to Cashan, a city from Qum removed six-and-thirty miles; the way easy and plain, albeit sandy. Cashan [Kāshān], where the Arctic elevation is 34 degrees 7 minutes, longitude 86 degrees, may worthily be reputed the second town in Parthia for grandeur, wealth, and beauty; distant North from Isfahān sixty long English miles,[2] and from Qazvīn South two hundred and ten or thereabouts. At this day it is a city both great and lovely, and ancient, too, for Oderic entitles it a noble and renowned city in his time; and as now it is well seated, comely built, and abundantly peopled; over-topped by no hill, unseasoned by no marshes, nor watered by any great stream—which chiefly augments the heat when Sol approaches Cancer; but what rages there in no less violence is Scorpio, not that in the zodiac, but real scorpions, which in numbers engender here—a little serpent of a finger long, like, but less than, our cray-fish, and is the only creature that stings with his tail, some flies excepted: of great terror in the sting, and so inflaming as with their envenomed arrow some die, few avoid madness, as least for a whole day; the sting proving most dangerous when the season is hottest, which is when the dog-star rages. And as it was said of another, *una eademque manus fert vulnus opemque*: so in this malady is no such remedy as by applying the oil of scorpions. The execration is: "May a scorpion of Cashan sting thee." But, which is more remarkable—and agreeable to what Pliny in his *Natural History* reports of the scorpions in Mesopotamia—they say (and we

found it true, some of them creeping into our rugs as we slept) they seldom or never hurt a stranger. The Persians' usual remedy is to bleed and bathe the affected part with scorpions' oil; or, otherwise, to hold it over the head of the scorpion, first being soundly bruised.

This noble city is in compass not less than York or Norwich, about four thousand families being accounted in her. The houses are fairly built, many of which are pargeted without and painted: the mosques and hummums are in their cupolas curiously ceruleated with a feigned turquoise: the bazar is spacious and uniform, furnished with silks, damasks, and carpets of silks, silk and gold, and of coarse thrummed [i.e. fringed] wool; no part of the world having better or better-coloured. Here are also store of spices and other merchandise. Besides, the people here (the fruit of industry) be more civil, no less active, and as trim and rich in their attire as I could observe in any other part; and, by reason they allow few to be idle, here are full manufactures of silks, satins, and cloth of gold curiously wrought and coloured, no better in the world, and in such plenty that one Cartwright, an English merchant who was there about the year 1600, spares not to aver that there was then more silk brought in one year into Kāshān than broadcloths are into London.[1] Here also they have a singular art in dyeing or colouring of silks, and staining of linen-cloth like the Indian *pantadoes* [i.e. chintz]. They also make very curious lively flowers and knots, and in beautiful colours upon leather, which are very lasting and for several uses. In a word, a more industrious and civil people, or a town better governed, Persia elsewhere has not. Here is no want of pleasure neither, abounding in gardens, fruits, and corn, by the elaborate Tymars[2] made to fructify, which being cultivated, retribute a

gainful acknowledgment. The caravanserai in this city is very noble—nay, I may say an unparalleled fabric of that kind, by many degrees preceding all other caravanserais we saw in Persia; this being both large enough and fit enough to lodge the court of the greatest potentate in Asia. A royal foundation it is, being built by Abbas for travellers to repose in *gratis*, and to express his magnificence as well as charity. The whole building is grounded with marble, rising from the ground six foot; the residue is brick airified [i.e. dried] in the sun, pargeted and adorned with knots and fancies of Arabic characters, in azure, red, and white colours laid in oil, after the mode of Persia. It is a perfect quadrant: for each angle from one another are two hundred paces, the whole eight hundred. In the umbilic of this court is a square tank filled (by an aqueduct) with crystalline water. This royal inn has also adjoining it such gardens as rather exceed than want to display the founder's munificence.

Here is not any other memorable antiquity that I could hear of, save that Nycador-Oglan,[1] the Usurper, who died frantic, was buried here anno Heg. 655; and he scarce worth the memory. More than which I have not to say concerning this city, other than that several conjectures by learned men have passed, whence the Wise Men came that presented our blessed Saviour with their offerings. Some are of opinion they came from hence; others say from Shushan, where then flourished an academy. Nevertheless, the people here have a tradition that those three Wise Men, or Kings, went hence; which some say were entombed in Cullen [Cologne].

The 23rd of August we came to a village called Bizdebode [Būzābād, or Abūzaidābād], which was about eighteen miles from Kāshān: there we rested but one day. The next night we got to Natane

[Natanz], which some call Tane, and in probability takes name from Nanea, for Diana was there so called and worshipped. There goes a tradition likewise that the last unfortunate Darius there breathed his last,[1] through the treachery of that perfidious Bactrian Bessus, A.M. 3635; which if so, then I may make this observation: the village and lodge, ashamed of such a barbarism, seems to hide itself 'twixt two lofty hills, so as until near the place 'tis hardly to be discerned. Nevertheless, from the top of either of those hills we had a delightful prospect; for from thence we could see several country villages, watered by small rivulets. That night's travel was full thirty miles. The next night we got to Reig; but more than that it was one-and-twenty miles from Natane, not worth remembering, and that from Isfahān it is distant three farsangs, but from Qazvīn two hundred and sixty[2] or thereabouts. Whence to Baghdad the first day is to Corranda, and then successively to Deachow, Miscarroon, Corryn, Laccary, Corbet, Nazareil, Sabbercawn (near which is Pully-shaw [Pul-i-Shāh], and Caromoon-shahoon [Kirmānshāh], formerly called Coon-sha,[3] where was decided that famous contest for the Persian crown 'twixt Artaxerxes and Cyrus recorded by Xenophon, and in memory whereof in the concave of the adjacent mountain is engraven portraits resembling those I mentioned of Rustam near the ruins of Persepolis; only here are added the figures of elephants and other beasts, such as are well worth a traveller's observing). Bagdad[4] is next to Sabbercawn, whence is but one day's journey to Baghdad upon Tigris, the total a hundred and thirty farsangs. Howbeit, from Isfahān there is another road[5]—first travelling to Golpichan, which is forty farsangs; thence to Tossarchan, forty more; to Mando, fifty; to Hemoometzar, seven; and then by Baroe to Baghdad, seven more: in all a hundred and forty-four

farsangs; the passage more easy, though of greater distance and therefore more travelled, especially by caravan.

After the death of some gentlemen, my course came next, though not to die, yet to put my feet into the grave. Whether through cold I got on Mount Taurus (where I wantonly sucked in too much cool air), or that I played the epicure too largely upon fruit, or that diversity of meridians, or so long quaffing variety of waters might be the cause, I cannot say; but some or all of these (by God's appointment) upon our descent into Media put me into a violent dysentery; so as by continuance in that disease I was like a skeleton, and reduced to such weakness that I may be bold to say scarce could any man be more enfeebled. I wanted not the advice and help of the Archi-ater,[1] the King's doctor; who, albeit he was doubtless a very skilled physician, yet did me little good, so malignant was my distemper; albeit I took what he prescribed (part of which I well remember were pomegranate pills, barberries, sloes in broth, rice and sundry other things) and returned what he expected: so that it was hard to judge whether my spirits or gold decayed faster. In this sad condition and misery I was forced to travel three hundred miles hanging upon the side of a camel in a cage resembling a cradle. Morod, the Æsculapius of Persia, seeing I would rather die than part with more fees (for when it was gone I knew not where to borrow: merchants were strangers to me, and I had above thirteen thousand miles home by the South-west of Africa), limited my life to five days' existence. But He that sits on high, in comparison of whose wisdom all human knowledge is mere folly, in four-and-twenty hours after (as it were by miracle) proved this oraculizer mistaken in his crisis. For I had then attending me an Armenian, called Magar and a Tartarian woman, who (sore

againſt my will) would for my recovery be often invocating her heathenish deities; but finding they had no power, whether to accelerate Morod's ſentence or to poſſeſs my linen and apparel (of which I had good ſtore) I know not; but no doubt well knowing that wine was by the doctor forbidden me, she nevertheleſs in an agony of thirſt preſents me with a phial full of intoxicating wine, which both looked and reliſhed curiouſly, and I poured down no leſs inſenſibly without wit or meaſure. But (as if opium had been ſteeped in it) it quickly baniſhed my ſenſes and put me for four-and-twenty hours into a trance, ſo as in that time (had not a friend and ſervant reſiſted) I had been buried alive, they thinking I was dead: *Nam nec calor, nec ſanguis, nec ſenſus, nec vox superesset*, as was ſaid of another in like condition. But through God's mercy, this deſperate potion recovered me. For, after I had diſgorged abundantly, I fell into a dead ſleep (Nature's nurſe, and, as one aptly terms it, the parenthesis of all our cares), not having done ſo for a month before, the people admiring the operation; ſo that, by the benefit of that little reſt and binding quality of the wine, but chiefly through God's mercy towards me, that body which was reduced to ſuch weakneſs and like a crazy rotten veſſel leaky on all ſides was, through mercy, as it were new careened, launched out into the world again, and in few months become ſtrong and perfectly recovered. Howbeit, my deſperate doctreſs (while my other ſervants wept), when ſhe thought me dead, opened my trunks and robbed me of my linen and moneys. For all which I would not purſue her, the law is ſo ſtrict there againſt felony, eſpecially in behalf of ſtrangers.

CHAPTER VIII

General Observations on Persia.

The Empire is terminated on East, West, North, and South with India, Arabia, Mesopotamia, the Caspian and Persian Seas. From Candahor to Babylon East and West it stretches four hundred and forty farsangs, of English a thousand three hundred and twenty miles, in seventy days usually travelled; and from Giulphal, or Jelphey, near Van in Georgia, to Cape Gwader in twenty-five degrees, the furthest part of Gedrosia, or Macron, upon Indus, North and South, are four hundred ninety and six farsangs, which are a thousand four hundred eighty and eight English miles, in eighty days commonly journeyed: from whence we may compute the circuit according to our miles is not less than four thousand. The North and East part of the country is fruitful in grass, corn, and fruit; for there they have plenty of beneficial showers and a temperate season. The South and West (except where rivulets are) appear to be sandy, mountainous, and sterile; for the vehement heat scorches the earth and makes it barren; and from whence the soil yields no exhalations, the mother of clouds, and consequently wants rain to moisten the earth; but instead thereof God vouchsafes them frequent breezes. All considered, no part of Asia yields a more healthy air; only, as the Empire is large, so the temperature of places differs in heat and cold according to the variety of latitudes.

Concerning the public revenue of this kingdom, as there is not anything amongst civil affairs more subject to error than a true and intrinsic valuation concerning the wealth, power, policy, and force of an estate, so

in this conjecture I must go upon uncertainty. The King's public revenue of old was 14,560 Euboic talents, which, by tribute coming from several provinces in different sorts of coin, was here made one, but first melted and kept in earthen pots, and minted as there was occasion. But how small soever it seem now to others, the Persian nevertheless makes many sorts of harvests; filling every year his coffers with above three hundred and fifty-seven thousand *tomans* (a *toman* is five marks sterling), in our money about 1,190,000 pounds sterling: a revenue the more to be admired, since he extracts it principally from raw silk, customs, and cotton; albeit he thinks not any way dishonourable that brings in money. *Turpia quæ non auri saudet amor?* So thought Abbas; and thence derived that custom of sending into the market his daily presents of fruits and flowers: a kind of thrift ordinarily practised by the greatest potentates in Asia; and of which he not only boasted, but seemed to complain of the nicety of other Princes in that particular. And no doubt, if all the potentates of the earth were inquired after, none would exceed Abbas in frugality; for albeit, having a *merum imperium*, he could command what he pleased, nevertheless was more delighted in his artificers, by letter confessing his admiration upon sight of some massive piece of plate, which if he but commended, they knew the signification: and in gold having received a present, if rich and heavy, then it was commendable work though never so lumpish; for he values more by weight than workmanship. Ninety walled towns are under his command, and villages above forty thousand; few of which, one way or other, escape this kind of courtship; for, though they practise nothing less than goldsmiths' work and imagery, yet upon an imaginary report, desiring to see whether fame had not been niggardly in their commendation, they dare

not but return him as an acknowledgment of their thanks the best sort of metal forgetting that *turpe regi vinci beneficiis*. Considering which, that great treasure which is commonly taken out for ostentation at the reception of Ambassadors or travellers of note is the less to be admired. But his genius travels with other fancies; for he hath many factors abroad, whom he dispatches through the universe; some of which return in three, in five some, few pass seven years without giving an account to his commissioners: if they return empty they are rarely sent abroad again, for he is a strict auditor; but when they return full freight and to his liking, he rewards them considerably; further gratifying them with a woman out of his haram, a horse, a sword, a mandil [see note on p. 91] or the like. Under such hopes and promises they live; and *polliticis dives quilibet esse potest*.

Again, from Hindustan, Tartary, and Arabia every year move towards Persia many caravans that import merchandise of several sorts (as China-ware, satins, silks, stones, drugs, tulipants [i.e. turbans], etc.), of whose approach he has early notice, and sometimes for reason of State prohibits his subjects to trade with them as contraband; whereupon none dare traffic, but by that artifice bringing them to his own price; or else his factors meet them upon entering his dominions with a report that the passage is not only long but dangerous, or that the late dearth makes the country incapable to buy—by such devices so startling them that, rather than run their risk or incur his displeasure, they oft-times condescend to a reasonable mart, sometimes receiving money for goods, or by exchange for what the Persian Emperor can best spare; to his own subjects and others his merchants then dispersing those new merchandises at good rates; and, having coin or bullion, to prevent its pilgrimage into other regions moulds it into plate

of large assize, too heavy to go far—work, poor in show but not in value. Besides, by a customary law he makes himself heir to whom he pleases; so that few rich men die but he claims a propriety, none daring to call his claim in question. He also, according to the old mode, expects annual presents. One man's offering a year or two before our being in Persia is remarkable: it was the Duke of Shīrāz, who presented the King in *larrees* the value of four hundred sixty and five thousand florins, forty-nine goblets of gold, seventy-two of silver, and such other rarities, as in all burdened three hundred camels:[1] a royal present from a subject. Yet this might be tolerated were Astræa[2] here adored; but, contrarily, corruption oft renders this brave Prince too much distempered.

Nor do the Persian Kings now resemble those their great ancestors who were governed by the statute laws; for in *Daniel* vi. 7, it is recorded that the presidents of the kingdom, the Governors, Princes, Councillors, and Captains, consulted together to ordain a royal statute, established by Darius his signing, which expressed the royal assent; but rather what the same Prophet told Belshazzar that Nebuchadnezzar assumed, *Daniel* v. 19: "Whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive"; he set up and pulled down as he listed; and according to that pattern the Eastern Princes, whether Mahometans or Gentiles, demean themselves, usurping an absolute dominion: against which, the civilians in defence of the Law of Nature complain *quod Principi placuit legis illic habet vigorem*, etc., law made adequate to the will of the ruler. A memorable precedent we have in that fearful shift or exposition the Magi gave one of the Persian Kings when he desired to marry his daughter, telling him there was no law to warrant such a fact; but a law they found that the King might do what he list: but *ad libitum mutare leges quia regnum*

datur propter regem was no good comment; for it is a maxim that *omnis regni potestas referri debet ad bonum regni*, whereas a Panbasilay[1] levels Princes with peasants. And indeed in this glass I wish we that live under Christian Kings and States could see our own freedom and happiness; especially above those that live in unnatural bondage under such as acknowledge Mahomet. For not without due acknowledgment be it remembered that in Europe the subjects under most Christian Kings and States are governed by wholesome laws, have lives and properties preserved, yea, besides municipals have the *jura naturalia*, which are held immutable, preserved. But in viewing the reverse shall find that in Persia, Turkey, and other Mahometan countries it is otherwise; for there the Princes exercise a *merum imperium*, not enduring to be limited or bounded by any law: so that, the fence being broken down, what defence is there for the poor subject against rapine, lust, or what may otherwise destroy and render the outward man as to this life most miserable? Nay, the inward too, albeit there be a seeming toleration; for how many affronts and massacres acted upon trivial pretences are they that profess Christ subject to? How oft are their children ravished from them and forcibly circumcised—with other cruelties, too many to be here remembered?

That, therefore, which the Persian Kings of old so much gloried in, *Se esse dominos omnium hominum*, etc., is now their doctrine; for they have power of life and death; condemn without hearing; dispose of men's persons and estates when and as they please without any respect of right, especially at men's deaths, where there is any considerable estate, the heir not presuming further than to inventory, seeing the King hath the sole power of disposure; and so as in the dividend 'tis well if a tenth come to the right inheritor, as we understand right. Such, alas! is the custom

and constitution of those Eastern countries!—where the best reason they have is that in all ages they have been nuzzled under that sort of government, and through long custom used to adore their King; so that, as of old, they are not content to reverence him as the image of God, but have a more transcendent esteem and opinion concerning him. For they retain the same repute as in former times their ancestors did of their elemental deities: *Persas loco deorum habere reges*, saith Æschylus, a worship assumed first by Cyrus upon his conquest of Babylon, after which time prostrations were ordinarily made by the subjects: with which kind of adoration Heliogabalus was served, *more Persarum*, saith the historian. But we may suppose this was a civil, not a divine, honour. Nevertheless, from that reverential awe they presumed not either to spit or cough in presence of the King, a custom anciently practised (as Xenophon observes) or in public assemblies appear other than inanimate statues; and as of old, pull their hands within their sleeves in sign of servitude, forbearing for those times in his presence to speak to one another, or probably to think amiss; for some of the simpler sort suppose he knows their very thoughts: so as at the receipt of any letter from him they first give it a *mombarroc*,[1] or solemn respect, by the bowing their bodies and kissing the paper before they read; and swear usually by his head, as Shaw-ambashy and Serry-shaw,[2] than which they have not a more solemn attestation—yea, they apprehend that the King sees in all places, as may be presumed by pointing their finger to the eye and saying *chash*, i.e. the King sees;[3] and his words, esteemed apophthegms, are many times registered as well as deeds in cedar tablets gummed with cinnabar, his name usually writ with gold upon paper of a curious gloss and fineness varied into several fancies, effected by taking oiled colours and dropping them

severally upon water, whereby the paper becomes sleek and chamleted, or veined, in such sort as it resembles agate or porphyry.

Yea, the better to illustrate his perfections, amongst other his provincial titles they give him the epithets of Amber, Nutmeg, Roses, and such sweet odours and flowers as most delight the sense; which also is the form of most countries in the Orient. So that, upon the whole, under most miserable servitude these wretched Mahometans do live; happy only in not being sensible, which they the better endure, not knowing what a free subject means, and for that they are indulged to the height of corrupted appetite. And yet, although the King himself be incircumscriptible and have his *Sic volo, sic jubeo* allowed him, nevertheless (well knowing that maxim true *Sceptrorum vis tota perit cum perdere justa incepit*—for 'tis justice that supports the crown; and that *sine lege quid sunt regna nisi latrocinia*—without law, what do kingdoms differ from places of robbery?) for the avoiding confusion and preservation of the peace, laws, or rather customs, they have which are strictly executed. For the soldiery they are subjected under ordinances of war; the rest under a kind of imperial law, which serves to distinguish *meum* and *tuum* betwixt the subjects; for which end in most cities and great towns kadis and other magistrates are appointed, who have power from the King to call persons, examine witnesses, and to hear and determine business 'twixt party and party—yea, to award judgment in causes civil and criminal, with little charge and short attendance; and in criminals, no place affords more severe proceedings; which is the reason that the country is so secure, and travellers can scarce find a more quiet place than Persia. But, seeing the kadis have a latitude allowed them in adjudications and accept of gifts, I fear they may be corrupted and biassed; which

too oft blinds the eyes and makes innocence the delinquent.

Now concerning the natives: they are generally well-limbed and straight; the zone they live in makes them tawny; the wine cheerful; opium salacious. The women paint; the men love arms; all affect poetry; what the grape inflames, the law allays, and example bridles. The Persians allow no part of their body hair except the upper lip, which they wear long and thick and turning downwards; as also a lock upon the crown of the head, by which they are made to believe their Prophet will at the Resurrection lift them into Paradise. Elsewhere their head is shaven, or made incapable of hair by the oil dowae [*dawāy*], being but thrice anointed. This had been the mode of the Oriental people since the promulgation of the *Alcoran*, introduced and first imposed by the Arabians. But not to run into extremes: as amongst the primitive Christians it was a reproach to wear long hair, so was it to be bald; therefore, to avoid that contempt, such as had short hair wore raised caps; such as shaved wreathed their heads with rolls of linen, not only for ornament but to expel the sun's piercing rays and for defence against an enemy; for undoubtedly those large turbans the Turks wear over a flat-crowned quilted cap is a very serviceable head-piece. Those in Persia are excessive large and valuable, albeit commonly of calico; for the superior sort of people have them woven with silk and gold with a rich fringe or tassel of gold and silver at the end; but at feasts, entertainments, and gaudy-days I have seen them wreath their shashes [i.e. turbans] with ropes of Orient pearl and chains of gold set with precious stones of great value. That which the King himself has on differs not in shape from others, unless it exceed for magnitude: all the difference I could observe was that he wore it the contrary way and more erect than others.

With these shashes the Persians go covered all day long, not excepting the presence of the King, nor their set times of devotion; for to bare or uncover the head is held irreverent. Now as the Europeans in their salutes usually take off their hats in presence of their betters to bare their heads, the Mahometans signify the same only by a moderate deflection of the head and directing their head [hand ?] towards their heart, by which they usually express their compliment. Now how rigid soever the Turk may seem in abhorring the moving his turban, especially towards a Christian in salutations, the Persians nevertheless have more generosity; for with them it is a maxim, and might be so with others, that singularity is discommendable, as being a humour either slighting order and degrees of men (allowed angels) or otherwise the civil customs and good manners of countries in things indifferent and merely ceremonial, serving only to cement affection. And, albeit to one another they are strict enough to that mode or custom of being covered, nevertheless at Asharaff after Sir Dodmore Cotton had his audience, at which Shaw-Abbas was present with the Ambassador, the King his master's health being by Sir Robert Sherley remembered, the Ambassador standing up uncovered, the Persian King (frolic at that time, or rather in civility) took off his tulipant. Another time, as I heedlessly crossed the court where the King was sitting in an open tent hearing petitions, I, according to the European mode, made my due respects by uncovering my head and bowing reverently towards the King, who observed it, and was so well pleased therewith that he raised his turban a little from his brows, both to honour me the more and to express his satisfaction; especially, as I was afterwards told, for that I appeared in my own country habit: otherwise it had been a presumption punishable, but, as it proved, a grace that procured

me the more respect, especially with the better sort, wherever I passed. The King, indeed, took great delight, and esteemed it an addition of lustre to his Court, to behold exotics in their own country habit—so that the greater the variety appeared, he would say the more was his Court and country honoured at home and in estimation abroad: insomuch, as upon any affront done a stranger, if in his own habit, he should be sure of reparation; but, in case he went in the habit of the country where he travelled, undistinguishable when the injury was offered, it would be otherwise upon address for vindication—the emphasis, it seems, wanting that inclined it. Such was then the rule of Court and populous places; albeit in travel foreigners have their liberty to please themselves as to their garb, and without cause of exception to any.

The Asiatics wear no bands [i.e. collars]: their *aljoba* [Arabic *jubba*] or outside vest is usually of calico stitched with silk or quilted with cotton; but the better sort have *vestes polymitæ*, garments of party-coloured silks; some being satin, some gold and silver chamlets, and some of bodkin [see p. 175] and rich cloth of gold figured, for variety best pleases them: no colour displeases but black, which is not worn, because they hold it dismal and unlucky. Their sleeves are straight and long (varying from the Turks, who have them wide and short); their close coat usually reaches to their calves, and bears round. Their waists are girt with fine towels of silk and gold about eight yards long; those and the shashes distinguish the quality of those that wear them: dukes and other of the noble sort have them woven with gold, merchants and coozelbashaws with silver; of silk and wool those of inferior rank. Next their skin they wear smocks, or demi-shirts, of cotton, in colour resembling Scotch plaid; their breeches, like the Irish trooze [breeches], have hose and stockings sewed

together; the stocking falls not always into their shoes, but from the ankle down gives to the eye two inches of the leg naked. Their shoes are of leather well sewed, but without latchets, and of what colour you can fancy, sharp at the toe and turning upwards, the heels high and small, shod with iron or nails ingrailed. This also I noted—they do not wed themselves to these iron hemi-cycles [half-circles] for thrift or ease (they seldom journey far, or go swiftly, exercise and spare diet never agreeing), but to tread in a venerable path of antiquity. A custom also derived from their forefathers. In old times also used by the Jews, as may be gathered from the 68th *Psalm*, verse 30: "that tread under feet pieces of silver," i.e. garnish their shoes with silver plates, according to the vulgar translation. Over all, the Persians (especially such as travel) throw short calzoons,[1] or coats of cloth (without sleeves), furred with sable, fox's, *mushwhormaw's*,[2] squirrel's, or sheep skins, which is a fur highly prized: in hottest seasons endure to wear short wide stockings of English cloth heeled with leather, and serve sometimes for boots—howbeit, they want not such.

Gloves are of no esteem amongst them, nor rings of gold, for silver rings are most worn: not that gold is less valuable (for in other utensils they have it), but because Mahomet according to tradition had one of silver which was left Ozman for a legacy, and charmed with singular properties. None have their rings of iron, except those of baser sort: a metal some account a symbol of slavery. They paint their nails and hands with *alcanna*[3] or *chaa-powder* into a red or tawny colour, which, besides the ornament it gives, cools the liver, and in war makes them (they say) valiant. Their nails are discoloured with white and vermilion; but why so, I cannot tell, unless it be in imitation of Cyrus, who as an augmentation of honour

commanded his great officers to tincture their nails and faces with vermilion, serving both to distinguish them from the vulgar and (as did our warlike Britons) in fight to appear the more terrible.

In their rings they wear agates or turquoises, which stones most delight them: some have their names or some word out of the *Alcoran* engraven in it, with which they sometimes stamp their letter: for not one swordsman amongst a thousand knows the use of letters, the *mullayes*[1] and clergy engrossing that science; who, when they write, frequently do it kneeling, either because that posture is easier or that what they dictate in that form is reputed holy. Goose-quills they write not with, but reeds or canes, in which they imitate the ancients. Their paper is very glossy, and by dropping oiled colours chamleted and veined like marble; the materials are not rags or skins but bombazine or cotton-wool, coarse and requiring much toil to perfect.

In washing they are not less ceremonious than the Jews, whom they seem to imitate, by joining the tops of the fingers of both hands together with the thumb, which is parabolical: this they do not only before and after meals but when they use nature; and to that end have boys who carry an ewer filled with water, which in the open streets they are not ashamed to make use of.

Their swords (*shamsheers* they call them) are not straight as ours be, but more hooked and bending than our falchions; of pure metal, broad and sharp as any razor; nor do they value them, unless, if the arm be good, at one blow they can cut in two an asinego. The hilts are without wards, being of gold, silver, horn, ivory, ebony, steel, or wood; sometimes of the *ribzuba*,[2] or morse's teeth, usually taken at Pochora [Petchora] in Russia. The Persian scimitars were of that esteem in old times that, as Herodotus, book 4,

writes, it became the Scythians' god. Their scabbards are of camel's hide, on solemn days covered with velvet embroidered with gold and ſtones of price. They seldom ride without bow and arrows: the quiver and case oft wrought and cut very artificially; the bow, short but ſtrong; the arrows, long and well-headed; and, albeit some think incomparable in execution to a gun, yet time has been they have with that (as we in France) in many parts of Asia obtained memorable victories. At this day of little repute in archery unless they can in a full career cleave an orange which is hung athwart the hippodrome, and (when paſt the mark) with another hit the reſt, turning (in his short ſtirrups and Morocco saddle) backwards. In this weapon and their sword they more delight than in great ordnance, which nevertheless they have mounted, as we could perceive at Jasques, Ormus, and Gombroon, etc., moſt of which were taken from the vanquished Portuguese. Some cannon we saw mounted at Lār, some unmounted at Shīrāz, Isfahān, and other places; but seldom use them in a train upon field-services; which in some late battles has given the Turk no small advantage over them, especially by disordering the Persian horse, who with that terrible noise are not a little affrighted. The use of muskets they have had only since the Portuguese aſſiſted King Tahamas with some Chriſtian auxiliaries againſt the Turk; so as now they are become very good shots.

The women here, as of old in other parts of Asia, veil their faces in public. I observed that generally they are low of ſtature, yet ſtraight and comely; more corpulent than lean; wine and music fattens them; the spleen is curable, where passion rules not. And as to complexion it is usually pale, but made sanguine by adulterate fucuses [i.e., cosmetics]. Their hair is black and curled; their foreheads high, skin soft,

eyes black; have high noses, pretty large mouths, thick lips, and round cheeks. Honeſt women, when they take the liberty to go abroad, seldom speak to any in the way, or unveil their faces. When they travel or follow the camp, the vulgar sort ride aſtride upon horses; but those of better rank are mounted two and two upon camels in cages (or *cajuaes* [*kajāwah*], as they call them) of wood, covered over with cloth, to forbid any man the sight of them. Agreeable to this, we oft-times had a prospect of the travelling seraglios, and could well perceive that their guards were pale lean-faced eunuchs, so jealous of their charge that, as we travelled, 'twas the hazard of our lives if we neglected to haſten out of the way so soon as we saw them, or else by throwing ourselves upon the ground to cover us with some veil or other, that the eunuchs might be satisfied we durſt not, at leaſt were not willing to, view them. In one of these [cages] for ease and warmth I myself was forced to travel upon a camel above three hundred miles, being so enfeebled by a flux as I was not able to ride on horse-back, and to keep company with the caravan was necessitated to this kind of accommodation.

But the amorosas—or those of the order of Lais, like those *ambubaiæ* of old amongſt the Syrians—be more sociable, have moſt freedom, and in this region are not worſt eſteemed of. No queſtion but (to free themselves from jealous husbands) many there would be of that order: those therefore that are such are not admitted without suit and giving money; after which toleration none dare abuse them, being company for the beſt or greateſt. Their hair, curling, dishevels about their shoulders, sometimes plaited in a caul of gold; round about their face and chin usually they hang a rope of pearl; their cheeks are of a delicate vermilion dye: art (oftener than nature) causes it. Their eyelids are coloured coal-black, with a fine

PLATE XI

A PERSIAN WOMAN

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pencil dipped in that mineral alcohol[1] which Xenophon saith the Medes used to paint their faces with. With which antimony the Grecian dames in old time coloured their eyebrows—ὀμματόγραφον, their poets call it; now also used in Turkey. They have also artificial incisions of various shapes and forms, as have the inamoratas[2] likewise. Their noses are set with jewels of gold embellished with rich stones; and their ears also have rings of equal lustre. In a word, to show they are servants to Dame Flora, they beautify their arms, hands, legs, and feet with painted flowers and birds; and in a naked garb force every limb about them to dance after each other, elaborately making their bells and timbrels answer their turnings. Short, nevertheless, of the Indian courtesans called *bogawars*,[3] who at ten years of age, when their bodies are tender and flexible, will in their dances screw themselves into admirable postures; for, standing upon one leg, they will raise the other above their heads, and leisurely lay their heels upon their heads, all the while standing upon one leg, as I have heard a merchant relate he saw done at Golconda and other places in India. Their habit (not unlike themselves) is loose and gaudy, reaching to their mid-leg; under which they wear drawers of cloth of gold, satin, tissued stuffs, or costly embroidery. This kind of creature is of no religion, save that of the last Assyrian monarch, whose doctrine was *ede*, *bibe*, *lude*: for these look temptingly, drink notably, and covet men's souls and money greedily. They scorn, nay, upbraid the soberer sort with epithets of slave, rejected, unsociable, and unworthy their notice. So as true it is at this day what Trogus Pomponius observed long ago: *Parthi uxoribus et feminis non conviviis tantum virorum, sed etiam conspectu interdicebant*, etc. But that the women had greater liberty is observed by an author of good credit: *Persarum regibus in cœna ac conviviis adsidet regina. Verum*

ubi ludendi et inebriandi incessit voluntas, eas amandant, et musicas pellicesque advocant: the Queen is present with the Persian Kings at supper and banquets, but withdraws when the King is disposed to drink and be merry; for then they call for music and courtesans: *recte hoc quidem quod ebrietatis et libidinis suæ participes fieri uxores nolunt*—done in regard they would not have their wives partakers in those intemperate and wanton enterprises. And yet Xenophon in the *Institution of Cyrus*, book 1, says that the Persians' custom was to kiss each other at meeting and parting. Howbeit that manner of salute is now very offensive to the Persian.

Concerning the arms of Persia Zonaras[1] in his first book and nineteenth chapter out of an ancient monument observeth that in old times they bore: Luna,[2] an eagle, crowned of the Sun, displayed Saturn; which continued for many descents their royal ensign, till Cyrus (as in the empire, in escutcheon also) made an alteration. Xenophon gives us the view thereof: *Erat Cyro signum aurea aquila in longa hasta suspensa, et nunc etiam id insigne Persarum regibus manet*, etc. Borne till Crassus perished by them, at which time a sagittary [i.e. centaur] was blazoned in their royal standard—a fit emblem of that people, who for skill in horsemanship and frequent riding might properly be resembled to a sagittary: from whence also that coin of darics[3] came, a round piece of gold (fifteen shillings in our money), Darius being stamped on the one side and a sagittary (his coat-armour) on the other; memorized by Plutarch in the life of Agesilaus, who complained that his design of conquering Asia was prevented by thirty thousand sagittaries, meaning a bribe of so many pieces of gold bearing that stamp, given to betray his enterprise. But Mahomet, when he had yoked their necks under a twofold bondage, the other was rejected, and a symbol of greater mystery in their banner displayed, viz. Mercury, a crescent,

Luna, with this impreza [i.e. device]: *Totum dum impleat orbem*, alluding to a universal command: which since was borrowed by the French, how properly I know not, but may appear to such as go to Fontainebleau, where that device I saw iterated. But Mahomet's prediction failed when that santoon of Ardaveil [see p. 266] invented a new ensign, viz. Venus, a lion couchant, Sol, the sun orient in his face, of the same: minted also in their brass medals, and (as a tie of amity) accepted of by the Great Mogul and other neighbouring Princes in India. But the Cawns, Beglerbegs, Sultans, Agaes, Soldagars [see p. 139], and coozelbashaws bear no coat-armour; not that they are entitled slaves, but from their ignorance in heraldry, for no honour there is hereditary. Nevertheless, this I can say in praise of the Persians: they are very humane and noble in their natures, differing in their ingenuity and civility to one another, but much more to strangers, very much from the Turks, who are rugged and barbarous. For the Persians allow degrees amongst themselves, and of other people have a due esteem according to their birth and quality—yea, give respect agreeable to merit.

In old times they were idolaters, such as the Gowers be now, the Curdi in Syria, the Parsees in India, the Pegouans, etc., but by converse with Greeks and Romans abolished their celestial worship, and (as Strabo relates) received demonomy [i.e., demon-worship], continued till Mahomet. The firmament they called Jupiter, the *primum mobile* of other gods, him they feared; but Apollo (the Sun, or Mithra as they termed him) they most affected, and to whom they dedicated many temples, attiring him with epithets of honour, health, and gentleness; as yet memorizing his image in the stamp and coat-armour of their emperors. The Moon also had adoration amongst them, supposing her espoused to Apollo; and for her

benevolent influences towards production, as yet continued; for upon the first view, they give it a *mombarroc* [see p. 228]. They also had Reward and Punishment ranked in the catalogue of their deities. Venus had equal reverence; the Earth also; Water, Air, and Fire wanted not the names of deities, Fire and Water especially. Zertoost charged them to keep a continual fire, not fed with common fuel, nor to be kindled with profane air—only such as should come from the beams of that glorious eye of heaven the Sun, lightning, flints, or the like. The water also was by no means to be corrupted with dead carcasses, dirt, urine, rags, or what expressed sordidity or nastiness. Images they esteemed but indifferently, usually actuating their rites in groves, mounts, and other places.

Their marriages were commonly celebrated in the spring, such time as the sun makes the equinoctium; the bridegroom the first day junketing on nothing save apples and camel's marrow, a diet they thought proper for that day's festival. Polygamy they liked of, the King giving the example, honouring them with most applause who proved fathers of most children. They seldom saw their infants till past four years of age, from which to twenty they learned to ride and shoot; also to fare meanly, lodge hard, watch, till the earth, and be content with small things. In the *Institution of Cyrus*, book 3, mention is made of a soldier that, sneezing at a court-of-war, the whole company bowed and blessed the gods, that sign serving as a good omen to the business they were about: a custom continued amongst the Persians. The old men went plain; but the young men's habit was rich, their arms and legs fettered with voluntary chains of burnished gold or brass, whose fulgor they delighted in from its conformity to the sun. In war their attire was either steel or mailed-work curiously linked, and their breast-plates scaled; their

targets [shields] were of ox-hides, large and round; their cap was linen multiplicated; bows, swords, and axes their arms; all which in excellent good order, and through long practice they managed dexterously. Parallel to these is what Xenophon says: in Cyrus his time their common arms were bow and arrows in quivers, short crooked scimitars, battle-axes, light shields, and two lances a-piece. Their arrows greater than now they are, for the bow they drew was not less than three cubits. Children from the fifth year of their age to the twentieth used little other exercise (saith Herodotus) than these, viz. to ride the horse, shoot, and speak truth. Cyrus was their first instructor; before whose time it was rare to see one ride, but after, as rare to see a Persian of any rank afoot. Howbeit Dionysius reports otherwise of Parthia: that it was *regio tota plana, ob quam rem accommodata*, etc., which we found otherwise.

The great men's tables were splendid in rich furniture and dishes of gold; but in meats very ordinary and sparing. Bacchus, their countryman, taught them the art of drunkenness (Noah some imagine him: *Omnia vero bacchanalia eorumque ritus a Noæ ebrietate originem habent*, etc.), insomuch as no matter of moment passed current save what relished of Bacchism: their ordinary negotiations and bargains were seldom ratified unless consolidated in froth and drunkenness. Nevertheless, their compliments were hearty—to equals affording embraces, to superiors the head and knee; which mode is to this hour continued without alteration.

Superstitious they are, as may be noted from our adverse fortune as we travelled; for in some places, when we stood at their mercy to provide us mules, camels, or horses, how hasty soever we appeared, they cared not to set us forward, except by throwing the dice such a chance happened they thought fortunate:

a ceremony deduced from the Romans, who had their *albi et atri* or *facti et nefasti dies*. In mischances also or in sickness some use sorcery, prescribing charms, cross-characters, letters, antiques, or the like, taken commonly out of the *Alcoran*. Necromantic studies they applaud, because profound and transcending vulgar capacities; so as many in those parts make a living of it: few Siets [Saiyids] there but can exorcize. Friday is their Sabbath—licentiously kept, and may therefore be supposed such a Sabbath as Plutarch speaks of, which is derived from σαβάζειν, or bacchanals: for Sabaseos is Bacchus.

Amongst them four degrees are most remarkable: Chawns, Coozelbashaws, Agaes, and Cheliby (or Coridschey). The Timars, or Turqmars, are more despicable.[1]

Persia est terra potens armis. Upon muster the Persian King can march (as appears by roll and pension) three hundred thousand horse and seventy thousand foot, or musketeers: such force he can readily advance, but seldom exceeds fifty thousand—enough to find forage or provand in such barren countries. For example: Mirza-Fetta has in his brigade fifty sub-Bashaws of note, each of them commanding three hundred. Horse-officers are Emangoly-chan, Duke of Shīrāz, who commands thirty thousand horse; David-chawn, his brother, Kaza-can, Lord of Sumachy, Assur-chawn, Lord of Myreyvan [Merivan], Zedder, Lord of the Kaddies, and Gusseroft Magar, Sultan of Tabriz—each commands twelve thousand horse; Soffe-chan, Sultan of Baghdad, Akmet-cawn, Lord of Miscarroon, Gusseraph-chawn, Sultan of Qum, Zenal-cawn, Lord of Tehrān—each hath a charge of fifteen thousand horse; Isaac-beg, twenty-four thousand; Ethaman the Vizier, seventeen thousand; Soffy-Kooly-chan, sixteen thousand; Gosserat-chan, Governor of Arabestan, Perker-cawn, Lord of Gorgestan [Georgia],

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Hussan-chawn, Lord of Ery [Hirāt], Manwezir-can, and Sinal-chawn, Lord of Sigeſtan, ten thousand each; Mahomet, Governor of Genge [Ghanja], eight thousand; Ham-sha-cawn of Dara, seven thousand; Aliculi of Periscow, four thousand; Morad of Asharaff, six thousand; Badur-can the Daraguod, six thousand; and Dargagoly, son to Gange-Ally-chan,[1] Sultan of Candahor, four thousand: three hundred and twenty thousand horse or thereabout—wonderful, when I consider the little paſturage and other provand the country affords; for their horses have but chopped ſtraw and a little barley to serve the turn; yet that thin diet renders them less apt to diseases, and keeps them in as good heart as ours, having better provision.

In peace they are not always idle, solacing their active bodies in sundry sorts of warlike exercises. They dance not, except as Pyrrhus taught the Epirots; but love to hunt and chase the ſtag, the antelope, gazelle, tiger, boar, goat, hare, fox, jackal, wolf, and the like: in which paſtimes they express singular courage and dexterity. They also know well how to use the bow, dart, scimitar, gun, and javelin: their harquebus is longer than ours, but thinner; they use that very well, but deteſt the trouble of cannon and such pieces as require carriage. They have greyhounds large and not unlike the Irish, of courage to encounter a lion; have spaniels also, but not so good as their hawks may challenge. Eyries they have of eagles, lanners, goshawks, and hobbies;[2] but their beſt falcons are out of Russia and the Scythian provinces: they fly commonly at hares, jackals, partridge, pheasant, heron, pelican, poot,[3] oſtrich, etc. Their lures and hoods are sometimes embroidered or richly set with ſtones of price. The vulgar sort delight in morris-dancing, wreſtling, assaulting, bandying,[4] swinging upon ropes, ram- and cock-fighting: in which exercises they spend much time. Nor do they

value their money to see boys dance, or lavoltos[1] upon the rope; in which sleights they are excellent. Cats be in more request with them than dogs; very large they are and tabby-coloured, streaked like those of Cyprus. They frequently have them in their arms, in imitation it may be of their Prophet Mahomet, who usually carried a cat in his sleeve; it may be likewise from the enmity the cat hath unto rats and mice, which (as Plutarch observes in lib. *De odio et invidia*) were reputed enemies to some deities the Persians in old times worshipped.

Merchants here are in estimation: they adventure into Turkey, Russia, India, and other parts of Asia, and more seldom into Europe. Such mechanics as be amongst them are industrious and ingenious; whether you consider those that labour in silk and bombazine, or that dye and weave carpets, or other arts, with which their bazars abound. Besides, they have a rare art to print flowers of all sorts in leather and in colours; of which they make buskins, sandals, saddles, and furniture for houses: also they stain linen cloth, which we call pintados.

Their physicians are great admirers of nature, doting so much thereon as they make that oft-times the first causer which indeed is but instrumental or secondary. Moral men they be, humane in language and garb, both which beget esteem from all that converse with them; and did not avarice (a vice predominating there, and by occasion of sickness in me full dearly experimented) and magic studies too far sway them, I could value them above the rest. They have degrees transcending one another in title as their skill and seniority merits. So well as I could apprehend, these are learned in the sciences, and few but are philosophers: nevertheless, their libraries are small; their books usually Arabic, but choice and useful, commonly such as advance their practice and pro-

fession; and in their proper art I perceived that they prefer plants and other vegetables before minerals. Some schools I visited, and observed (as I formerly mentioned, near Lār) that, according to the old adage *necessarium eſt silentium ad ſtudia*, they affect silence, and sitting cross-legged wag their bodies, imagining that such motion advantages ſtudy and serves for exercise. The doctors are named hackeems [*hakīm*], *mulaii* in the Arabic. But a mountebank or impoſtor is nicknamed *shitan-tabib* [*Shaitān-tabīb*], i.e., the Devil's chirurgeon. They are maſters of much knowledge, and not a little delighted with judicial aſtrology. Many Arabic writers, learned both in natural philosophy and the mathematics, have flourished in those parts, moſt of whose books they read, namely Hippocrates, Galen, Averroes, Alfarabius, Avicenna, Ben-Isaac, Abbu-Ally, Mahummed-Abdilla, Ben-Eladib, Abu-becr, Rhazis, Algazzallys, and Albumazar.[1] In geography Abul-fœda,[2] the great Arab cosmographer, whose works they have (one of whose maps I saw at Gombroon, and I thought differed from ours both in lands and seas; it was to be sold, but what money I offered would not be accepted), as also Alphraganus,[3] from whom they better their discourse, and by such helps become admirable. Nor want they the knowledge of herbs, drugs, and gums; witness the Maydan in Iſfahān, than which no place in the world I think shows greater plenty of herbs and drugs, having also no less choice of fruits, gums, and odours. I observed that to such of us as had fluxes, they gave sloes, rice, cinnamon, pomegranate, barberries; to purge melancholy, aloes, senna, rhubarb; for phlegm, turbith; for colds and sweatings, oils of beaver, leopards, jackals, *herba maris*, our Lady's Rose,[4] etc. Besides which, the country affords plenty of galbanum, scammony, armoniac,[5] manna, piſtachios, dates, rhubarb, opopanax, sarcocolla,[6] and asafetida—which

last is in greatest measure found about Lahore and other parts near the River Indus. Howbeit, sweating is the epidemic physic there, of least charge, and most useful; insomuch that some cities have above threescore hummums, or baths—some say three hundred. By which frequent bathing their skins become very soft and fine, and by a continued activity and tenderness of their muscles are much more agile and flexible in their body than we in Europe be, where bathing is not so much used.

In antique paths of ignorance they choose rather to tread than by any new invention to call in question the reverend judgment of their ancestors. Hence it is that they continue their maimed calculations, out of a blind conceit that antiquity commanded them; for they have used to compute their years rather by the moon than by the motion of the sun, affirming that the firmament or eighth heaven finishes its revolution in two-and-thirty years; which is false—his diurnal motion from East to West completing itself in four-and-twenty hours; his other from West to East, but one degree in a hundred years—such is the violence of the first mover. Notwithstanding, it is probable they mean the Heaven of Saturn which adjoineth it (whose revolution comes near their time), finishing its journey from West to East in thirty years. Hence their lunary account is become subject to error, reckoning from the autumnal equinox twelve moons, the number of days in a whole year three hundred and fifty-three; so that our solar computation exceeds theirs twelve days at least every year; whereby it comes to pass that thirty of our years make one-and-thirty of theirs, whence the difference arises 'twixt us and them in their Hegyrath [*Hijra*], which by protract will doubtless occasion more confusion.

Such as practise manufactures have an inferior repute to the soldiers. Nevertheless, they live plenti-

fully, and more secure from the jealous eye of the King than do the great ones, who oft deceive their thoughts that they are happier. The peasants here, as elsewhere in Asia, are slaves; they dare call nothing their own, such is the rapine of the Begs of that country—nay, every coozelbashaw dares domineer, as we could perceive in our travel; yet upon complaint, the Cadi ordinarily yields them reasonable justice.

The Persians had this character of old, *cunctorum hominum sunt mitissimi*, of all men the most civil; which disposition they reserve unto this day, being generally of a very gentle and obliging nature—facetious, harmless in discourse, and little inquisitive after exotic news; seldom exceeding this demand: if such and such a country have good wine, fair women, serviceable horses, and well-tempered swords? Few of them can read, yet honour such as can; that science being monopolized by church-men, clerks, santos, and merchants. Some little skill they have in music; that they have resembling the Doric and Phrygic, a soft and lofty sort of concert. Above all, poetry lulls them, that genius seeming properly to delight itself amongst them. Howbeit, mimographers I must call them, their common ballads resounding out the merry disports of Mars and his mistress, to which saints they dedicate their amorous devotion. Abul-Casen,[1] who lived A.H. 385, Elgazzuly,[2] Ibnul-Farid,[3] and Elfargani[4] are their principal poets in those fancies. Nor have I read that amongst the Romans, or in any other parts, poetry has been better rewarded; witness poet Mervan,[5] who for those 70 distichs which he presented Mahomet,[6] the great Almansor's son, received as a reward 70,000 staters. Taher[7] also, who was General to King Abderhaymon, for three verses which a poet gave him, requited him with 300,000 pieces of gold; and Abdalla his son (he who for cure of a consumption fed only upon lion's flesh boiled in

red vinegar, of which confection he took two drams daily) was no less liberal to that art, and as I might instance in many other Princes of the Sophian pedigree of later times, not a little to their reputation. And how lame soever the verses are, their graceful shaking their notes in chanting and quavering (after the French air) gives it to the ear harmonious. So that in my opinion it was rigidly said by a Father when he called poesy *vinum dæmonum*; for (says the Lord Verulam)[1] poesy not only refreshes the soul by chanting things rare and various, but also exalts the spirits with high raptures; and, being joined with music sweetly insinuates itself, so as it has been esteemed of even in the rudest times, and amongst those nations which were accounted barbarous. And, albeit the men affect not to dance themselves (though anciently dancing was in request with men, as stories tell us), nevertheless dancing is much esteemed there; for the Ganymedes and Layesians[2] (wanton boys and girls) foot it even to admiration. Mimallonian dances I may properly call them, seeing the bells, brass armlets, silver fetters, timbrels, cymbals, and the like so revive Bacchus, in this kind of dance being so elaborate that each limb seems to emulate—yea, to contend—which can express the most motion; their hands, eyes, and bums gesticulating severally and after each other, swimming round, and now and then conforming themselves to a Doric stillness; the Ganymedes with incanting voices and distorted bodies sympathizing, and poesy, mirth, and wine raising the sport commonly to admiration. But were this all, 'twere excusable; for though persons of quality here have their several seraglios, these dancers seldom go without their wages; and in a higher degree of baseness, the pederasts affect those painted antic-robed youths or catamites, a vice so detestable, so damnable, so unnatural as forces Hell to show its ugliness before its season.

Persia continues the ancient custom of emasculating youths—practised to preserve the excellency of their voice, but principally for guarding the seraglios of great persons; which, though it sufficiently effeminate them, yet some eunuchs have neither wanted courage nor reputation, seeing, that both in Barbary and other Mahometan countries out of them they have elected Generals for the field: but in the execution of their ordinary trust about women find them mischievous enough; for, being armed with sword and target, bow and arrows, they express their jealousy too oft to the prejudice of ignorant and careless travellers. They are of most ancient standing, for we read of them in Scripture in oldest times, especially in this empire. So that Donatus in Terence and Petronius Arbiter spare not to aver that Persia made the first eunuchs. By which word is sometimes understood chamberlains, or those great officers whose nearest attendance was upon the King; but those other that wait upon the harams have their testicles cut off, which so enervates nature, or at least the exercise, that they are utterly disabled as to procreation.

Honest women rarely show their faces to strangers, eclipsing by a white sheet (the note of innocence) those beauties which are exquisite; no man daring to praise any of that sex, especially another's wife, such is their jealousy.

Now concerning circumcision: it is here used, and accounted so necessary that without it none calls himself a Mussulman. Men, and sometimes women, conform to it; the men for Paradise, the women for honour's sake, or Ben-sidī-Ally fables, whoso paraphrases: from nine to fifteen the females may, and in Cairo and the adjacent parts at this day it is frequently practised. The males at Ishmael's age (whom they imagine was Abraham's best beloved) are enjoined it; ere twelve hoping he may be able to speak his pro-

fession. Howbeit, the Arabs practised it before Mahomet's time; yea, some think he himself was not circumcised, nor that he imposed, but suffered it only to please the Arabians. A fee is to be paid amid the ceremony, for want of which the poorest sort are seldom cut. The ceremony is, more or less according to the difference of their degree, acted either at home or in the *mechits*. If son to a Mirza, Cawn, Sultan, or Cheleby, it has more pomp; for his kindred and friends in their best equipage assemble at the parents' house, as a symbol of their joy presenting him with gifts of sundry prices; and, after small stay, mount the boy upon a trapped courser, richly vested, holding in his right hand a sword, in his left his bridle; a slave goes on either side, one holding a lance, the other a flambeau, neither of which are without their allegories. Music is not wanting, for it goes first, the father next, and, according as they are in blood, the rest; others follow promiscuously. The Hajji,[1] attending at the entrance into the mosque, helps him to alight, and hallows him. To work they straightway go: one holds his knee, a second disrobes, a third holds his hands, and others by some trivial conceit strive to win his thoughts to extenuate his ensuing torment. The priest (having muttered his orisons) dilates the prepuce, in a trice with his silver scissors circumcises him, and then applies a healing powder of salt, date-stones, and cotton-wool; the standers-by, to joy his initiation into Mahometry, throwing down their *munera natalitia* [i.e., birthday gifts], salute him by the name of Mussulman. But, if the ceremony be at home, they then provide a banquet; before which, the boy enters well attended, unclothed before them all, and circumcised; and in commemoration of such a benefit (imitating therein Abraham when Isaac was weaned) continue a feast for three days together; at the end whereof the child is led about in state, bathed and

purged, a turban of white silk put upon his head, and all the way as he returns saluted with acclamations.

But such as turn apostates, to swill in luxury the more or to robe themselves with some title or advancement (forgetting that for a base and momentary applause or pleasure they disrobe their soul of everlasting happiness, such as run parallel with the lines of eternity), are brought before the Cadi, who upon this signification leads him into the mosque and without much ceremony, only by cutting the foreskin, are thereby believers. Which done, those devils incarnate, to witness their new persuasion, or rather to aggravate and indeed accelerate their damnation, spurn with their accursed feet the Cross, the hieroglyphic of our salvation; which in the primitive and purest age was of that honour amongst Christians as not only they used it in baptism but upon their foreheads to despite the Jews and heathens, and to glory in that same thing the more which the enemies of Christ upbraided the Christian with as a calumny. Superstition I detest; but that it should become a derision is miserable and to be pitied. To return.

The renegado in token of defiance spits thrice at it, having this misbelief, that Christ never suffered, but Judas; and then exults in the usual battology [i.e., vain repetitions]: *La*, *la*, *la illah*, *Hyllulla*, *Allough*, *aybyr*, *Mahumed resul-Allough*[1]—God is first, praise him, and, next him, Mahomet. After which imprecation the wretch holds up one finger, thereby renouncing a Trinity: three Mussulmans then dart three staves three times towards Heaven, and ere any touch ground his new name is imposed. Which done, he is led slowly upon an ass (his emblem) about the city, that everyone may note him for a denizen and proselyte to Mahomet. But (praised be God) I have not heard of any European Christian who in this country of late times hath denied his faith; which is cause of rejoicing.

Their weddings have not much variety. First, observe that polygamy is tolerable; for Mahomet, to excuse his own infirmity (but borrowing it from the Romans), honours such most as have several wives and beget most children; but their common excuse is, to furnish the Emperor with soldiers for defence, Paradise with saints, and to resound the meritorious praises of their Mahomet: the dervish (an order of begging-friar) excepted, who from a transcendent conceit of their own purity forbear matrimony, but suppose nature's blackest villainy no sin, producing Mahomet for their prototype, who both by precept and example defended it. I have peradventure tied your chaste ears too long to so impure a subject. Such, therefore, as dare wed provide a sum of money and buy her goodwill, her parents being no further charged than to bath and purify her. They choose their wives more from report of others than particular acquaintance, the friends of either party commonly recommending and concluding. The day being come, the bride is veiled with a lawn and bravely mounted; a troop of friends accompany her to church; in the midway she is met with an equal number of friends: all together aggrandize the ceremony. Entering the mosque, the Mulla takes the protest of their good liking; she demands three things (such as the Jewish women did of old), bed-right, food, and clothing. Their fathers having declared themselves content, the priest circles them with a cord, conjoins their hands, takes a reciprocal oath, and calls Mahomet to witness. After which, the Cadi [*Kāzī*] enrols their names, the hour, day, month, and year of nuptial; and with an *euge!*[1] dismisses them. The first day vapours away in tobacco, feasts, and other joviality, men and women being severed: at night, the bride enters a stove, where she is washed and perfumed, that her degree may the better appear and her person be the better accepted

of. Next night they bathe together, and seven days after; during which the feasting holds in some measure, according to the old custom of *septem ad convivium*; in which time if he discover her to be no virgin, she is returned to her parents with dishonour; otherwise kept till death make the divorce. The *Alcoran*, agreeable to the ancient practice of those Eastern countries, allows incestuous marriages, pretending that thereby love is better contracted and conserved. In case the man be weary, or that she be barren, he acquaints the Mulla therewith, who (Jew-like) gives a Bill of Divorce upon his allowing her a dowry; after which, if he require her again and she agree, they are secondly married—yea, five, six, seven times rejecting and returning, as hate or love stimulate: by that disorder love vanishing, jealousy budding, rage advancing, clamours roaring; and by which confusion many times the fathers neither know their own children, nor they their parents. They marry none of another religion, but use such as slaves or concubines; refrain them in their diseases. Four wives the law tolerates; concubines are unlimited; never wed common prostitutes; give suck two years; and permit not widows to marry again till a hundred and twenty days be expired.

Their burials revive some ceremonies that of old were used amongst the Jews and Gentiles. At his farewell to the world the next of kin close the eyes, as did Joseph in the 46th of *Genesis*, and Telemachus in Ovid: *Ille meos oculos comprimat, ille tuos.* The nobler sort of people had their sepulchres in the sides of mountains or hills about Persepolis. Howbeit, some used to embalm, the brains being exhausted by a silver engine; the belly (so soon as dissected and the bowels extracted) cleansed with wine, farced [i.e. stuffed] with cassia, myrrh, and other spices, was then closed and buried in extraordinarily deep pits or vaults, or in places bored

in the sides of mountains. But the poorer sort used only bitumen, or else the juice of cedars, which resists putrefaction. Howbeit, the most usual way of burial is this: First, they wash the corpse with clean water, carry it orderly and with silence to the grave; then lodge the carcass not in the *mechits* or churches, but churchyards, and where none lay formerly—supposing it a vile part to disturb the dead, whom in the grave they think sensible of torment: they place his head towards Medina, and (according to the old *septem ad luctum*) for seven days the next of kin watch, to keep if possible the evil angel from his grave, incessantly warbling out elegiac threnodies, as the last expression of love they can show. But *Vidi enim lachrymas, et est pars fraudis in illis.*

Others thus. In the first place go those of his blood; next them his varlets naked to the waist, the rest in troozes [breeches]; who, to express their zeal, burn or scratch their arms and breasts, and cut and print circles in their flesh (a mode borrowed from the Jews, prohibited by Moses, *Levit.* xix. 28, and in *Deut.* xiv. 1) so that the blood oft trickles down in many places. Next them are ranked youths whose shoulders bear some texts out of the *Alcoran*, mixing with them eulogies of the defunct, which they ingeminate. Next these follow many persons of best rank, each putting his hand to the cord that draws the hearse; and on every side throng the multitude, some bearing in their hands laurel or cypress, others garlands of flowers, fruits, and what best befits the season. Some semi-naked horsemen play along, and oft-times, to demonstrate their love, spare not to wound their carcasses. In the last place go the *Præficæ*, or women hired to weep and howl, who tear their false hair, probably smell to onions (*hinc illæ lachrymæ*), and use such impostures as did the antique Romans noted in Livy, who made it an art

to mourn, and by their counterfeit tears and shrieks to provoke others to passion and like lamentation. In which decorum they march slowly and with a commendable silence; but at his dormitory [grave] ululate *Lala-Hillulla*, i.e. Let us praise God. There they first unclothe and then cleanse the carcass, for his sins thereby, as they say, vanish; then they anoint him with unguents, and so wrapped in fine linen bury him, placing his head towards Mekka, his face towards Heaven (the rather noted, in that the other sex are buried with their faces downwards), and his arms spread, as prepared to embrace his Prophet Mahomet. Upon the grave they fix two stones, at his head and feet, which in Arabic characters engraved and coloured note his name, quality, and time of burial. There they leave him, but give not over twice every day to sing his requiem, beseeching Mahomet to succour him against his bad angels—of whom, as part of their creed, they nourish this opinion: So soon as any Mussulman is buried, forthwith Muengar and Quarequar,[1] two ugly devils, assail him; the one armed with an iron club, the other with a hook of flaming brass: in which frightful posture they view the carcass, and in an imperious, or rather insolent, manner command him to lift up his head, to fall prostrate upon his knees, and beg his soul, which it is supposed was till then departed. The dead body re-entertains his soul, and together [they] give an account of their past life. Now upon confession if it appear that his life was good, the devils as spirits flee away, and give way to two good angels (apparelled in white silk) to comfort him, to the day of doom not budging from him nor seeming unwilling to protect him. But in case his life upon examination or confession appear bad, then the black-faced caco-demon with the iron club hits him so pat on the head as thumps him ten yards deep into the ground, where he sleeps not long,

for immediately the other spiteful hell-hound with the flaming hook pulls him up again: in that horrid sort tormenting him till Mahomet calls a parliament and gives deliverance. In one place of his *Alcoran* he promises to save them all; but in another (forgetting his promise) appoints them to pass over a narrow bridge (he calls it the Bridge of Judgment), each man carrying his sins in a bag behind him; but, in passing over, with such as have heavy loads, the bridge breaks, and they fall into Hell; such as have less weight, into Purgatory, etc.

In former times they used to burn the bodies, as did the Romans and most ethnics. The carcass was folded in linen called *linum vivum*, made of the stone asbestos, which was both spun and woven into linen, and being put into the fire would not consume, but preserved the ashes from mixture with other things, and so was committed to the sepulchre. This precious sort of incombustible linen at the first was sold at a high rate, but afterwards became more common: for such time as Sylla besieged Athens, it was observed that what was anointed with that oil became free from burning. Pliny also reports that he saw napkins frequently used which, when dirty or foul, were cleansed by fire and not by water. A rare kind of washing! Of this also were confected the famous everlasting lamps and tapers. The stone is called asbestos, i.e. unextinguishable; but the linen or stuff amianthus: some of which lamps have (as historians say) burnt 1,500 years, closed in glasses and placed in caves and old sepulchres: the aliment being this asbestos mixed with naphtha, or other like bituminous matter or substance.

Concerning the furniture of their houses, call him to mind who by the foot of Alcides found out his other dimension: a pan, a platter, and a carpet is the epitome. Their diet is soon dressed, readily eaten,

and as quickly digested as described. Their table is usually the ground, covered with some slight sort of carpet, over which they spread a pintado cloth, and sit cross-legged as tailors. Afore each man they lay five or six thin cakes of wheat, or pancakes, for other bread they make none; this some tear asunder when they eat it, with their ten fingers, representing forsooth, as some imagine, the Ten Commandments, and carelessly scattering many wooden spoons, their handles being above half a yard long, and the spoon itself so large as my mouth could seldom master. They have a meat resembling the old *maza*, which was meal mixed with water and oil, with gobbets of flesh. They have withal little pasties of hashed meats, not unlike the Turkish *sambouses*.[1] They seldom go beyond pelo [pilau]; but in that dish express they think a witty invention, setting before you sometimes forty dishes called by forty names, as Pelo, Chelo, Kishmy-pelo, Cherry-pelo,[2] etc., albeit indeed it differ but in the cookery. All are of rice, mutton, and hens boiled together; some having butter, some none; some having fruit, some none; some having turmeric and saffron, othersome none; some onions and garlic, some none; some having almonds and raisins, some none; and so *ad infinitum*: making us also believe they make gallant cheer and great variety, though the ingredients be one, differing only in colour: some coming to the table as black as coal, some as white as curd; others (that you may know their cooks are witty) be yellow, green, blue, red, or in such a colour as they fancy. Wot you, forsooth, why rice is so generally eaten, and so valuable? Not that it exceeds wheat or other grain in goodness, fineness, roundness, or the like (though I cannot deny but it is a solid grain, and in boiling swells so much that a pint unboiled will increase to near four pints in boiling), albeit some—and those not the least learned—think that manna, which the

Israelites had given them for bread in the wilderness of Arabia, being a small round thing, was this grain—so supposed both from its shape and excellency; but from a tradition delivered by their grand annalist Jacob-ben-Siet-Ally it is affirmed that on a time Mahomet, being in prayer, was conveyed into Paradise, where, earnestly beholding its varieties, at length he cast his eyes upon a glorious Throne, and, fearing he should be punished for his presumption, blushed for shame and sweated for fear; but, loth to have it discovered, wipes from off his brow the sweat with his first finger and threw it out of Paradise: it was not lost, it seems by the story; for forthwith dividing itself into six drops, the first was metamorphosed into a fragrant rose (and thence it is rose-water is so much used, and in honour of the rose an annual feast yet solemnized); the second was converted into a grain of rice (a holy grain); the other four became four Doctors, Acmet, Hamet, Melec-zed, and Vaffyn,[1] who assisted Mahomet to publish, if not to compose, his *Alcoran*. And forasmuch as rice is the only estimable grain and common ingredient at the usual entertainments in all Mahometan dominions, give me leave to enlarge a little upon the description.

Rice is for the most part sown about the time of the vernal equinox, usually in waterish grounds; in four months or less being ripe for gathering. Sometimes they set it grain by grain, not two inches deep in the earth, which they close; and in harvest time gather ear by ear. The flower it bears is purple; the leaves be long and slender like sedge or dog's-grass; the ear it puts forth is not like that of corn, but hath a thin straw two yards long, full of joints, the top only swelling, in which are many round knobs which contain several grains of rice, and every knob hath a long beard like to our barley. So soon as the first-sown rice appears they plant again, and after that the

like, the seed being under water some few days; so as all the year long (in some parts) they have rice in the leaf, flower, and ears, which puts the husbandman to a delightful though painful labour. And they have salads, acharrs [i.e. pickles], and hard eggs, which usually are variously coloured; hard, that their stomachs might not be deluded in too quick a digestion. Their mutton is sweet, but fat principally in the tail, the weight commonly twenty pounds: in Turcomania they weigh sixty pounds; Leo Africanus[1] at Cairo saw one whose tail (supported by a little cart with wheels) weighed 80 pounds, and says he heard of another weighing 100 pounds, and may well balance the rest of the carcass. Camel, goat and pheasant the country yields, and the law allows the eating; but not of beef, veal, swine's-flesh, hares, and buffaloes, which are prohibited. Camel's flesh they sell in the bazars roasted upon scuets [i.e. skewers], or cut in mammocks and carbonadoed [grilled]; three or four spits are sold for twopence. Bad pastry-men they are; for I have seen them put a lamb whole into an oven, and take it out as black as a coal; they say (I dare not second it) it tastes the better: it may be so to them, but I thought otherwise.

The poor are not so voluptuous: they content themselves with dry rice, herbs, roots, fruit, lentils, and a meat[2] resembling thlummery; well-satisfied with that slender diet, and—calling to mind the proverb: "He that will eat much must eat little"—finds the benefit of a moderate diet; for it diminishes crudities already bred, reduces the humours of the body to a wholesome order of nature, allays fumes, yea, cures most infirmities which are commonly bred by full meals and other intemperance: nature in no wise delighting in excess or delicates—a simple diet and temperate life are nature's best physicians. Yea, I have seen them also eat locusts, the serpent's enemy

as well as theirs, in species resembling grasshoppers. Dates also preserved in syrup mixed with butter-milk is precious food. But to memorize their cheese and butter will either make your mouths water or turn: in good earneſt, the worſt any ever taſted of, both that it [the cheese] wants art and material; for 'tis dry, blue, and hard; ill to the eye, bad to the taſte, and worse for digeſtion: the worſt is towards the Gulf, the beſt in Mozendram, but neither of them praiseworthy. Their butter usually comes from the guspans'[1] tails, which saves them churning: howbeit, some boil the cream in a raw skin, so as it is commonly very sluttish, full of hairs and unsalted: this sort will keep fresh (sweet I do not say) six months; but, when we drew our knives through it, a thousand slut's hairs came along with it. They nevertheless commend it.

Their liquor is sometimes fair water, sugar, rose-water, and juice of lemons mixed, and sugar confected with citrons, violets or other sweet flowers; and for the more delicacy, sometimes a mixture of amber: this we call sherbet. Wine they also drink, having (as they pretend) a peculiar privilege from Ally and from the indulgence Siet Gunet[2] in his Commentary afforded them, which the Turks are not worthy of; heartily laughing at the reason the Turks give for their abſtinence. The Turks, indeed, forbear wine, upon a tradition that two angels, Arott and Marot by name [see p. 178], being sent down to inſtruct the Turks in morality and amongſt other things to forbear drinking of wine, it seems fell under that temptation; for they themselves, having drunk above measure, became enamoured of a beautiful virgin, and solicited her to wantonness; but the damsel, underſtanding whence they came, dissembled her consent upon condition they would teach her the *elfata*[3] that would carry her to Heaven; which they no sooner did, but she immediately ascended and informed againſt the angels,

who were thereupon excluded Heaven; but the virgin was metamorphosed into the morning-ſtar, or Lucifer.

Arrack and aquavitæ[1] they also drink, and tobacco ſucked through water (that it inebriate not) by long canes iſſuing from a round veſſel; and above the reſt affect coho, or coffee, a drink black as ſoot, thick and ſtrong-ſcented, diſtrained from bunchi, bunnu [see p. 45], or bay-berries beat into a powder and boiled in water; wholeſome, but not toothſome, they ſay; but if ſipped hot, comforts the brain, expels melancholy and ſleep, purges choler, alleviates the ſpirits, and begets an excellent concoction; yea, however ingrate or inſapory [unſavoury] it ſeems at firſt, it becomes grate [pleaſing] and delicious enough by cuſtom. But not regarded for thoſe good properties ſo much as from a romance that it was invented and brewed by Gabriel to reſtore Mahomet's decayed moiſture; who never drank it, but made it a matter of nothing to unhorſe forty men, and in Venus' camp with more than a Herculean fortitude amongſt women to effect wonders. Sure 'tis more ancient than Mahomet; for ſtory ſays, the Lacedæmonians were ſtronger than their neighbour Greeks by ſhunning exceſs and keeping to their black broth; which when Dionyſius would have drunk, the cook told him he muſt alſo uſe exercise.

Opium (the juice of poppy) is of great uſe there alſo: good, if taken moderately; bad, nay mortal, if beyond meaſure; but by practice they make that familiar which would kill us, ſo that their medicine is our poiſon. They chew it much; for it helps catarrhs, cowardice, and the epilepſy; ſtrengthens (as they ſay) Venus; and, which is admirable, ſome extraordinary foot-poſts they have who by continual chewing this, with ſome other confection, are enabled to run day and night without intermiſſion, ſeeming to be in a conſtant dream or giddineſs, ſeeing, but not knowing,

whom they meet (though well acquainted), and miss not their intended places; by a strange efficacy expulsing the tedious thoughts of travel, and rarely for some days deceiving the body of its seasonable rest and lodging. Opium, coffee, the root of betel, tears of poppy, and tobacco condense the spirits and make them strong and alegre [i.e. merry]; which both make the Persians believe they expel fear, and enable them to run continually.

The Persians for the most part eat in porcelain or earth, not valuing silver (the King by such attracting it to his own table): they have another reason, but ridiculous, that Mahomet at his descent into Hell, seeing the devils at dinner, observed that they were served in silver. In feeding they use no knives, [n]or employ one finger or two, three or four being enjoined them from tradition. Nor do they cut their bread, but break or rend it: equally fictitious; for Ozman in his Parody assures them the Devil (Shitan they call him) doth cut what he eats—which makes it no fable, seeing he eats not. And for the mode of breaking bread, Ozman borrowed it from the Jews, who had that custom; practised likewise by the Gentiles, as we find in Xenophon in his description of the Persians: nevertheless, ignorance makes them attribute all to miracles.

At meals they are the merriest men alive: no people in the world have better stomachs, drink more freely, or more affect voracity; yet are harmlessly merry: a mixture of meat and mirth excellently becoming them. Jovial in a high degree; especially when the courtesans are in company. The men account that for good manners which we thought barbarous, when, in compliment or rather squalid wantonness, they would overcharge their mouths with pelo, and by an affected laughter exonerate their chops, throwing the overplus into the dish again, and as a symbol of goodwill (sur-

reverence) offer others to eat what they had chewed formerly. To end, having soaked their hussinees or water-bags, wine-bottles are then usually emptied: at that exercise they sit long and drink soundly, condemning that precept in the *Alcoran* as an idle toy, invented by Ozman, that it is giants' blood, the blood of those giants the Greeks call *Theomachi*, or the Devil's gall, as some have resembled it; albeit the Turks forbear to drink it partly from that persuasion. Nevertheless, the Persians in this are commendable, that they never quarrel in their cups, nor compel they any to sit longer, or drink more, than he pleases. Nor drink they healths, or one unto another; a civil custom, but too much abused amongst Christians. In old times the Persian monarchs made many feasts, and many times invited no less than fifteen thousand men: *Rex Persarum cum* 15,000 *virorum cænat*, saith Athenæus, book 4, c. 10; in every entertainment expending four hundred talents, which amounts in our money to two hundred and forty thousand crowns; and at private feasts where forty or fifty were entertained (as Ephipius Olynthius reports) a supper stood in a hundred minas of gold, each mina, or dina, in our money valuing six-and-twenty shillings and eightpence. A large allowance in that juvenility of time, for we say *plures opes nunc sunt*, etc., yet credible when the vast revenue the Persian Empire extracted from many nations is considered; for what accrued out of those hundred and twenty-seven provinces was not less than forty thousand and five hundred Attic talents, in our account forty hundred thousand crowns or thereabouts. Out of India also they yearly received three hundred and threescore talents of gold in dust. Nor is the Crown revenue at this day much less, albeit his territory be not half so great; for Tahamas A.D. 1560 received eight millions of crowns, gathered from fifty sultans who farmed his income, besides annual presents from

great officers, some of which may be considered by the wealth of a late neighbour of theirs, the Governor of Lahore, who at his death bequeathed unto his master three millions of coined gold, a great quantity of bullion, jewels of great price, and many elephants, camels, and horses of great value. It is well known that Leventhibeg seldom failed to send him yearly the value of twenty thousand crowns as a new-year's gift; twelve thousand horse the Curdyes 'twixt the two seas also yearly presented; and Abbas at this day from silk and other duties receives yearly above nine millions; fourteen millions and two hundred and eighty thousand florins some say,[1] three hundred and fifty-seven thousand tomans in Persian money, which in ours is about eleven hundred and ninety thousand pounds sterling.

Now, though the ground be for the most part barren, yet, especially towards the North, the soil is rich, and elsewhere where rivers or springs make the improvement. And it hinders not that her womb is uberous; for, besides that plenty of marble, we could from her bosom oft-times discover many minerals and stones of lustre, as jacinths, jasper, chrysolite, onyx, turquoise, serpentine, and granats [i.e. garnets]; pezars [i.e. bezoar stones] and pearls also (than which no part of the whole world has better) are no less valuable. That mines of gold in old times have here been found, Plautus in *Stichus* is proof in that particular. But at this day of small esteem, the natives either wanting skill or will to discover them.

Coins[2] at this day used are the abbassee, in our money sixteenpence; larree, tenpence; mamoodee, eightpence; shahee, fourpence; saddee, twopence; bistee, twopence; double cozbeg, a penny; single cozbeg, a halfpenny; fluces (like the Turkish aspars), ten to a cozbeg. But the gold coins are sultanies, equal to a Venice chequin; duraes, alike in name and value to the old darics, thirteen shillings and fourpence, etc.:

but few seen. All but the cozbegs and fluces are of pure silver: these are brass,[1] but current all over his monarchy. Now 'tis to be observed that no Mahometan Prince stamps his coin with images, but letters purporting their names or some text out of the *Alcoran*: howbeit, before the eightieth year of the Hegyra certain it is they commonly used images and not letters.

I have elsewhere described their buildings. Their beds are cots of two-foot height, or four low posts strengthened with girth-web; a shag, or *yopangee*,[2] spread at top—of double use, for it serves as an umbrella abroad and at home for a coverlet. In summer their slaves attend about them, some to waft and beget cool air, others to scare away the gnats and such-like buzzing vermin, which during hot weather pester them exceedingly.

The men account it a shame to urine standing—their reason is because dogs use that posture. They have slaves attending with ewers of silver filled with water, to cleanse pollution. The better sort are so oft on horseback, as they hate to see men walk; such they think distempered in mind; a madder thing to see them ride, though not half a stone's cast.

Their horses, especially for service, are of the Arabian breed, bodied like jennets, swifter and of more courage; they curb their mettle with sharp bits, a ring of iron helping them. Their bridles are long, and sometimes studded with gold; of gold oft-times are their pommels and stirrups. Saddles of the better sort are usually of velvet; high and close, like our great saddle: the trees [frames] are curiously painted. That form they borrow from the Tartar is hard, small, and close; sure, but not easy. Generally in good liking are their horses, albeit their fare be mean—a little bag filled with barley and chopped straw hung about their heads is both livery and manger [i.e. food]: they strictly tie them to a certain proportion. Mules are no less

valuable than their horse; of better service where the passage is sandy or mountainous. Men use horses, women mules and camels. Every camel usually is laden with two *cajuaes* [see p. 236], which holds two women. The cage is of wood, covered with cloth; so low as suffers them not to ſtand upright, but less grievous, in that for the moſt part all ſorts sit, and endure not long ſtanding. When any haram travels, they are guarded with eunuchs, armed with bows and swords, both for defence and offence, as formerly hinted.

Their alphabet is writ in their proper character.

Now concerning their religion (if such I may term it, being, as one says, rather a confused hotchpotch or mass of superſtition), at this day it varies not from the Turks' in any particle of the *Alcoran*; yet account they one the other heretics, being no less divided in their profession than we and the Papalins. A schism begun A.D. 1400 by a Siet of Ardaveil,[1] the better tō advance the Sophian title derived from Mortis Ally [Murtaza 'Alī], who was both kinsman and son-in-law to their prophet Mahomet; which Ally, albeit by those relations he had right to sit as Caliph at Mekka after Mahomet, yet three others ſtepped up before him, who during their lives excluded him. These were Abuboker [Abū Bakr], Omer ['Umar], and Ozman ['Usmān]; by the Turks venerably accounted of, but by the Persians (as appears by the commination invented by Siet Gunet) reputed heretics. From whence arises such hatred betwixt these two mighty monarchs that (to Europe's good) they divide, and prosecute each other as it were with hatred irreconcilable.[2]

The *Buccarie* [*Baqarah-'Īd*] they solemnize in November, or *Chodad-maw*[3] (by the Turks called *Silcade*, by the Arabs *Rabiel-owl*)—a feaſt observed in commemoration of the ram which was sacrificed by

Abraham at such time as Ishmael (they say) should have been offered.

Other festivals they celebrate: the *Oud-Hussan*, the *Nowrouz*, *Imamy*, *Caddyer-Ally*, *Jedt-Ousant*, *Auwtpatsian*, the *Sophian*, the *Roses*, *Daffadillies*, the *Isfend*,[1] the *Ceraghan*,[2] the Feaſt of Brotherhood, etc.

The *Oud-Hussan*[3] is from Hocem, or Hussan, son of Ally, who was slain with eleven of his sons by Mavy, the Caliph of Damascus, nephew to Ozman. Hussan, moſt agree, was slain treacherously by Chuse, a slave to Mavy. Mavy was accessory; the Persians therefore punish him yearly, though rotten a thousand years since. For firſt they frame a deformed image, whose face is black, his nose pierced through with a dart, and clad in ſtraw: which done, they hurry it through the ſtreets in a hurly-burly of thousands of credulous people, who, when they have dragged it sufficiently through the city, draw it to some rising hill, where to all men's view they elevate this caitiff: the Cadi [*Kāzī*] bawls out a pathetic oration to this purpose, that, after ſtrict search, Ally had directed them where to apprehend the traitor, unworthy the leaſt show of mercy; this being that same villain who slew Hussan (Ally's son) and his eleven sons, Sheresin[4] only escaping: so that every good man is bound to curse him—yea, to help to torment him in the vileſt manner possible. In token of joy, they unanimously sing their *epinicia* [see note on p. 41], and cry aloud *Yough Ally* [*Yā 'Alī*]—yea, ſtrive to rend the clouds with clamours. At a set time they cease; when fire is given to a train of gunpowder, which, setting divers squibs on fire, blows up the deteſted Syrian, and by a hideous noise make the air echo at his funeral. Hussan's ghoſt they think now sleeps quietly; each Persian commends one another's zeal, and spends that night in merriment.

The *Jedt-Ousant* was observed when we were in

Isfahān.[1] They have a tradition that Hussan (Ally's son) was loſt in a wilderness, where thirſt (or rather Mavy the Caliph) killed him. Nine days they wander up and down, all that while shaving neither head nor beard nor seeming joyful, but incessantly beating their breaſts; some tear their garments, and crying out *Hussan*, *Hussan* in a melancholy note, so long, so fiercely, that many can neither howl longer, nor for a month's space recover their voices. The dervishes and other santoons [see notes to p. 72] or enthusiaſtics, being in the crowd express their zeal by turning round so long together and with such swiftness as will hardly be credited, which by cuſtom is made inoffensive; and others I have seen in this vertiginous exercise at the cavalcades when ambassadors were met upon the way, a circumgyration we beheld with admiration. The tenth day they find an imaginary Hussan, whom they echo forth in ſtentorian clamours, till they bring him to his grave; where they let him sleep quietly till the next year's zeal fetch him out and force him again to accompany their devotion.

The *Nowrouz* [*Nau-rūz*] is in imitation of our New Year's Day, but they begin (after the old manner) in March, such time as the sun in his equal shine to either Pole makes the equinoctium. A feſtival of joviality this is, for one prayer preying upon variety of pleasures. The Talismanni[2] pipe now to Bacchus, Ceres, and Venus. I have observed that in many parts for eleven months in the year we could see very few women of any extraordinary quality, and those we saw were veiled; being offensive in the ſtreets or gardens to converse with any: yet these twelve days of the *Nowrouz* they have liberty—so as all places were full of them, yea, their naked faces discovered; frisking in amorous poſtures, and drawing the eye by a forced magic. Gifts also and reciprocal presents are retorted up and down from one to another, with garments of

silk and gold, horses, fruits, and pish-kashes of other sorts: nothing but riding the horse, drinking, cock-fighting, fortune-telling, singing, swinging in the air, courting, and the like being observed to the last minute of that festival.

The *Imamy*[1] has some dependence on the *Buckaree*: this takes its rise from a camel, that from a ram; that for Ishmael, this for Mahomet. In November, the Mekkan Protomist sends a camel by an adopted son (sometimes natural), who is welcomed to Isfahān by many thousand Mussulmans, who show the extreme of joy for so holy a present. After they have tried and tired their voices, the Hajji from an exalted place acquaints them with the cause of his long journey, persuades them to a thankful remembrance, and blesses them. The multitude, without any respect of men or danger, throng about the beast, who is no sooner in the field where death arrests him but that they fall upon him, and pluck off his short hairs with an admirable dexterity, keeping them as sanctimonious relics, prevalent against sudden death (though many die in the assault, and thousands return maimed), hunger, thirst, poverty, and what not. After which, the tormented camel is by the Hajji again signed for sacrifice. The Darraguod first transfixes his javelin. The Vizier beheads him, and gives it the King. The carcass then is torn piecemeal by the foolhardy multitude, so greedy to obtain this charm of long life and plenty that immortality, and the place where meat and drink is needless, oft in the essay entertains them.

The *Caddyer Ally*[2] is a feast in memory of Ally's victory over the three old caitiffs of Mekka, by death (not Ally) conquered. After some threnodies many prayers are muttered, songs chanted, and alms bestowed. The King is at most charge in this solemnity, the greatest honour reflecting on him, in regard of his ancestry.

The *Auwptpatsion*, or *Owdt-baptsion*,[1] is in memory of Mahomet's baptism by Sergius. Many of the ordinary sort of Mahometans assemble, and (after the Darraguod has put a period to his oration) promiscuously besprinkle with water one another's faces, then soil their flesh with dirt and filth, and the great ones many times to please the King act the like among them; lastly, they cleanse themselves with water, supposing all deformity washed off, and their bodies cleanlier ever after.

The *Sophian* is a solemnity of fasting, feasting, and praying for the prosperity of their King and continuation of the Sophian pedigree.

The *Feast of Roses and Daffadillies* is begun by a procession of santoons at the first budding of those flowers, and for thirty days celebrated with all manner of sports and recreations to be imagined. This annual feast seems to be continued from the custom of those memorable ones which in old times were celebrated in Persia, such time as the Kings thereof had the supreme monarchy of the world; as we read in the *Book of Esther* and elsewhere; for at the keeping of this feast we beheld an infinite number of tents pitched, with such a flux of men, women, boys and girls, with arms, music, songs, and dances, as would make one think that either the Games of Olympus were revived, or Bacchus his orgies.[2]

CHAPTER IX

The Homeward Voyage.

April 12 [1629]. We took ship at Swally; and, being three or four leagues off at sea, the wind came fair and made the liquid billows swell so advantageously as next day we had sight of some noted towns, viz. Gundavee, Daman, St John de Vacas, Choul, Dabul, etc., most of which were subjected by Albuquerque to the crown of Portugal about the year 1512, Dabul excepted, which yielded to the mercy of Andradius [Simão de Andrade], Governor of Choul, from whom 'twas soon rapt by the Decanees; but by that made a basis of greater misery. For Fr. Almeyda [Francisco de Almeida] a few years after recovered it by stratagem, and, after great slaughter of the inhabitants and rich spoil, burnt the city and demolished the fort, surrendered by Sha-beg, who but a little before was put into that command by Melec-sha, then Prince of those countries. Howbeit, by command of the Goan Viceroy 'twas again repaired, and stood in good condition till Captain Hall (if I mistake not his name) about the year 1620 took the town, and made the daring Portuguese know their bravadoes to the English were not terrible.[1]

The South point of Dabul, as I observed, has Arctic elevation 17 deg. 35 min., variation West 15 degrees 34 minutes. Heretofore it obeyed the King of Decan, but at this day the Lusitanian; seated at the foot of a high, pleasant, and fruitful mountain, whence streams a rivulet of fresh water, beyond measure useful in that hot climate. The road gives reasonably good anchorage, and the town itself (especially towards the sea) appears beautiful to such as view it; albeit the houses be but low, and terraced at the top—a mode that best

serves to qualify the extremes of heat and cold. An old castle and a few temples at this day are all she boasts of; for the bazar is but ordinary and the streets narrow, nor is her mart now so considerable as at first, seeing that Surat and Cambaya to the North, Goa and Calicut to the South, have eclipsed her; so as now she condoles with other her disconsolate neighbours, and is to acknowledge there is a destiny and decay in towns as well as other temporaries.

Choul is removed from the equinoctial 18 degrees 30 minutes North: ravished from the diadem of Decan by Almeyda in the year of our redemption 1507, and in which (to perpetuate his conquest) he erected a fort, which he fortified with cannon.[1] Howbeit A.D. 1573 it was for some months besieged by Misamoluc,[2] the Decan Prince, with a numerous army of horse and foot, besides elephants; but by the gallant defence made by the Portuguese were forced to rise with loss and shame. The inhabitants are a mixture of Portuguese and Banians: it affords little else worth noting.

Here the *Expedition*, bearing up to speak with us, both fell foul one another's hawsers, through which mischance her boltsprit gave our mizzen shrouds a churlish salute; but by a happy gale were parted without further damage. After five days' sail we were again nadir to the sun, his declination being fifteen degrees North: we were then close by the isle in which Goa is situated. Ere long we were becalmed, whereby the air suddenly became inflamed, so as we were forced to sweat and live like salamanders. During which we were likewise annoyed not a little by the biting of an Indian fly they call *cacaroch* [i.e. cockroach], a name agreeable to its bad condition; for, living, it vexed our flesh, and, being killed, smelt as loathsomely as the French *punaise* [i.e. bug], whose smell is odious. This extremity continued not above a week; for then

we had a fresh gale, by help whereof the three-and-twentieth day we came to an anchor at Mangalore, a city that obeys the Malabar. In the road we found towards forty Malabar men-of-war riding, who, notwithstanding their numbers and appetite to do us mischief, hoisted sail towards Goa; one only miscarrying, that suffered the *Jonas's* barge to come up with her, but after variable strife by rowing and making more sail got away, yet not without some shot in her side which she unwillingly received. That night we came to an anchor in Mount Elly, or Delyns[1] Bay, a port under the vassalage of the Malabar. We rode in nine fathom, not above three being near the shore, and gladly would have landed but durst not be too prodigal of our belief; for, albeit the natives seemed willing to have us come ashore, we knew them to be treacherous. Seeing we would not trust them, they came aboard our ships, daring to trust us; and in their canoes brought us cocos [i.e. coconuts], mangoes, jacks [see p. 274], green pepper, caravance,[2] buffaloes, hens, eggs, and other things, which we were glad to buy though not at very easy prices; but for every tun of water less than a rial would not content them, albeit they had plenty; by that barbarism infringing the very law of nature and nations.

Nevertheless, what was wanting in water was supplied in fruit and other rarities; for here we had the wood called *calambuco*,[3] a tree much valued and used at funerals: the richer sort have gums and odours of Arabia put in flames, wherein the dead body being laid is consumed, but first involved in linen which is pure, white, sweet, and fine, or in taffetas of transparent fineness. Of all sorts of wood they most affect that called *aquila*, and next that, *calamba*, or *calambuca*, which some think *lignum aloes*; much burnt in these parts at funerals—trees very rare, growing but in few regions. It is very sweet and delightful to the smell,

grows high and even, and is found commonly in the lofty mountain of Chæmoys in Cochin China; and, being rare and hardly got, the people sell at excessive rates; both in regard the Banians delight to have this wood in their obsequies, and that the Japanese so much value it for ornament in their houses. They imagine no pillow wholesomer, nothing more conducing to health, than that to sleep upon; extremely hating what is soft, for they find that such both heats the blood and perturbs the fancy, especially where the countries are torrid. Of old they used to wrap those dead bodies that were to be burnt or purified in the fire in that kind of linen called *linum vivum*, or asbestos, of which I have formerly spoken.

Here we had the fairest lemons I ever saw. It is an old saying: *Omnis vita gustu ducitur:* life is upheld by the taste of some sweetness; give me leave therefore to name some fruit may be worth the notice—papaws,[1] cocos, bananas, and plantains, all very sweet and delicious. Oranges we had also store of; which may well be remembered, they were so succulent and dainty and of so curious a relish as affects the eater beyond measure; the rind also was no less pleasant than the juice, seeming to have dulcity and acrimony mixed together. The tree has not only blossoms, but green and ripe fruit all at once; the root, where the sap lies, constantly conveying vegetation to the tree in those warm regions. The bananas were no less delightful: the tree is but low, yet spreads gracefully; the fruit is not unlike a sausage for shape, but in taste is most pleasant: they ripen though you crop them immaturely, and, from a dark green, turn into a bright yellow: the rind peels off easily; and the fruit, being put into the mouth, dissolves and yields an incomparable relish.

The jack grows upon a tree which is very low, yet not easy to be ascended; for shape it resembles a

pompion [i.e. pumpkin]. Without, 'tis of a yellow colour mixed with veins, but within full of golden-coloured cloves, each of them being full of kernels not unlike the largeſt sort of French bean but somewhat more globous. The fruit hath in it a ſtone, which being boiled the buffaloes eat. The fruit is somewhat unpleasant at the firſt guſt [i.e. taſte], which, as I suppose, the heat and rareness causes; and 'tis glutinous in the mouth, but of double benefit in the ſtomach, being reſtorative and good for the back, of singular use againſt that French disease was brought firſt from the wars at Naples; and in taſte has some resemblance with that the Africans call *cola*. The ananas [i.e. pineapple] is not inferior to the jack in bulk, albeit the plant it springs from be no way equal; for it arises not from seed but a root, like that of an artichoke; at maturity they rise not above two foot, whereby with less labour they enrich the gatherer. Without, 'tis armed with a moiſtless rind, which is hard but pleasant within; and though a little seem to satiate, yet experience teaches that the ſtomach covets it and admits an easy digeſtion. The duroyen resembles the jack: the shape is round, and the outside beautiful, yet that beauty exceeds not the inward virtue; for, albeit at firſt opening it gives a smell not unlike a rotten onion, which to many seems offensive, the meat nevertheless is of a whitish colour and divided into a dozen cells, or partitions, which are filled with ſtones as big as cheſtnuts, white and cordial. In Malacca and Java they abound moſt, and are worth the inquiring after, for it is a fruit both nutritive and dainty—yea, without an hyperbole an epitome of the beſt and rareſt fruits throughout the Orient. Areca and betel also are here much in use. The areca tree grows very high and resembles the palmetto [palm]: the wood is fuzzy and soft, and hangs like shaded grapes in cluſters; the fruit is shaped like a walnut, and of like bigness;

white within, and not easily penetrated, but, like good oil, hath neither taste nor smell—for they eat it not alone, but wrap it in a leaf of betel or betree, which hath neither flower nor moisture, and chew it in morsels. Some (as I have noted) mix with it a kind of lime like that of oyster-shells; which together (if they say true) cures the cholic, removes melancholy, kills worms, purges the maw, preserves the teeth, prevents hunger, and stupifies the sense: which last virtue occasions the Indian women to chew it when they go to burning with their dead husbands.

Mount Elly is in 12 degrees latitude, in 55 degrees 30 minutes longitude; variation 13 degrees: a place as eminent in hills as any other part we saw upon the coast of India, and limits the two rich and populous kingdoms Decan and Malabar.

An unhappy accident happened us here, before we weighed anchor; for, on the five-and-twentieth day descrying at the point of the bay a junk of seventy tons fraught with merchandise and bound for Acheen, we could likewise perceive a Malabar pirate skulk near this junk, which he doubted not to board, being off at sea and past our help. As accordingly fell out: for, being under sail, the man-of-war gave her chase. The junk, perceiving danger, chose rather to put herself under our protection than hazard the rapine of that frigate. But her condition (with grief I speak it) was little better; for the *Jonas*, boarding her with her barge, towed her to our Admiral, where (after short consultation) she was adjudged prize. For my part I could not reach the offence; but this I could, as some reported, that she had a cargo of cotton, opium, onions, and probably somewhat under the cotton of more value; which was her crime, it seems. But how the prize was distributed concerns not me to inquire: I was a passenger, no merchant nor informer. The seamen, it appeared, were to make what advantage

they could unto themselves; for they first gave the Indians that were aboard a churlish welcome, by which they perceived they intended to make them slaves and sell them to the Javanese, who usually give fifty rials for every slave; which rather than suffer, threescore of those poor wretches threw themselves desperately into the sea, choosing rather to expose their carcasses to the waves than the mercy of our men, if I may so call it: which seemed sport to some there, but not so to me who had compassion; nor could I be informed what provocation had been given our men to make such a proceeding.[1] The canoes from the shore showed them more mercy, for they saved some of them; but those our boats took up resented our dealing so passionately as they seemed more willing to be drowned. That night we had terrible weather, much rain mixed with thunder and lightning. This stormy weather is usual here when the sun is nearest and makes their summer; for then upon this Indian coast they have the greatest sign of winter, from the summer solstice to the autumnal equinox continuing wind and rain, which makes it exceeding boisterous and unsafe to travel.

Thence we sailed due South, and that evening passed by Cananor, Montingue,[2] Onor, and Batticala, which some repute part of Canara or Decan; and then by Mangalore, in which as the Jesuits report were seventy thousand Christians, Calicut and Cochyn, Cranganore, Cowlam [Quilon], and Brin John,[3] as far as Cape Comryn, the utmost promontory of India, in seven degrees and a half North, variation 14 degrees: a cape well-known of old, for it is by Ptolemy (book 7) called Cory; by Strabo, Conomencina; by Pliny, Calasca; and Comar by Arrian in his *Periplus*; and Comara Extrema by other geographers; but by other cosmographers Colaicum, Calligicum, and Calingou, where the Mavo-Calingi are by Pliny seated: howbeit at this day by the inhabitants 'tis called Tuttan-Cory.[4]

May 7. We had eight degrees. Ere sunset we were close by the high mountain called Brin-John, i.e. the Mount of John, a Cambrian word,[1] but when or by whom imposed is past my finding. Next day we had seven degrees thirty minutes, variation fourteen degrees; than which place that famous promontory of East India called Cape Comryn extends no further South towards the equator. The next we sailed by the Maldivae, isles memorized by Pyrard de Laval,[2] who reports that the king styles himself Emperor of thirteen provinces and twelve thousand islands. Jerome de Sancto Stephano[3] makes them eight thousand; the most and least any king in the world (the Spaniard excepted) is owner of. Several of them [are] little other than rocks and mountains. Thence our course was by Zeyloon.

Upon the seventh of June, after long sail, some storms, and much patience, we again descried land. It bore N.N.W. from us; but at the sun's first blush the ensuing morning we knew it was Digarroys,[4] an isle above fifty miles about and in twenty degrees south latitude. There we anchored not, knowing that Mauritius was but ninety leagues[5] distant thence upon a W.N.W. course, a place where we doubted not of some refreshment. This Digarroys was first discovered by the Portuguese; but, except some Welshman gave it the name, I know not whence called Digarroys, seeing that Digarrad in the British dialect fitly complies with it, the condition being a desolate island; desolate in human inhabitants, for with other things 'tis replenished, as with wood, tortoises, dodos, and like fowl. To our view it gave itself not very high at a league distance; but this I also remember, that at the South-west end are shoals, which are long and dangerous. By benefit of a constant wind we soon arrived at the Mauritius.[6]

Mauritius was first discovered by the Portuguese,

whose industrious arm and ingenious fancy (ere America was discovered by Columbus) gave us the first full knowledge of the East, and names to many places formerly innominate. And, amongst others, the name Do-Cerne unto this; but how properly I know not. After that it varied into the names Roderigo and Cygnæa, or Cerne,[1] i.e. Swans, for so the Dutch reputed the dodos; lastly to Mauritius, which, whether in memory of Grave Maurice[2] or of a ship so-named that by age or accident laid her ribs there, I know not; but by equal authority I may deduce the name from some Cambrian (the relics or glimmering of whose speech we found gasping in many of these remote quarters of the world) in the word Maur-Ynisus, or Bigger Island, fitly so named if compared with those other lesser neighbouring isles, Digarroys, England's Forest, Dozimo, S. Apollonia,[3] etc., and by a more euphoniacal concision Maur-isius. But grant it be so called by the Hollander, yet it follows not that they have more right to it than the English, they themselves knowing and acknowledging that the English landed there a dozen years before them; who no question had new-named it, but that they knew the Portuguese had done it before. This also be remembered, that in the year 1505, when Franciscus Almeyda, of all the Portuguese the most renowned for Eastern conquest and discovery, reports that there and in some isles (I suppose this one) where he erected forts and castles of defence he found crosses and other symbols of Christianity, which made him confident that Christ had formerly been served there; and therefore in humility would not esteem himself the first Christian discoverer. But how uncertain that may be, it is without any doubt that it is an isle abounding with, and capable of, all things requisite for the necessary use of man and requirable for the zone 'tis placed in. The land, especially where it respects the sea, is high, but else-

where champaign and plain; the shape rather oval than round, and the circuit of English miles not much above a hundred, the greatest extent being from the North-East to the South-West. The air exceeding good; and the soil, though uncultivated, so full of vigour that it procreates without seed; withal, luxuriant in grass and herbs and such flowers as nature usually diapers the earth with when dressed in her summer livery. Ambergris is oft found floating about this island—how generated, whether from the whale (thence called spermaceti) or otherwise, is not yet resolved; but highly valued, agreeable to its virtue. Here also is coral in abundance: the only vegetable that has no leaves. 'Tis a green shrub, or plant, in the salt sea at first; and after hath white berries, which by force of the sea and air petrify; and, when its colour turns red, is then most valuable. Nor can it be denied that by reason of the temperature of the air, and those daily breezes and showers which fall, the earth is meliorated and fitted for grain of most sorts; as also for plants, fruits, flowers, and what else may be thought fit by the ingenious planter. And seeing heaven and earth conspire and contribute to the action and advantage of the life of man, how much more abundant cause hath man to magnify his Maker, who is the liberal dispenser of those rare trees and fruits which naturally offer themselves to what man's appetite can rationally covet: for we find it replenished with trees of several sorts, some of which are good for timber, others for food, all for use; amongst the rest, I observed store of ebony. Wood it is of different colour, and for use of no less variety; what we found here was black and red, as also white and yellow: black is most valuable. The tree is commonly high and very straight, the outside covered with a smooth bark; here found in great plenty till of late years destruction hath been made, especially by the Dutch

and French, who have imported such store thereof into Europe and other their Indian plantations that it is much abated. Here also is that phœnix in nature, the palmetto I mentioned but lately at the isles near Zeyloon: it is but one in the origin. We call it dactyl, or date, seeing that *palma* translated is "date" in English: a tree which both for quality, duration, and fruit is usually attributed to heroes and conquerors. The trunk is slender, but very high and round, not branching save near the top, as the coco doth; and those rather resemble round sedge than boughs, which are evergreen. Under the sedge appears a soft pulp not unlike the cauliflower, which being cut and sod [i.e. boiled] tastes very like it; but for that the vegetative virtue consists in it, the tree prospers not after that is severed (as Xenophon also observeth), but, while that substance remains, it yields a liquor like the toddy, in colour and relish not unlike must or sweet wine, which issues out of the pierced bark, so as in an hour's space the quantity of a pottle may be gathered. In some old authors we read there was tree-honey as well as bee-honey, or, as they call it, tears or blood dropping from trees. By that description it should be the palmetto-wine: which wine and amber-coloured nuts, being polished, were by the Persians usually set upon tables or cabinets amongst other curiosities, as Xenophon takes notice in his travels. Seamen usually have a cane or quill which they suck with, so as two or three trees being pierced, in an hour's space replete the greediest appetite, though he booze his belly full. To drink with moderation it comforts the spirit, albeit cold in the digestion; it also purges and helps obstructions, and kills worms; but immoderately taken intoxicates the brain and disposes to fluxes; howbeit, exposed two days in the sun turns acid, in which quality it is binding. Here are also coco-trees, male and female, both which bear blossoms: the female only is fruitful;

and not so neither, unless a flowering branch be inoculate or planted near it; for by that mixture of seed she fructifies. Concerning the palmetto, the relish is so perfectly good that none of us who tasted of it thought it nauseous, but rather pleasant and dainty. We also took notice that we were no sooner gone, but that the lizards—which some from its resemblance call the land crocodile in little, but of a better nature—would make haste to suck this distilling nectar, and were intoxicated with it: a creature so exceedingly delighted with beholding man's visage, and what in them lies expressing so much affection, that we would not injure them in that senseless condition. Parrots and other birds also would be tasters, which made it of more repute with passengers. Several other sorts of trees there are which differ no less in quality than form. One I took special notice of was above five yards about and of a reasonable height, but umbriferous [shady] it was not; for, albeit it had many branches, yet was it without leaf or flower: the bole so soft, as with a knife I could almost as easily write my name in it as with a stick one may in sand. In curiosity I put some of the wood into my mouth and chewed it; what the virtue may be I know not, but for half an hour my mouth was inflamed as if I had taken so much vitriol. Near that was another which was low of growth, yet large spread in its branches; upon it hung fruit or seed like ash-keyes,[1] only these were larger and thicker, resembling the Guinea-beans or caravances, but safe-guarded with sharp prickles; by such a defence one might have thought what was within should have been considerable. The shell or cod was very hard, but, being broke, found in it six or eight nuts, each of which was less than a dove's-egg, but in colour and shape not unlike the beazer: the kernel tasted like an acorn; what the quality was I could not tell, save that by some experiment the chirurgeon made it was found in

operation to be little better than poison. The Africans at Sierra Leone have such a tree as this they call *ogou*, with which they envenom their darts: this peradventure may be of that kind. Many other we saw here, some of which were like pines, others like limes and sycamores; and [I] do not remember that we saw any oak, cedar, fig, or cypress; nor was the fruit or seed they bore such as we knew, though we could resemble them to pineapples, artichokes, plums, nuts, cherries, and the like; but as to their names or properties utterly ignorant; for the truth is, all or most of the trees, birds, and beasts I saw in the Oriental and southern parts of the world far remote vary or differ in some part of their shape from the trees, beasts, and birds with us in Europe: nevertheless in their several species and kinds may be known by that their resemblance. Observe we could, also, that nothing was lost, for what was [not] food for birds, the tortoises would eat; and what the tortoises refused, the hogs did devour: so as by one or other all was tasted of. Again, this noble isle, as it is prodigal in her water and wood, so she corresponds in what else a fruitful parent labours in: not only boasting in that variety, but in feathered creatures also—yea, in the rareness of that variety. I will name but some, and first the dodo, a bird the Dutch call *walghvogel*, or *dod eersen*.[1] Her body is round and fat, which occasions the slow pace, or that her corpulency, and so great as few of them weigh less than fifty pound: meat it is with some, but better to the eye than stomach—such as only a strong appetite can vanquish: but otherwise, through its oiliness, it cannot choose but quickly cloy and nauseate the stomach, being indeed more pleasurable to look, than feed, upon. It is of a melancholy visage, as sensible of nature's injury in framing so massive a body to be directed by complimental wings, such indeed as are unable to hoist her from the ground, serving only to

rank her amongſt birds. Her head is variously dressed, for one half is hooded with down of a dark colour, the other half naked and of a white hue, as if lawn were drawn over it; her bill hooks and bends downwards; the thrill [noſtril] or breathing-place is in the midſt; from which part to the end the colour is of a light green mixed with a pale yellow. Her eyes are round and bright, and inſtead of feathers has a moſt fine down; her train (like to a China beard) is no more than three or four short feathers. Her legs are thick and black; her talons great; her ſtomach fiery, so as she can easily digeſt ſtones—in that and shape not a little resembling the oſtrich.

Here are also eyries of hawks and sundry other birds, as goshawks, lanners, hobbies, passeflamingoes, geese, pouts, swallows, kites, blackbirds, sparrows, robins, herons, white and beautiful (in their flesh good, but in their feathers more valuable), cockatoos (a sort of parrot whose nature may well take name from κακὸν ὠὸν,[1] it is so fierce and so indomitable), bitters [i.e. bitterns], hens, and many others which I forbear to enumerate. But the parrots in their feathers were curious and more eſteemed for their much prattle.

In the rivers here we found no less variety of fish; such as we took and taſted of I noted. The manatee was the rareſt, for both in taſte and shape it equally opposes feeder and beholder. This fish doth use both elements: those very fins which ſteer them in the sea serve as ſtilts ashore to creep upon, in which exercise their paps also befriend them; and, though fish, differs little from veal in taſte, but more in show, for the ribs and entrails, as also their face, some say is like the elephant when the proboscis is wanting, but from the cow have their denomination; for it is verily thought the land has not that creature which the watery citizens resemble not. They affect shoal-waters, and to be near the shore to graze upon: their

A SHARK

BIRDS AT MAURITIUS

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eyes are very small; bulk about three yards long, and in breadth but half so much; famoused for a gentle fish, delighting to behold the visage of man; moſt valuable in a ſtone that is consolidated in the head, which being pounded and put in wine and drunk faſting is (as are the brains of sharks or tuberons) sovereign againſt the ſtone and colic—yea, of more prize than his other six great teeth, which yet to him are far more useful. Andrew Evans, captain of our ship, ſtruck one of them with a fisgig [i.e. harpoon], and for quicker dispatch leapt into the sea, and, swimming towards it, with a ſtiletto wounded the fish in several places: as victor he would needs get upon her back, but the triumph coſt him dearly, for the manatee, labouring under pangs, circling his body so crushed the captain by that forcible embrace as the bruise made him spit blood to his dying day, which happened soon after.

Give me leave to name what fish we took: dolphins, bonitos, albacores,[1] cavallos [see p. 22], porpoise, grampus (which Mr Sands[2] thinks is the right dolphin, none else being of that opinion; this some call the *sus marinus*), mullet, bream, tench, trout, sole, flounders, tortoise, eel, pike, shark, crab, lobſter, oyſters, cray-fish, cuttle-fish (which, though its blood be as black as ink, caused by a high concoction, is nevertheless meat very delicious), rock-fish, limpets, and a speckled toadish or poison fish, as the seamen from experience named it; which, albeit laſt-named, came firſt to net, and, eaten too greedily by the heedless sailors, was an error coſt some no less than their lives, others for some time their senses: in shape it was not unlike a tench, but more black and deformedly spotted.

Other ſtrange fish we had which met with as ſtrange ſtomachs, who, either out of appetite or curiosity, would not be afraid to taſte. Some had the shape of hedgehogs, other of cats; some were globous,

others triangular—such as Gorraeus calls *lepus marinus*.

The torpedo, or cramp-fish [i.e. electric ray], also came to hand, a fish (if Pliny writes truth) that by hiding itself with mud and dirt catches lesser fish very strangely; for by his frigidity he benumbs such fish as swim over or lodge near him, and so preys upon them. Amazed (not knowing that fish but by its quality) we were when a sudden trembling seized us: a device it has to beget liberty as well as to catch his prey, for by evaporating a cold breath it stupifies such as touch, nay, which is more, as hold a thing that touches, it.

Moreover, this isle affords goats, hogs, beeves, and land-tortoises—tortoises so great, as suffer two men with ease to sit; and so strong, as [to] carry them; yea (as some report) fifteen men have at once stood upon them. Aristotle concerning this animal writes that no oviparous creature which either lays eggs or spawns do urine, the tortoise excepted. Sailors affect to eat them; but are better meat for hogs in my opinion. They make pretty sport, but are coarse food; so are their rats, bats, and monkeys: most of which useful and unuseful creatures were first brought hither by the Portuguese for refreshment, in their return from India; but at this day the English and Dutch reap their harvests. Birds had here at no charge and little labour are hens, bats, herons, etc. The hens flock together twenty and forty in a company: if you catch one you may catch all—the surest way is by showing them a red cloth, for it seems that colour exasperates their spleen, as appears by the assaults they will make, for when one is struck down the residue budge not. They eat like parched pigs, if you roast them. The herons through a long-continued security (ignorant of the deceits of men, and unused to the smell of powder) are as easily taken; for if one be shot the other take not wing, neither knowing nor valuing danger, such is

their care to condole their late associates. Bats are here in great numbers; but, if my stomach deceive me not, worse meat cannot be tasted: a fierce ill-favoured carrion, ever squeaking, and in offensive noise calling to one another make bad melody. This is the only four-footed beast that's volant, and therefore whether more properly to be ranked amongst birds or beasts as yet undecided. Bats, flying-fish, and seals be participles of nature and species of a doubtful kind, participating both of bird and beast: these vespertilios [bats], a large foot in length, hang in swarms upon the boughs of trees by claws two inches long fixed at the extreme part of their wings, which are above twenty inches in length, their monkey-faces in that posture ever turning downwards.

We took another fish—an eagle-fish I imagined it: the eyes were five quarters asunder; from one fin-end to the other were above four yards; its mouth so wide and teeth so long as it resembled a small portcullis; the tail also was very long and small: a fish, take it all together, rather to admire than junket on.

In this isle are several good places to anchor in: howbeit two[1] are most frequented. That at the North-west side bears the form of a semicircle and elevates the Pole Arctic 19 degrees 30 minutes; the other at the South-east, directly opposite to the other, hath 20 degrees 15 minutes, and longitude from Cape Comryn 20 degrees 20 minutes, but from the Lizard 99: both which bays seem land-locked and have oazy ground, so as ships ride safe there in five, ten, fifteen, or twenty fathoms, nowhere dangerous. The soil of itself is stony towards the shore; but at more distance has rich mould, covered with grass and herbs, and bearing wood in abundance. It has also some springs of good water, and nothing wants that may either delight the eye or satiate the taste. The sleep-charming streams indeed gently drill from the rocks and, delight-

fully trickling along the valleys, not only by their meanders mellow the ground, but by their harmonious murmur afford an irresistible magic to ease and meditation—yea, so charm the sense by moving a gentle attention in the spirits as without labour stills the soul's natural and discussive faculty. To conclude: Notwithstanding all these excellencies, this *Insula Beata*, this pleasantest of Asiatic isles, *terra suis contenta bonis*, was then uninhabited save by beasts and birds, in as much as it gives the better invitation to more suitable inhabitants, without dread of lion, tiger, wolf, fox, dog, or such like offensive creatures; but upon condition to pay a grateful tribute to such as scarcity or foul weather direct thither for refreshment.

I have dwelt somewhat long in the description of this isle, but may be excused by the delight I took there after long being at sea and some sickness at land; so that I could have been content we might have rested there some longer time. Nevertheless, so soon as the wind came fair aboard away we went, and in three hours' sail lost sight of the Mauritius.[1]

Being under sail, the fifth[2] day we descried land, which bore South-west: by its height and position we imagined it was that we call England's Forest [i.e. Réunion], which next day we ascertained. This name was imposed anno 1613 by Captain Castleton, commander of the *Pearl*;[3] but who made the first discovery is doubtful, seeing some of late have given it Seignior Mascarenas his name, purporting he was the first; yet othersome there be that call it Pulo-puar, an Indian name—but by whom or when, so darkly writ as is not legible. This pleasant isle has above fifty English miles circuit; the South Pole is there elevated 20 degrees 55 minutes from the equator; its longitude from Mauritius is not more than 1 degr. and a half, and distant thence about seven-and-thirty leagues, but the variation of the compass 23 degrees.

The ground is very high and raiseth itself a good way into the middle region; the earth everywhere green, especially in trees, which mount more than ordinarily to a sublimity. It had no creatures in it save birds, till our captain sent his long-boat with some hogs and goats of both kinds ashore, that by a happy multiplication the future passenger might be relieved. Here is also plenty of fish, of which the eels are notable, some of them weighing thirty pounds, whereby we may judge them to be congers—not odious in their corpulency, for to the taste they render themselves sweet and moist. Birds here are many and rare, but most of them being such as are spoken of in Mauritius need no repetition.

In few days by the benefit of propitious winds we launched far into the Mare del Zur, where Magellan's Cloud (*stellæ nebulosæ*, scarce visible without a glass, and more resembling part of the Galactea than stars, they are of so small a magnitude), with several other Antarctic constellations, more and more discovered themselves unto us and approached our zenith. But long those happy Favonii continued not; for, the wind veering into a contrary quarter, the sky overspread with clouds, so as the sea laboured with a dreadful tumour. Seven whole days and nights this tempest lasted, and forced us all that while to lie by the lee without more sail than the mizzen. Howbeit, *post multos una serena*; still launching through the ocean, the sky cleared up, and fair weather ensued. For many hundred miles we were recreated with many shoals of fish that with delight played about our ships, and amongst others the whale, some of which seemed longer than our ship, although of great burden.

After threescore-and-ten days' further sail we attained sight of Saint Helena,[1] where the ocean bellows on every side so fretfully as the place might fear an inundation had not the extraordinary height, but chiefly

that supreme Providence which hath set the sea its bounds, safeguarded it. It has no neighbouring isles, great or small. It had its name given by John de Nova, in or about the year after the Incarnation of our Saviour 1502, so called for that in his return from India to Lisbon it was discovered the 3rd of May, a day consecrated to the memory of Helena, the Empress, who first found the Cross, the most religious of ladies in her time, mother to the first Christian Emperor Constantine; both of them glorious in their age, Britons both; both bright gems of this our nation.

It is but small, not exceeding thirty English miles circumference, yet excessive high; for it veils its head often in the clouds, where, opening a wide mouth, it gulps down sufficient moisture to cool its ardour, which, by reason of the clime 'tis in, cannot but be sometimes intemperate; and, but for that affinity it has with the middle region, which envelops it as with a chill-cold tulipant [i.e. turban], and long nights it has, that extreme heat which the sun darts constantly twice every year perpendicular upon this isle, would doubtless make the entrails enflame (had it sulphur) like another Vesuvius. Nevertheless, the land is not more eminent in its height than the ambient sea profound in the depth—so deep that it admits ill anchoring save at the N.W. from the chapel, where is 20 fathoms. So as that there are mountains in the sea as in the earth is not to be doubted, seeing that, upon the casting of the lead, log, or plummet, upon the one side of the ship is sometimes found 30 fathom, and upon the other side 60. Nevertheless, it is so very deep here that the sounding line or plummet will scarce find ground; which is the cause that mariners do sometimes carry their anchors ashore, that they may moor or ride the more securely. By reason of the depth I could hardly discern either flux or reflux near the shore—seeming

as if we were in the mid ocean, where neither ebb nor flood is to be discerned. Howbeit, the salt water plashes and froths to see itself so suddenly resisted; but the moist breath usually vapouring in or upon the seas makes it sometimes turbulent.

This isle is hard to be ascended; not that the passage is craggy, but that it is so precipitous. The sailors have an ironic proverb: The way is such as a man may choose whether he will break his heart going up or his neck coming down; but, being once up, scarce any place can yield a more large or more delightful prospect. The land is very even and plain at the top, and swells nowhere to a deformed rising. Some springs above be sweet which below are brackish: the reason may be for that in their drilling descent they may relish of the salt hills through which it cuts a usual passage, so as they become salt both by their own composition and the salt breath which the sea evaporates. Nevertheless, there are but two noted rivulets: one which bubbles down towards the chapel, the other into the Lemon Valley, so-called from a lemon-tree and chapel built at the bottom of the isle by the Spaniards, anno 1571, and by the Dutch of late pulled down—a place once intended for God's worship but now disposed of to common uses. There are also some ruins of a little town lately demolished by the Spaniards, in that it became a magazine of private trade in turning and returning out of both the Indies. No other monuments nor antiquities are there found. You see all if you look upon the ribs of a weather-beaten carrique [i.e. carack, armed ship of burden] and some broken pieces of great ordnance which, albeit left there against the owners' liking, serve some instead of anchors. Human inhabitants there are none; nor were of late, save that in the year 1591 Captain Kendall weighing anchor sooner than was expected, one Segar, a mariner, was accidentally left ashore:

eighteen months after, Captain Parker, coming to an anchor, found poor Segar alive, but so amazed, or rather overjoyed, at his arrival, that he died suddenly:[1] by which we see that sudden joy is not easily digested. Howbeit, of hogs and goats here are plenty, who agree well-favouredly and multiply even to admiration; happy in their ease and safety till ships arrive there for refreshment. The goats leap wildly from rock to rock, and, to avoid the reach of our small guns, keep their sentinels.

Here also with a little labour we got store of pheasants, pouts, quails, hens, partridge, and, which was no less acceptable, divers sorts of grass and roots, as wood-sorrel, three-leaved grass, scurvy-grass, and like acid herbs sovereign against the scurvy—the usual disease from the sea, and most predominating amongst islanders. We had also basil, parsley, mint, spinach, fennel, anise, radish, mustard-seed, tobacco, and some others, which by a willing hand, directed by an ingenious eye, may soon be gathered—brought hither, and here sown, by Fernandus Lupius, a Portuguese, in the year of our Lord 1509, for the good of his countrymen, who, nevertheless, at this day dare hardly land to oversee their seminary or own their labours—the English and Dutch in the churlish language of a cannon sometimes disputing the propriety. Anno 1588 Candish,[2] our countryman, landed here in his circumnavigating the globe; and found store of lemons, oranges, pomegranates, pomecitrons, figs, and dates; but how the alteration comes who knows, for none of those grow there now that I could either see or hear of, one lemon-tree excepted. To conclude: In the old chapel here we buried our captain, Andrew Evans,[3] whose death's-wound (as formerly told) was unhappily given him by a manatee at the Mauritius. He was an expert seaman, and no less vigilant than expert; so as doubtless the Company had a great loss of him.

That this is a very delightful isle cannot be denied, and its admirable prospect and other pleasures were sufficient to induce our longer stay; but stay we might not. So as after a week's refreshment we discharged our reckoning in a hearty farewell,[1] and by the invitation of a prosperous gale upon a N.W. course swiftly cut our passage through the yielding ocean; insomuch as on the sixteenth of October we were once more nadir to the sun, which at that time was in its Antarctic progress. Our latitude by observation was 13 degrees 13 minutes. The third day after, we had sight of Ascension Isle, so named by John de Nova in the year 1502, because upon that feast-day it was he first discovered it. The isle is South from the equinoctial about 7 degrees, little more than thirty miles in circuit; not well wooded nor watered: little else observable; from Santa Helena seven hundred and twenty miles English or thereabouts.

The seven-and-twentieth day we crossed the equinoctial line the fourth time. The weather was hot, but qualified by the monsoon, that continued blowing one way save when the tornados interposed, which was more or less until we came into 9 degrees North. We were miserably pestered with that variable weather, till then being frequently entertained with loud blasts of wind, nasty showers of rain, with terrible thunder and lightning. But *Deus his quoque finem*. The eleventh of November we were parallel to Cape de Verde and those isles poets call the Gorgades.[2] But, leaving these, upon a more Westerly course we coasted part of the American continent, viz. Guiana, Florida, Virginia, New England, and other parts of Norumbega, which (with the several adjacent isles we passed by) shall in this place have no other observation than that the sea in many places as we sailed was so covered with green weeds and small berries, even where the water was not to be fathomed, that it rather seemed a field of

grass than the ocean. But, what was most to be noted, those weeds or branches like nets were entangled and drawn along by the barnacles which in those long voyages usually breed upon the sides of ships and exceedingly pester and retard their way in sailing.

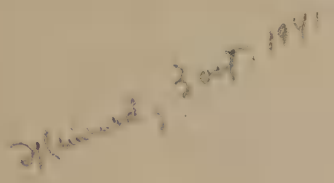
The beginning of December[1] we had sight of the Azores or Flemish Islands; which the name seems to infer were first found out by the Dutch; for, according to tradition, a merchant of Burges [Bruges], bound for Lisbon in the year 1449, was by stress of weather driven so far west as unexpectedly 'twixt the latitude of 38 and 40 degrees he descried several small islands in view of one another, but at that time without show of human inhabitants. These he called Flemish Islands.[2] Howbeit, coming soon after ashore in Andeluzia and reporting his adventure, the Portuguese by his compass easily found the way, and quickly planted them with men and what else was necessary; at which time they gave them the names of St George, St Michael, St Mary, Fayall, Pyco and the Terceras —comprehended at first under the name Terceras, but afterwards the Azores (so-called from the many eyries of hawks they found there). Of these Tercera is greatest, if not the fruitfullest, for it abounds with wine and oil, corn and fruit, oade [i.e. woad], etc. Angra is her best town, and Brazil the strongest fort, which also commands the haven—the best that island has, though not very good to anchor in.

Leaving the Azores, the wind being very fair and moderate, we quickly entered the Cantabrian seas, where after a little time we were churlishly entertained by loud winds that soon converted to a storm of thrice four-and-twenty hours continuance; during which we took in our sail and lay a-hull, tossed sufficiently. But so good were our ships that the greatest fear we had was of being driven nearer the French coast than we desired; for in spite of helm and mizzen the tide or

current, if not both, drew us so nigh to Heyssant (or, as we pronounce it, Ushant), a small isle upon the most Western point or promontory of Brittany (Armorica of old, but now Britain-Britanant) as we were not a little endangered. In that distress we likewise sought the Lord; who, as He is the hope of all the ends of the earth, was pleased to appease the noise of the sea and the waves thereof (*Ps.* lxv.), and in few hours more gave us the comfortable sight of our own country;[1] not unlike that long-looked-for Ithaca.

And, well remembering that caution of the poet, *Turpe mihi abire domo vacuumque redire*, I have as my greatest adventure thought fit to expose to public view these observations, albeit the issue of youth and haste, which indeed were intended for the private satisfaction of that noble Lord, William, Earl of Pembroke and the Lord Powys, who gave me the first encouragement to travel.

To conclude: We came to an anchor at Plymouth,[2] and returned God hearty thanks for our preservation.



APPENDIX[1]

For the reader's easier understanding and memory, I will orderly digest such cities and towns (now being) betwixt the Gulf of Persia and the Caspian Sea through which we travelled; as well to benefit the future traveller as to furnish our modern geographical maps with names of truth (being indeed stuffed with false ones and but invented); together with the farsangs or leagues (each accounted three miles English), that the true distances may be known and the Caspian placed in a better height.

From Ormus to Bander-Gombroon, three farsangs or Dutch leagues. To Band-Ally, 4. To Gacheen, 7. To Coureſtan, 5. To the desert of Tanghy-dolon, 4. To Whormoot, 11. To Lār, 9.

The distance betwixt Ormus and the city of Lār (from which the kingdom is denominated) is three-and-forty farsangs or a hundred, nine-and-twenty English miles.

From Lār to Techoo, in the wilderness of Lār, four farsangs. From thence to Berry, 4. To Bannarow, 4. To Goyoom, 4. Three nights to the desert, 11. To Wchormoot, 3. To Cutbobbaw, 3. To Mohack, 4. To Coughton, 5. To Emoom, 5. To Unghea, 4. To Moyechaw, 4. To Pully-potshaw, 4. To Shyras or Syras, three and a half.

The distance betwixt Lār and the city of Shīrāz in Persia [Fārsiſtān] is sixty-two farsangs or a hundred and eighty-six English miles.

From Shīrāz to Pully-chawn, seven farsangs. To Chilmanor, 3. To Camber-Ally, 3. To Pull, 2. To Tartang, 4. To Deorden, 3. To Cafferr, 4. To Whomgesh, 2. To Bazeba-chow, 6. To De-

gardow, 6. To Gumbazellello, 4. To Yezdecawz, 4. To De-moxalbeg, 6. To Commeshaw, 5. To Moyeor, 6. To Spahawnet, 6. To Isfahān, 3.

The distance betwixt Shīrāz and the famous city of Isfahān in Parthia is seventy-four farsangs or two hundred, two-and-twenty English miles.

From Isfahān to Reegue, three farsangs. To Sardahan, 5. To Whomg, 9. To Tawgebaut, 3. To Bawt, 6. To Obigarmy, 10. To Suffedaw, 7. To Syacow, 10. Through the salt desert to Ghezz, 13. To Periscow, 6. To Gheer, 8. To Aliavarr, 15. To Necaw, 9. To Asharaff, 4. From Asharaff to Farrabaut, a city upon the Caspian Sea, 10.

Distance betwixt Isfahān and the Caspian Sea by Periscow (for another way is by Qazvīn) is a hundred and eighteen farsangs or three hundred and fifty-four English miles.

NOTES

Page 1

[1] Herbert is using the Old Style, by which the year was reckoned to commence on Lady Day. We should call it 1627.

[2] A squall (French *bourrasque*).

[3] They certainly passed the coast of Galicia; but Bilboa (if that is intended) was far away to the eastwards.

Page 2

[1] Sallee, near Rabat, the headquarters of the Morocco pirates.

[2] Burning fevers, often attended with delirium.

Page 3

[1] Hayen and Tuberon are names for the shark, from the Dutch (*haai*) and Portuguese (*tubarão*) respectively.

[2] The pilot-fish.

Page 4

[1] Francis Bacon (*Works*, ed. Spedding, vol. v, p. 148).

Page 5

[1] I can find no island of this name in the then position of the fleet, as indicated in the India Office logs; nor do the latter mention it.

Page 6

[1] In the first edition Herbert says that the carack reached India a month before the English fleet.

Page [illegible]

[1] Portuguese *sargaso*, gulf-weed.

[2] The first edition says that land was seen early on the 7th, not the 8th; and this is supported by the India Office logs.

[3] Now known as Dassen Island, a name given by the Dutch on account of the abundance of dassies, here described as conies. Dr E. Leonard Gill, the head of the South African Museum, Cape Town, has kindly informed me that this animal (*Procavia* [*Hyrax*] *Capensis*) is common among rocks nearly everywhere in that region. Herbert's etymology of the English name of the island is of course unfounded.

[4] This derivation of 'penguin' had been anticipated by Ingram (in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, 1589, p. 560) and by Drayton (*Polyolbion*, 1613, Song 9), but it is obviously absurd.

Page 9

[1] Now Robben Island (from the Dutch *rob*, a seal).

[2] Obviously wrong. The first edition says the eleventh; the India Office logs make it the tenth.

[3] Table Bay, not the bay now known as Saldanha Bay, which is some distance to the northwards and was the one really discovered by Antonio de Saldanha. Two of the India Office logs mention that on the fleet's arrival five Dutch ships were found in Table Bay, having on board Jan Pieterszoon Koen, who was going out to Batavia for a second term of office as Governor-General.

[4] The name was conferred by Bartholomeu Dias, not by Vasco da Gama.

[5] Herbert took his figure (rounding it a little) from Roe's journal as printed by Purchas; but in the original MS. of that journal it appears as ii853, meaning 2853, feet. The real height of Table Mountain is about 3,580 feet.

[6] Now termed the Lion's Head.

Page 10

[1] Dr Gill agrees that this must be what is now known as the Devil's Peak. It was possibly named after the Capt. Fitzherbert mentioned later.

[2] Dr Gill writes: 'Cape Agulhas is not in sight from any of the mountains round Cape Town. You cannot see land past Cape Hangklip at the far side of False Bay.' He finds much of Herbert's topography confused and unreliable.

[3] The Rio Dulce or Sweet River. It 'comes down from the two chief clefts in the north face of Table Mountain—Platteklip Gorge and Silverstream Gorge. This stream is still open until it comes down well among the houses' [of Cape Town] (Dr Gill).

[4] Humphrey Fitzherbert was the commander of the East India Company's fleet for Bantam in 1620. For his annexation of the Table Bay district see *The English Factories in India*, 1618–21, pp. 202, 215, and the authorities there quoted.

[5] Fitzherbert called one height King James's Mount and the other Prince Charles's Mount. Dr Gill agrees that the latter is the Lion's Rump (Signal Hill) and the former the step on the north side of the Rump on which the battery is now mounted. In one of his illustrations (plate ii) Herbert shows these various heights in the background, but they seem to be incorrectly drawn.

[6] The Salt River.

[7] Dr Gill thinks that this may possibly be the Eerste River, flowing into the head of False Bay.

PAGE 11

[1] Dr Gill writes that his botanical assistant, Miss Garabedian, has tentatively identified this plant as 'one of the Umbelliferæ, *Arctopus echinatus*, still quite common round here; sometimes called the *platdoorn* or *platdoring*'.

[2] Iron pyrites or bisulphide of iron.

[3] See Sir Clements Markham's translation of the *Coloquios* of Garcia da Orta, p. 270.

PAGE 12

[1] A misprint for 'alcatrases'. This name (derived from the Portuguese) was applied to several large sea-birds, particularly to the Frigate-bird; also (in a modified form) to the Albatross. Either might be meant here.

PAGE 13

[1] A Roman geographer of the third century, whose *Collectanea Rerum Memorabilium* was very popular.

PAGE 14

[1] Dr Gill kindly submitted this list of words to Miss D. F. Bleek, who was able to identify most of them as examples of the now extinct Cape Hottentot language.

[2] The Stormy Petrel.

PAGE 15

[1] Cape Pigeons.

[2] A reed shaped like a trumpet (Port. *tromba*).

PAGE 16

[1] The Portuguese named these shoals Baixos da Judia, or Flats of the Jewess; but in early English charts this was turned into Bassas da India, and that name has kept its vogue, though sometimes the shoals are called the Europa Rocks, from a vessel which sighted them in 1774.

[2] See Hawkins, p. 151.

[3] That is to say, his was the leading vessel, acting as guide to the rest.

PAGE 17

[1] The first edition gives it the name of Castle Island; but this does not help towards its identification.

[2] The Comoro Islands are four in number—Great Comoro (or Angasija), Mayotta, Johanna, and Mohilla. There is, of course, no truth in the suggestion that the name of the group is Welsh.

PAGE 18

[1] See Lancaster, pp. 6, 26. The ship concerned was not the *Penelope*, but the *Edward Bonaventure*, her consort.

[2] The Halicore Dugong, or Sea-Cow (see Leguat, vol. i, p. 74, vol. ii, p. 378).

PAGE 19

[1] Black bile.

[2] Colic attributed to stone in the kidneys.

[3] The floating mollusc *Ianthina* (also called the Portuguese Man-of-War). Herbert's natural history must not be taken too seriously.

PAGE 20

[1] From Pashley's log we learn that the *Mary* and the *Hart* anchored off the King's town (now Fumboni) on the N.E. side of Mohilla, while the *Star* went round the south of the island to the road of Maringa (Miringoni) on the western side. She joined her consorts four days later.

[2] *Shāhbandar*, 'ruler of the port'. His name may have been 'Alī Kūsārī.

[3] Captain Best (Purchas, vol. i, p. 457).

[4] It can hardly be a coincidence that all these words occur in the vocabulary given by Peyton (Purchas, vol. i, p. 489), and Herbert's statement that he noted them down himself is therefore to be doubted. They are a mixture of Portuguese, Arabic, and Malagasy terms.

PAGE 21

[1] Coarse or thick (an Italian word).

[2] Peyton (Purchas, vol. i, p. 489) says that Phanehomale became King in July, 1613.

[3] Herbert got these names from the journal of Capt. Saris, who was at Mohilla in 1611 (Purchas, vol. i, p. 336); but Saris says that Mannangalla [*sic*] was the mother, not the wife, of Booboocarree (Sultān Sharīf Abū Bukhārī ?).

PAGE 22

[1] Apparently an error for 'faufal', the Arabic name for areca.

PAGE 23

[1] Joannes Goropius, whose works were published at Antwerp in 1580.

[2] Herbert seems to have taken much of this information from Linschoten (see vol. ii, pp. 40, 41), who says that the Malays call the plantain *pican* (his editor points out that this should be *pisang*). The Arabic name is *musa*.

PAGE 24

[1] It is a usual practice to tie the male date to the female; but this is not done in the case of the coco-nut palm, which has male and female flowers on the same tree.

[2] A not uncommon phenomenon, due probably to the presence of animalculæ.

PAGE 25

[1] This is an error due to a careless reading of the narrative of Alvarez, as given in Purchas (vol. ii, p. 1041). There mention is made of the kingdom of Barnagasso, but earlier in his narrative Alvarez explains that this (*Baharnagash*, or Ruler of the Sea) is the title of the chief maritime official in Abyssinia.

PAGE 27

[1] This Muhammad was the son of the Persian merchant, Khwāja Shāhsawār, who had accompanied Naqd 'Alī Beg to England and had died in London (see the Introduction). In the Court Minutes of 27 September, 1626, we find a statement that Muhammad 'was upon marriage, being very desirous to contract himself with the chambermaid of my Lady Cokayne, to whom he offers to make over unto her not only his whole estate but also to be christened before marriage'; but whether the matter went any further does not appear.

PAGE 29

[1] Suwālī, a roadstead a little to the north of the mouth of the Taptī, and the regular place of anchorage for trade with Surat.

PAGE 30

[1] A mountain called Mahālakshmī, about twelve miles east of Dāhānu.

PAGE 31

[1] A mistake for the *Hart*. The first edition says merely 'the ship he died in'.

[2] See my *Early Travels in India*, p. 239.

PAGE 32

[1] At the time of Herbert's arrival the President was Thomas Kerridge, who, however, in April, 1628, handed over charge to Richard Wylde, and the latter retained the post until his departure for England two years later.

[2] Prince Khurram (Shāh Jahān) did not really mount the throne at Agra until early in February, 1628, though his accession had been

proclaimed at Surat on the 7th of the preceding month. Both these dates were subsequent to Herbert's departure for Persia. In his lengthy history of the Mughal Emperors (here omitted) our author mentions that 'at our being in this country Curroon came within two days' journey of Surat, and in ceremony the English ships thundered out his approach and welcome by two hundred great shot, which he thankfully accepted of'. This occurred in the early part of December, 1627.

[3] June to September (the season of the rains).

Page 33

[1] A Dutch method of reckoning, each ton being equivalent to 100,000 gulden (1*s.* 8*d.* each). Herbert got the figure from De Laet (*De Imperio*, p. 151).

[2] Surat was burnt by Antonio da Silveira in 1530.

[3] The *Maidān*, an open space called by some travellers the Castle Green.

Page 34

[1] The *kos* (about two miles).

[2] The Gopi-talāo (see Roe, p. 90).

[3] The ordinary Hindus.

[4] Herbert is wrong in calling the Parsees the original inhabitants.

[5] Portuguese *peão* (an attendant).

Page 35

[1] *Dīnār* was widely used for a gold coin of high denomination. Herbert means here the gold mohur.

[2] In the first edition 22 pice are reckoned to the shilling.

[3] The *lārī* and the *abbāsī* are reckoned on a later page at 10*d.* and 16*d.* respectively.

[4] In the first edition the 20*s.* piece is stated to be worth 22*s.* 6*d.* at Surat and at least 25*s.* in Persia.

[5] Herbert has here been misled by De Laet (p. 141), who makes the same blunder; what was meant was the gold mohur. In the next sentence (also taken from De Laet) *māshā* is rightly used as a weight, and its relation to the *tolā* is given with fair accuracy.

[6] This ratio was hardly correct at the time of writing.

[7] Hindustānī *takā*, used as equivalent to the *dam*, or pice.

[8] The *bātmān* was a Turkish weight, often employed by writers of the time as another name for the Indian maund. Herbert has again copied De Laet, who had misread a statement by William Hawkins (see my *Early Travels*, p. 102). The Akbarī maund equalled about 55 lb. English.

[9] The *mān-shāhī*, or royal maund.

Page 36

[1] Ornamented with curvilinear indentations.

[2] Port. *manilha*, a bracelet.

Page 37

[1] The account given by Herbert of the religion of the Parsees has been omitted. Both that and the summary given earlier of the Hindu religion were taken by him from the Rev. Henry Lord's *Display of two Forraigne Sects*.

[2] Persian *hirbad*, a Parsee priest.

[3] The Nasāsālārs are the men who bear the corpse to the place where it is to be exposed. The late Mr. S. M. Edwardes informed me that the name is derived from the Pehlevi *nasu*, 'a decomposing, harmful thing', and from *sālār* (possibly also Pehlevi), 'expert in dealing with'. Sir Denison Ross, however, thinks that it is composed of two Persian words—*nasā*, 'a corpse', and *sālār*, 'a chief'.

Page 39

[1] From the logs at the India Office (see *English Factories*, 1624–29, pp. 187, 188) it is evident that the correct date was 28 December.

[2] This and Gwader seem to be different forms of the same word (Gwādar). Sherley's experiences there are narrated by Peyton in Purchas (vol. i, p. 488).

[3] Both the castle and its capture by the English in 1623 appear to be mythical. For Shilling's death see *English Factories*, 1618–21.

Page 41

[1] In the first edition the *Shāhbandar* is more accurately described as 'King of the Port' and as having 'the scale of weights' (i.e. control of the customhouse), while the *Sultān* 'has the sword of justice'. Herbert adds that the residences of both were near the bazar.

[2] Probably an old *farmān* (royal order) given to Sherley by Shāh 'Abbās before the former's departure for Europe, ordering all Persian officials to assist him. It is evident that no special directions had been received at Gombroon regarding the embassy; but that a special *farmān* was issued (perhaps applied for by the Company's agent in anticipation) appears from an undated entry in the first volume of the Persia Records in the India Office (pp. 316, 350) of an 'especial firmand for the entertainment of His Majesty's of England ambassador, as for transport, with his present, from the port to the court.' Apparently Cotton brought no present for the Shāh; but it may have been thought, when the *farmān* was issued, that he would be sure to bring one.

[3] 'Or intended triumphs' (ed. 1638). 'Epicinia' is a mistake for 'epinicia' ('επινίκια, 'a feast in honour of a victory'). The right form is found on pp. 108, 267.

PAGE 42

[1] William Burt was the Company's Agent in Persia from January, 1627, until his death about four years later.

[2] Turkī *qizilbāsh* (red head), i.e. the Persianized Turks upon whom the Shāh chiefly relied. They were so called from the red caps they wore. In his section upon the history of Persia (not reproduced here), Herbert has (p. 276) a lengthy passage on this subject, declaring that they originated in a body of life-guards recruited by Shāh Isma'īl; 'albeit the truth is, when I demanded the signification of the name from some of them, they pleaded ignorance as we understand it, as also the ground of their institution.'

[3] *Pulāo*, meat or fowl boiled with rice and spices.

[4] *Khush-āmadī, safā āwardī*, i.e. 'Welcome! You have brought happiness.'

[5] The first edition adds that, after the visit to the Sultān, 'we rode to the English Agent's house, where we received a second entertainment'.

[6] The modern name, Bandar 'Abbās, has gradually ousted the older one of Gombroon.

PAGE 43

[1] The Kuh-i-Ginao, about 7,000 feet high.

[2] Used in the obsolete sense of 'about' or 'verging upon'.

[3] See his narrative in Purchas (vol. ii, p. 1414).

[4] This is incorrect. The Portuguese built a fort at Gombroon in 1612, but it was captured by the Persians two years later.

PAGE 45

[1] *Bun* is the Abyssinian name for the coffee plant and its berry; while *kahwah* (whence both 'coho' and 'choava') is the Arabic equivalent.

PAGE 46

[1] The flesh of kids (Port. *cabrito*).

PAGE 47

[1] A mantle (Hind. *chādar*) of muslin or thin calico.

PAGE 48

[1] Drawers (Port. *calções*) of chintz (Port. *pintado*, 'painted').

[2] See Spedding's edition of Bacon's works, vol. iii, p. 370.

PAGE 49

[1] The *Ficus Bengalensis*. This particular specimen is described by many of the old travellers.

[2] Newbery mentions the 'great Mastango' fort.

[3] The three chief Hindu castes—the warrior (*Khatri*), the servile (*Sūdra*), and the merchant (*Vaisya*). In his account of the Hindu religion Herbert had already explained that the original man and woman had four children, three with these names and Brahma (the ancestor of the Brahman caste).

[4] From the first edition it appears that both the horses and the camels were furnished by the Sultān.

PAGE 50

[1] The *taslīm* was a more elaborate salutation than the *salām*; see Roe, p. 118*n*.

[2] Spanish *beso las manos*, 'I kiss your hands.'

[3] Italian *giuochi di canne*, the exercise of throwing pointless spears (Persian *jarīd*).

PAGE 51

[1] Persian *farsang*, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles (see Curzon, vol. i, p. 33).

[2] The ruins of this caravanserai are still to be seen.

PAGE 52

[1] Tang-i-Dālān means the defile of Dālān, from a neighbouring town of that name, called in the first edition Dolon and there stated to contain thirty houses.

PAGE 53

[1] Hormuz. Herbert confuses this name with *khurma* (dates).

[2] For these towns see Teixeira (p. 209) and Fryer (vol. ii, p. 195).

[3] This is of course ironical. In the 1638 edition the passage runs: 'it stinks so odiously.'

PAGE 54

[1] This place is mentioned by Newbery (Purchas, vol. ii, p. 1414), but does not appear on modern maps.

[2] Dressed like a play-actor.

PAGE 56

[1] Really about $35\frac{1}{2}°$.

[2] Alā-ul-Mulk Gurgīn Shāh was the ruler of Lār in 1420.

[3] From an examination of the many instances in which Herbert gives both the Christian and the Muhammadan date of an event, it is clear that he derived the latter from the former by the simple process of subtracting 620; the reason being that, as appears from a later passage,

he took the date of the Hijra as A.D. 620. This is at first sight perplexing, because the Hijra year is lunar, not solar, and that he was aware of that fact is shown on a subsequent page (246). The explanation is that, as Olearius informs us (pp. 219, 339), the Persians, while accepting the Hijra era and adhering to it for festivals and religious ceremonies, retained their old practice of making the year for other purposes begin at the *Nauruz*, i.e. the vernal equinox.

[4] Herbert's description of Lār may be compared with those given by Fryer (vol. ii, p. 191) and by Le Bruyn (vol. ii, p. 317).

Page 57

[1] For these wind-catchers (Persian *bādgīr*) see Fryer (vol. ii, p. 159).

[2] This is from Teixeira (p. 241).

[3] Cannon of a large bore.

Page 58

[1] Like an Exchange. Herbert is thinking of the Royal Exchange or the later Britain's Burse in the Strand. The statement in the preceding line that the building was 'coupled' means that it had cupolas on top.

[2] In the first edition Herbert speaks of these *lārīs* as 'fashioned like point-aglets', i.e. point-aiguillettes, the tagged cords with metal points used for fastening clothes. For an excellent note on the coin see Pyrard (vol. i, p. 232).

[3] The *ka'ba* in the Mosque at Mekka, the point towards which Muhammadans turn in prayer.

Page 61

[1] The first edition says that this river discharges itself into the Gulf not far from Basra. This seems to identify it with the Tabb or Zohreh of modern maps.

[2] Benjamin of Tudela, an account of whose travels Herbert probably read in Purchas (vol. ii, p. 1455).

[3] A kind of bitumen that exudes from the rocks and is much prized for its supposed healing qualities; see Fryer, vol. ii, p. 356. As there quoted, Stevens calls it 'momnahy kony' (*momiyā kānī*, mineral momia or 'mummy'); while Kaempfer gives it as *muminahi kodreti* (*qudrati*, 'God-given'). Teixeira says (p. 228) that the Persians call momia *momnahy*.

Page 62

[1] *Mihmāndār*, an officer appointed to attend on ambassadors. 'Harbinger' has the more general sense of one who finds lodgings, etc., for anybody.

PAGE 63

[1] Arabic *sayyid* or *saiyid*, one who claims descent from Muhammad.
[2] *Jama masjid*, or congregational mosque.

PAGE 64

[1] In the first edition this passage reads as follows: 'Atop of the chapel hangs a globe to express his power and greatness; in the wall are round glasses (such as are in dove-houses), in which these people see representations of their sins.'
[2] *Al-furqān*, another name for the *Qurān*.

PAGE 65

[1] *Ulugh khudā*, i.e. Great God!

PAGE 66

[1] See Purchas, vol. ii, p. 1812.
[2] The first edition adds 'or pagod' (i.e. image of a god). It also states that the same night they slept at Whormoot, i.e. Hormuz, between Dehnīān and Qutbābād.

PAGE 67

[1] This place (like the two preceding ones) has not been identified. The name is evidently Pul-i-Pādshāh, 'the bridge of the Emperor'. Herbert's itinerary (see appendix) adds the name of another stage, viz. Emoom (not identified). Clearly the cavalcade did not keep strictly to the usual route.
[2] The Imām-Qulī Khān, the Viceroy of the province, with his headquarters at Shīrāz.
[3] Mimallones, a name for the Bacchantes.
[4] An old Italian deity, later identified with Bacchus.

PAGE 68

[1] He is apparently reckoning from the Azores meridian, but even then he is considerably out.
[2] Philippus Ferrarius, author of a *Lexicon Geographicum*, published in London in 1657.
[3] The local name for the ruins of Persepolis.
[4] See Purchas, vol. ii, p. 1456.

PAGE 69

[1] Ulugh Beg, the celebrated astronomer, was the grandson (not nephew) of Taimūr.
[2] An old English translation of the travels of Ambrosio Contarini

was republished by the Hakluyt Society in 1873, under the title of *Travels of Venetians in Persia*; but no reference to the population of Shīrāz has been found therein.

[3] Josafa Barbaro. See p. 74 of the same volume.

[4] *Philippi Cluveri Introductionis in Universam Geographiam . . . Libri VI*, p. 117.

[5] See p. 22 of Pedro Teixeira's *Relaciones d'el Origen*, etc. (1610).

[6] *Tarich, h.e. Series Regum Persiæ*, by William Schickard the elder, published in 1628.

[7] See *Don Juan of Persia*, in this series. That author says '70,000 householders'.

[8] Band-Amīr is an alternative name for the Kur river near Shīrāz, though it really refers to the dam and bridge so-called.

[9] According to Sykes (vol. i, p. 284), Tapuria is the modern Māzandarān.

[10] The central range of Persia, called by Ptolemy and Strabo Parachoatras.

[11] This is confused and wrong. The Choaspes is the Kerkha, while the Ulay is now the Kārūn (Sykes, vol. i, p. 43). For the Tabb see a note on p. 308. The Kur does not run into any of these rivers.

[12] The ruins of Susa lie about 36 miles north-west of Shuștar.

[13] Uzun Hasan was King of Persia from 1468 to 1478. The statement that he built a wall round Shīrāz is not accepted by modern writers.

Page 70

[1] Pasargadæ; see a note on Thimar on p. 314.

[2] The first edition (p. 62) adds: 'This Sultan had been twelve times in battle against the Turk, and most times victor; and in a single combat with Aly Bashaw (whom he slew) received a lameness.'

[3] The *chīnār*, or Oriental plane.

Page 71

[1] Herbert's authority is again Purchas (vol. ii, p. 1533), where Garcia da Silva Figueroa, the Spanish ambassador to Persia, is made to term the pillars of Persepolis 'Alcoranes, for so they call those high, narrow, round steeples which the Arabians have in their mesquites'. For the use of the term by Portuguese writers see Dalgado's *Glossario Luso-Asiatico*, p. 22.

Page 72

[1] Curzon (vol. ii, p. 102) mentions the tombs of Shāh Mirzā Hamza and Sayyid Mīr Ahmad, which are perhaps the two here intended. By 'Sandant' is probably meant 'Santon', a European designation

for a kind of Muhammadan monk or hermit. Herbert frequently uses the term in that sense.

[2] The well-known Shaikh Muslih-uddīn Sa'dī.

[3] Georgius Gentius published a Latin version of Sa'dī's *Rose Garden* in 1651.

[4] This is meant for the celebrated Khwāja Hāfiz, whose real name was Shams-uddīn Muhammad.

[5] Fryer's editor suggests that this is meant for Khāna-i-Shāh. It is perhaps the garden now known as the Bāgh-i-Takht.

Page 73

[1] The Bairam festival (lasting three days), following the fast of Ramazān.

Page 74

[1] Alp-Arslan reigned over Persia from 1063 to 1072, and was succeeded by his son Jalāl-uddīn Malik Shāh (1072-92).

[2] A Turkish term for the governor of a province.

Page 75

[1] Muhammad Khudābandā, King of Persia from 1577 to 1588.

[2] Shāh Isma'īl, who reigned from 1499 to 1524.

[3] The Turks were right in claiming the battle of Chaldirān as a victory for them.

[4] Capital of Armenia, situated close to Erivan.

Page 77

[1] According to the first edition (p. 63) this was 22 March.

[2] This is really *Arzhang*, the picture gallery of the celebrated painter Mānī.

Page 78

[1] The first edition (p. 64) reads: 'the English ships and colours, by whose assistance the town was taken.'

[2] At p. 109 of his fourth edition, in a passage not reprinted, Herbert says that this was 'Seyd Mahomet Sha', i.e. Sayyid Muhammad Shāh, the nominal king at the time of the Persian conquest of Ormus; while on p. 111 it is added that he was allowed a pension of five marks (i.e. 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*) a day.

[3] Not identified.

Page 79

[1] The Persian sentence seems to be incomplete. It does not make sense as it stands.

PAGE 80

[1] *Sijdah* means prostration, but it is hard to believe that Sherley adopted so servile a method of showing his respect, especially to a subject.

[2] The first edition (p. 62) has 'pounds' in place of 'mammodees'.

PAGE 84

[1] Herbert is referring to the well-known pass of Allāh-u-Akbar. The aqueduct he mentions is now in ruins (Curzon, vol. ii, p. 94).

PAGE 85

[1] A form of the word now spelt 'marquetry'. It is not, however, of Arabic origin.

PAGE 86

[1] In such cases 'forty' is used vaguely for a large, indeterminate number.

[2] Herbert's account of the ruins should be studied in conjunction with Curzon's very full description (vol. ii, ch. xxi). Our author deals with the great staircase, the Porch of Xerxes, the Hall of Xerxes, the same monarch's inscription, the Palace of Darius, and so forth; but his account is not easy to follow and some of his details are inaccurate.

PAGE 87

[1] It is generally accepted that the Band-Amīr was constructed by Asad-uddaula about the year 970.

PAGE 90

[1] Possibly the Portuguese *barrica*, a cask.

PAGE 91

[1] Greek κίδαρις, a cap or mitre.

[2] All these words (*mandīl*, *dastār*, and *pagrī*) mean a turban.

PAGE 92

[1] This word has the old sense of an orb or ball.

[2] A celebrated artist of the time of Alexander the Great.

PAGE 93

[1] Guillaume Postel's *Linguarum Duodecim Characteribus* (Paris, 1538).

[2] In vol. i of the *Pilgrims*, p. 182.

PAGE 94

[1] Corresponding with the Hebrew *lāmedh*.

PAGE 96

[1] Touchstone, especially the shining black marble used for monumental purposes.

PAGE 97

[1] For these caps see *infra* (p. 320; note to p. 170).
[2] Provided with ornamental trimmings.

PAGE 104

[1] Joannes Drusius the elder, a prolific writer on theological subjects.

PAGE 106

[1] For this see Sykes (vol. i, p. 154).
[2] See Curzon's remarks on this passage (vol. ii, p. 184).

PAGE 110

[1] Nicholas Wilford (see *English Factories*, 1637–41, p. 46).
[2] In the first edition (p. 60) the distance is stated to be 'half a mile', and Herbert adds that the inhabitants of the village daily plundered the ruins of Persepolis 'for sepulchres and benches to sit upon'. Mandelslo mentions 'Mardasch', but the place seems to have disappeared. Presumably the name is Marvdasht, like that of the surrounding district.
[3] Don Garcia da Silva (see Purchas, vol. ii, p. 1534).
[4] Pietro della Valle (*Fameux Voyages*, 1663, vol. iii, p. 316). Fryer (vol. ii, p. 221) gives a somewhat similar form, viz. Meergoscoon.

PAGE 111

[1] The sculptures at Naksh-i-Rustam have been described by many travellers. They have nothing to do with Rustam.

PAGE 112

[1] Kirmānshāh. For these ruins (really at Bīsutūn) see p. 220.
[2] Hamadān, the Ecbatana of the ancients.

PAGE 114

[1] For the legendary dynasty of Keiomarz see Sykes (vol. i, p. 142).

PAGE 117

[1] The Imāmzādah Isma'īl is 11½ miles north of Māin. The surrounding village is still, on account of the shrine, exempt from direct taxation. Binning says that the tomb is that of a son of Mūsa al Kāzim, the seventh Imām.

PAGE 118

[1] Barbaro (p. 81) mentions a town of Thimar, and says that two days' thence is another town containing the tomb of Solomon's mother. Mandelslo (p. 4) speaks of a village called Meshid Maderre Soliman (Mashhad-i-Mādar-i-Sulaimān], near a sumptuous tomb reputed to be that of the mother of Solomon; but he adds that he was told by a Carmelite that the remains were really those of the mother of Shāh Sulaimān. Curzon (vol. ii, p. 76) gives a view of the monument and says it is that of Cyrus. Close by are the ruins of Pasargadæ.

[2] Pietro Bizari, author of *Persicarum Rerum Historia* (Antwerp, 1583).

[3] This may be meant for Gumbaz-i-'Alī; but no place of that name has been found on the map in the position indicated. Fryer (vol. ii, p. 234) alludes to the excellence of the wheat in this district.

PAGE 119

[1] Newbery (in Purchas, vol. ii, p. 1414) calls the town Boial.

PAGE 120

[1] Willem Basting (whose route is given in Valentyn's *Oude en Nieuw Oost-Indie*, vol. v, p. 245) mentions Spahanek as three Dutch miles from Isfahān.

[2] In the itinerary given in the appendix Herbert enumerates many other places through which they passed between Shīrāz and Isfahān. The majority I cannot identify. The distance he gives here is much underestimated. Curzon reckons 312 miles from Shīrāz to Isfahān, while from the former place to Persepolis is only forty.

PAGE 121

[1] The Indian merchants resident in Isfahān.

[2] For the first phrase see p. 306 (note 4 to p. 42); the second is the Turkish *khush geldūn*, *safā geldūn*, with the same meaning. Turkish was generally spoken at the Persian court and by the people of the better class.

[3] The Khāna-i-Pādshāh, or royal palace, for which see p. 128.

PAGE 123

[1] A Monophysite sect founded by Jacobus Baradæus in the sixth century. See also Herbert's account on p. 138.

[2] This story appears to be inaccurate in several particulars. According to information kindly furnished by Sir Oliver Wardrop, 'Scander' is meant for Aleksandré II, King of Cakhethi, 1574–1605. He had four (not three) sons, whose names were Davith, Giorgi, Ereclé (Herbert's Threbeg), and Costantiné. 'Ally-chan' is 'Alī-Qulī Khān. Costantiné 'made away' with his father and his brother Giorgi in 1605. 'The Queen' (Davith's widow) was St Kethevan, afterwards (1624) martyred at Isfahān. Her son was King Theimuraz (Herbert's Temerisk), who reigned (with intervals) from 1605 to 1664. 'Morad' is a title, not a name—the Grand Mouravi (Governor) of Tiflis, Giorgi Saacadze. His victory over the Persians took place at Suram in 1609.

[3] Muhammadans. The term has been supposed to be a corruption of Musulmān. Sir Oliver Wardrop tells me that 'Busurman' is the popular name for a Muhammadan in modern Russian.

PAGE 124

[1] Sinān Pasha, known as Chighāla-zāda (son of Chighāla).

PAGE 125

[1] Who by mutilating himself helped to conquer Babylon.

PAGE 127

[1] The celebrated bridge constructed by 'Alī Virdī Khān.

PAGE 128

[1] A tall tower (properly a lighthouse).

PAGE 129

[1] The Masjid-i-Lutfullah.

[2] The Masjid-i-Shāh.

PAGE 130

[1] *Dayr* is a monastery, and *zāwiyah* (which is possibly the other word) has the same meaning.

PAGE 131

[1] Mr. Storey has kindly identified Herbert's names for the gates as follows: Kū-i-dasht (?), Shāhī (?), Mārg, Chār Bāgh, Hasanābād, Dardasht, Tūghchī, Karrān, Lunbān, Sayyid Ahmadiyān, Jūbārah, and [Darwāzah] Daulat.

PAGE 132

[1] Khāna-i-Mulā'im Beg, [Khāna-i-] Mīr-'Abdullah, [Khāna-i-] Tahmāsp-Qulī Beg, and Haram-i-Begumhā. Daulier-Deslandes gives (p. 16) an account of the last-named building.

[2] Herbert appears to have coined this word from the Italian *fragore*, 'fragrance'.

[3] The Hazār Jarīb ('a thousand acres'), on the Julfā side of the river.

[4] The Chahār Bāgh, leading from the Maidān to the bridge of 'Alī Virdī Khān, and so to the Hazār Jarīb.

PAGE 133

[1] The Kronos of Ptolemy was the most eastern part of the Elburz range.

PAGE 134

[1] Possibly the monument referred to by Fryer (vol. ii, p. 306), on which his editor notes: 'A rocky height near Ispahān supports some ruins of modern date, which are called Qal'a or Takht-i-Rustam, from the tradition that the national hero built a fortress here.'

PAGE 135

[1] This story comes from the Shāhnāmah.

[2] Two heroes of mediæval romance—Ogier the Dane (one of the paladins of Charlemagne) and Don Bellianis of Greece.

[3] See Fryer, vol. ii, p. 307.

[4] Mount Damāvand seems to have been mentioned in error. It is a long way from Isfahān.

[5] Herbert was wrong in this conclusion. The project, which was one for uniting the waters of the Kārūn with those of the Zindah-rūd, was started by Shāh Tahmāsp, who tried tunnelling, but failed; Shāh 'Abbās was equally unsuccessful in his attempts to make a cutting; while 'Abbās II was not more fortunate. The spot is still known as Kār-kunān, or 'the workers'.

[6] Della Valle (vol. ii, p. 288) speaks of the Khān of Erivan, 'general in those parts, so famous even amongst us in modern histories of Persia under the name of the Emir Guneh Chan, and who is now aged'. The rebellion mentioned by Herbert is not recorded by Malcolm or Sykes.

PAGE 136

[1] Really a pious ejaculation ('In the name of God') common in the mouth of Musulmans.

PAGE 137

[1] Fryer saw this pillar of skulls (vol. ii, p. 245). For the practice see his editor's remarks. Daulier-Deslandes mentions the pillar, but says that it was composed of the skulls of animals killed by one of the Persian kings in the course of one day's hunting. Herbert supplies an illustration (which has not been reproduced here).

[2] Shemākha, the old capital of Shīrvān, west-north-west of Baku. It is wrongly placed on Herbert's map.

[3] These names Mr. Storey identifies as Gaurābād, 'Abbāsābād, Shamsābād (?), Hasanābād, and Shāhinshāhān. See also Olearius, p. 331.

[4] Italian *podestà*, a chief magistrate.

PAGE 138

[1] Sis, 44 miles north-east of Adana.

[2] Persian *gaur*, an unbeliever, especially a Parsee.

PAGE 141

[1] The exact route followed is not easy to trace. 'Reegue' has not been identified. 'Sardahan' is Sardehān, on the road from Isfahān to Natanz (which Herbert does not mention, though he must have passed through it). 'Whomg' remains a mystery. 'Tawgebaut' (Tājābād ?) is mentioned by Della Valle (vol. ii, p. 191) as a garden belonging to the King, but is not to be found on modern maps. 'Bawt' is doubtless Bād, in the Bād-rūd district, and 'Obigarmy' Āb-i-Garm. 'Suffedaw' is probably Chashmeh Safīd Āb, near the Kūh Safīd Āb. 'Syacow' seems to be the Sīāh Kūh (Black Mountain). 'Ghezz' may be Gaz—a fairly common name—but no such place appears on the map. 'Halvary' suggests the village of Hableh Rūd, in the valley of the same name. 'Periscow' is evidently Firūzkūh. 'Gheer' remains unidentified. After that the route is clear.

PAGE 144

[1] This word, sometimes spelt 'creaght', means a nomadic herd of cattle driven from place to place for pasture. Here it is applied to Eastern nomads.

PAGE 145

[1] 'A Turanian tribe from the north, a division of the nomadic people known as the Daae or Dahae, whose habitat was that of the modern Yamut Turkoman to the east of the Caspian Sea' (Sykes, vol. i, p. 330).

[2] Curzon (vol. i, p. 296) discusses the identification of the pass traversed by Herbert and his companions, and concludes that it was

probably the one described by Chodzko under the name of Gardan-i-Sialek. He declares that it was not the Caspian Gates through which Darius fled and Alexander marched, that pass being in all probability the Tang-i-sar-darreh, on the Tehrān-Meshed road (see Sykes, vol. i, p. 280, where an illustration of the pass is given). Curzon holds, however, that the latter cannot be the one mentioned by Pliny and Strabo.

[3] Petrus Bertius, author of *Geographia Vetus* (Paris, 1645).

[4] Giovanni Antonio Magini, the editor of Ptolemy.

[5] The Elburz range.

PAGE 146

[1] Arabic *zu-'l-fiqār* ('lord of the backbone'), the name of 'Alī's sword. Curzon (vol. i, p. 294) refers to a pass called the Tang-i-shamshīr-bur, or Pass of the Swordcut, on the upper road from Tehrān to Shāhrūd; but this cannot be the one traversed by Herbert.

PAGE 147

[1] Lārījan, a district of Māzandarān, comprising the basin of the Lār river and the upper course of the Harhāz.

PAGE 149

[1] According to the first edition this was on 15 May.

PAGE 150

[1] Ulisse Aldrovandi, author of numerous works on natural history.

PAGE 152

[1] Presumably 'Abbās-bāgh, the famous garden constructed by Shāh 'Abbās. It was destroyed by the Afghans in 1723; and although Nādir Shāh restored it, the whole place is now ruined and desolate.

[2] These figures do not agree with those in the itinerary given in the appendix, which makes the distance from Ormus to Ashraf 859 miles, and that from Isfahān to Ashraf 324. On p. 140 Herbert computes the latter as 'about four hundred miles'.

PAGE 153

[1] The first edition says 'the first', but this is wrong. Ramazān that year commenced on 25 April (O.S.), and the next month began on 25 May.

PAGE 154

[1] According to the first edition 'a merchant then there imagined it [i.e. the plate and jewels] worth twenty millions of pounds'.

PAGE 155

[1] *Pādshāh*, the King.

[2] The last King of Media, defeated by Cyrus the Great (550 B.C.).

[3] Defined in the *Oxford English Dictionary* as rugs or mats of a shaggy material. The usual meaning of *mastaba* is a long and wide bench or platform.

PAGE 156

[1] Really a Mongolian word (*kelemchi*).

PAGE 157

[1] The first edition adds here: 'The day before this ceremony the King rode to hunt the tiger, accompanied only with two hundred women, his wives and concubines. Most of them were attired like courageous amazons, with scimitar, bow, and arrows, the eunuchs riding abroad to prohibit any to come in view of them; the penalty is no less than loss of life (a dear price for novelties). And though for the most part, when the King is in a progress, he has sometimes ten thousand, other times twenty thousand, coozelbashawes (or soldiers of best reckoning), yet at our being then at Court two thousand was the most then attending him.'

PAGE 158

[1] Treated with flattering courtesy.

PAGE 160

[1] In the first edition Herbert added here an account of the punishment inflicted by the Shāh upon a 'Duke who is his Viceroy for Hyrcania'. He was accused of an offence against a boy, whereupon he was at once castrated by the Shāh's orders. This anecdote Herbert took from Della Valle (vol. ii, p. 609), who says that the sufferer (whom he describes as the Wazīr of Māzandarān) assured him that he was innocent of the crime.

[2] Turkish *qapiji*, a gatekeeper of the seraglio. These men were often employed as executioners or messengers.

[3] The account that follows is far from accurate. 'Abbās's four sons were Safī, Tahmāsp, Khudābandā, and Imām-Qulī. The first was assassinated at the instigation of his father, who was jealous of his success and popularity. The second died a natural death. The third and fourth were blinded by the orders of 'Abbās. It was Khudābandā who, half insane, murdered his daughter Fatima, after which he poisoned himself.

The first edition begins its version thus: 'The King by a Hyrcanian

lady (which countrywoman the Beggoon [i.e. Begum] his mother also was, wife to Mahomet [Khudābandā]), had two sons, Ismaell and another, Mirza. Ismaell died, having not attained twenty years.'

Herbert's 'Gordina' was apparently Thinathin, younger sister of Luarsab II, King of Karthli (Georgia).

PAGE 169

[1] Many species of trees and shrubs (including the tamarisk, which is common in Persia) under the attacks of insects appear to exude a sweetish incrustation, known as manna; but quite recently it has been ascertained that the secretion is not vegetable, but comes from the bodies of the attacking insects. The manna of the Bible is thought to have been tamarisk-manna.

[2] Baku. The oil Herbert goes on to describe is of course naphtha or petroleum.

PAGE 170

[1] The second edition says (p. 177): 'The Hyrcan language is understood by every Persian. Their habit resembles the Irish troozes; upon their heads they wear pyramidal caps of cloth, lined with delicate sheep's wool.'

PAGE 173

[1] The first edition tells us that 'the beginning of June the King departed Asharaffe. . . . Sir Robert Sherley left us awhile, and travelled to the Court in company of a Georgian ambassador; and at the same time an ambassador from the Tartar took his leave and departed home by Samarchand.'

[2] Farahābād, twenty-six (not five) miles from Ashraf. The first edition says wrongly that they reached Farahābād on Whitsunday.

[3] This piece of history seems to be hopelessly inaccurate. Yezdigird II reigned from 440 to 457, and Yezdigird III from 634 to 652, and neither was slain by the Romans. The fixing of the Hijra as A.D. 620 is also wrong; it should be 622.

PAGE 174

[1] The royal palace (in which Shāh 'Abbās died) is now a mass of ruins. For a description of these, see Fraser (p. 72).

[2] Olearius (p. 193) mentions an island near Farahābād, but calls it Ensil.

PAGE 175

[1] Russian mica. The passage that follows is taken from the *Russe Commonwealth* of Giles Fletcher, as printed by Hakluyt and Purchas. Herbert, however, has turned 'slude' (Russian *slud*, the local name for mica) into 'Slade,' and has omitted 'and' after 'Corelia' (Karelia).

[2] To suffer injury by fire.

[3] This really means 'breeches' (see note to p. 48).

[4] More usually spelt 'baudekin', a rich embroidered stuff, often with gold thread intermingled.

Page 176

[1] Parry, in his account of Sherley's journey (Purchas, vol. ii, p. 1407) says two months; and this is supported by *Don Juan of Persia* (p. 236).

Page 177

[1] Old Astrakhan, some distance from the present city.

[2] The wolverine, or glutton.

[3] A printer's error for 'lusern' (lynx).

[4] Ital. *botargo*, the preserved roe of mullet or tunny.

[5] The Nogai Tartars.

Page 178

[1] Basil III, Ivanovitch, who became Grand Duke of Muscovy in 1505, was the first to establish Russian influence on the Volga. His son and successor, Ivan IV, conquered Astrakhan in 1554. Selim II besieged the city in 1569, but failed to capture it.

[2] Not traced.

[3] Bārfarūsh(dih), the chief commercial town of Māzandarān, twenty miles east of Āmul.

[4] The story of Hārūt and Mārūt, two angels sent to earth to be tempted, and of their sinning and punishment, is told in the Qurān. It will be found on a later page (260).

[5] Āmul, once regarded as the capital of Tabristān, but now much decayed.

Page 179

[1] This was probably the mausoleum (still extant) erected by Shāh 'Abbās over the remains of a saintly monarch of Māzandarān in the fourteenth century, Saiyid Qavvām-uddīn (Mīr Buzurg). It is described by Fraser (p. 102). 'Meer Agowmadeen' seems to be Herbert's version of the saint's name.

[2] *Sūfī-lar*, i.e. Sūfīs.

Page 180

[1] The twelve-arch bridge over the river Harhāz.

Page 183

[1] Elburz. Herbert is referring to Mount Damāvand, which is of volcanic origin. There is a crater near the summit, and the mountain shows signs of latent activity.

[2] The King of Eastern Persia who became the first royal convert of Zarathustra.

[3] Centaurs, of whom one of the best-known was named Chiron or Cheiron.

[4] 'According to the local legends, Demavend . . . has been the scene of all the events veiled under the form of myths. Here, say the Persian Mohammedans, Noah's Ark was stranded. . . . Here also is chained down the Persian Prometheus, Yasid ben Jigad, whose liver is eternally devoured by a gigantic bird' (Reclus, quoted by Curzon, vol. i, p. 297*n*.).

[5] Della Valle records (vol. ii, p. 233) that he saw some ruins and a grotto, in which, according to report, a certain giantess once lived and ravaged the country round.

PAGE 184

[1] Gīlān (Gīlaki is the adjectival form).

PAGE 189

[1] For the story of Alā-uddaula see *Don Juan of Persia* (p. 321).

PAGE 190

[1] Sulphur is still dug out of the cone of Damāvand.

[2] The hot springs here mentioned are on the south side of the mountain, near Garmāb.

PAGE 191

[1] See note 4 to p. 183 of the text.

[2] Nuva, a large village near the Harhāz river and a few miles west of Ask.

[3] This should be 1626 (see the introduction).

PAGE 194

[1] The *Historiæ Animalium* of Conrad Gesner (1551).

[2] The Qurān was first made available for public use by 'Usmān (Othmān), the third Khalīf.

[3] The first edition adds: 'in few of which are fewer than a dozen people.'

PAGE 195

[1] Not 'fine linen' but coarse woollens.

[2] 'Yet neither of power to beget admiration with the curious' (first edition).

[3] In a portion of the work which has not been reprinted (p. 281), Herbert terms this man 'Synon or Zenal-chawn, an exiled prince of Georgia, but feudatory to the Persian. Of known courage in the fight he was, and of approved affection to the Persian, and constant

to his Christian profession.' According to Olearius (p. 359) Zainal Khān was once sent on an embassy to the Great Mogul, with strict injunctions from Shāh 'Abbās to maintain an independent attitude. His consequent demeanour gave so much offence to the monarch he was visiting that the latter, in order to force the ambassador to make a deep obeisance to him, caused to be constructed, opposite to his throne, a door which could only be entered by stooping considerably; but Zainal Khān foiled this device by entering backwards. Bernier (p. 151) tells the same story, with additions, but does not mention the name of the ambassador; he says that the Indian monarch was Shāh Jahān. Zainal Khān was put to death by Shāh Safī, the successor of 'Abbās (Olearius, p. 358).

PAGE 196

[1] The version in the first edition is: 'from Tyroan to Tauris is four good days' journey.'

[2] G. L. Anania, whose work on cosmography was published at Venice in 1582.

[3] Joannes Leunclavius, author of *Annales Sultanorum Othmanidarum* (Frankfurt, 1588).

[4] Modern opinion favours Hamadān as the site of Ecbatana.

PAGE 197

[1] See *Don Juan of Persia* (p. 182). The editor identifies this as Mount Valiyān.

PAGE 198

[1] Herbert did not go either to Tabrīz or to Shemākha, and the accounts he gives of these places are awkward interpolations (from other sources) in the narrative of his journey from Tehrān to Qazvīn.

PAGE 200

[1] The translators of the Septuagint version of the Old Testament.

[2] Peter Heylin, author of *Microcosmos* (1621).

PAGE 203

[1] 'More than five hundred' (*Don Juan of Persia*, p. 40).

[2] There were two princes named Ochus, of whom one reigned under the title of Darius II and the other under that of Artaxerxes III.

PAGE 205

[1] The first edition gives the date as 13 June (an obvious error), and says that the cause of death was a fever and apoplexy. Herbert there adds to his encomium on Sherley: 'His patience was better than his intellect. He was not much acquainted with the Muses; but what

he wanted in philosophy he supplied in languages.' In later editions Herbert displayed his own acquaintance with the Muses by appending some verses (in both Latin and English) to Sherley's memory.

[2] The first edition says: 'His age exceeded not the great climacteric,' i.e. his sixty-third year, which (being seven times nine) was looked upon as a specially critical period of life. The notice of Sherley in the *Dictionary of National Biography* gives the date of his birth as 'about 1581', but that seems to be wrong.

Page 207

[1] 'Who had served the King of Persia twenty years' (first edition, p. 125). This man has been mentioned already on p. 154.

[2] 'For some moneys Sir Robert Sherley had long since borrowed of him' (first edition, p. 125).

Page 208

[1] Lady Sherley died at Rome in 1668.

Page 209

[1] Henry Gooch, born at Lamberhurst, in Kent, about 1584, became a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1599, proceeded duly to M.A., was elected a fellow of his college in 1602, and was ordained priest in 1610. Six years later he obtained the living of Longstanton St Michael in Cambridgeshire, and held this post until he was chosen to be Cotton's chaplain in the embassy. He had already taken his B.D. degree; and, at the instance of the King (prompted by Cotton), he was made D.D. before his departure. After the ambassador's death he took command of the party, and returned with them to England. He seems to have been Cotton's executor, and some correspondence about money due to the estate from the King will be found in the *Calendar of State Papers, East Indies and Persia*, 1630–34, p. 128. In 1630 Gooch became rector of Cheadle (Staffs), but was ejected as a loyalist in 1645. He died before 1660.

[2] Herbert is reckoning Naqd 'Alī Beg, as well as Sherley and Cotton—the three ambassadors with whom he started.

[3] Marked with wavy lines.

Page 210

[1] In the first edition 'or Mayor' is interpolated. The word is *dāroghā*, 'governor'.

[2] No date appears in the first edition. As already noted on p. 307, Herbert regularly converted Christian dates into Hijra ones by deducting 620, and this is what he has done here. 'Bahmen' is Bahman, the

eleventh month in the Persian era, which he probably adopted by guess, because he could not determine the Hijra month.

[3] Since Cotton died on 23 July and then there was some delay in procuring the necessary *farmān*, this date seems to be a mistake for the *end* of July, if not a week or so later.

[4] The first edition adds: 'and near Spahawn [Isfahān]; his parentage so worshipful that he knew no further than his father, a man both mean and poor. Mahomet, it seems, had no stomach for the wars; and having a large bulk to maintain and no chameleon, his education being simple, he became costermonger, and by that became wealthy and capable to maintain himself. In a happy hour the King, then in the hippodrome and in Spahawn, took notice of him, viewed him, liked him, and preferred him; so as in small time he became sole favourite.'

[5] Herbert has forgotten that he had previously (p. 158) given 140,000*l.* as the figure.

Page 212

[1] The first edition adds: ' his tongue fluent '.

[2] The *Encyclopædia of Islam* says that Shāh 'Abbās was born in A.H. 965. Herbert probably arrived at the figure 938 by deducting the Shāh's age from 1008.

[3] As already explained, this would include the first three months of 1629.

[4] Here again Herbert is following the Persian method of reckoning (see note on p. 307). Malcolm gives the date of the Shāh's death as 23 Jumāda I, A.H. 1037. He is wrong as to the year, but may be right as to the rest of the date; and Beale (*Oriental Biographical Dictionary*), in fixing 8 January, 1629 (N.S.) as the date of death, seems to have concluded that Malcolm meant to write 1038. The *Encyclopædia of Islam* gives ' 19 Jumāda I, 1037 (27 January, 1628),' but this is obviously wrong. News of the death reached Gombroon on 15 February, 1629 (*English Factories*, 1624–29, p. 312).

[5] As already noted, the Shāh died at Farahābād, not at Qazvīn. For an account of his death, see Olearius, p. 355.

Page 213

[1] The previous statement that the Shah did not name his provinces in his *farmāns*, as also the curious use of ' may be ', suggests that Herbert invented these titles for him. Of the Persian names we may identify 1 as Fārs, 2 as Irāq, 3 as Shīrvān, 4 as Zābulistān (the highlands of the Kandahār country), 6 as Tokhāristān (Khorāsān), 7 as Hirāt, 8 as the country of the Jagatai Tartars, 9 as Māzandarān, 10 as Turkistān, 11 as Sīrjān (a district of Karmān), 12 as Farghāna, 13 as Tālikān (N.E. of Sultānīyah), 14 as Māvarā-n-nahr (Transoxiana), 16 as Sistān, 17 as Makrān, 19 as Karmān, 20 as Lāristān, 24 as al-Jazīrah

(Upper Mesopotamia), 25 as Khūzistān, 27 as Diārbekr, 30 as Circassia, 32 as possibly meant for Arman Kūh (a mountainous part of Azarbaijān), 35 as the district round the Javresh Dāgh in Armenia, 36 as the Daryāi-Khorāsān, 37 as the Daryāi-Fārs, 38 as the Furāt, and 39 as the Dijlah river. Sir Denison Ross identifies Vaspracan (31) as Mingrelia (in Georgia). The other names are either obvious or have defied identification.

Page 214

[1] 'Begum' in the first edition. It is evidently the caravanserai described by Della Valle (vol. ii, p. 579), who says that it was known as the Begum's caravanserai, because it was built by Zainab Begum (a name which Chardin, vol. ii, p. 406, turns into 'Heinab Begum'), daughter of Shāh Tahmāsp and chief wife of Shāh 'Abbās.

[2] Ludovicus Bonaciolus.

Page 215

[1] As translated in Hakluyt (vol. iv, p. 410).

Page 216

[1] Herbert is wrong. The Fātima buried at Qum was the sister of Imām 'Ali ar-Razā and daughter of Imām Mūsa al Kāzim. A description of the tomb is given by Chardin (vol. ii, p. 424). Daulier-Deslandes makes the same mistake as Herbert.

[2] Possibly this word is used as an equivalent to 'Asiatic', for ἤπειρος ('a continent') was sometimes applied specially to Asia.

Page 217

[1] See note 1 to p. 266. Herbert says elsewhere (p. 270 of the original, not reprinted) that Timūr's visit was paid to Shaikh Safī-uddīn, but it seems more likely to have been to the Shaikh's successor, Sadr-uddīn. Olearius (p. 372) gives an account of the incident.

[2] Very long miles. The distance is now reckoned as 111 miles.

Page 218

[1] See Purchas, vol. ii, p. 1432.

[2] In the second edition (p. 214) the word used is 'Tymariots'. Both terms are given in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, and are explained as derived from the Persian and Turkish *tīmār*, meaning 'attendance', and hence a fief held by military service; from this they have been extended to signify one holding such a fief. Here Herbert uses the word as equivalent to a farmer or agriculturist. By 'elaborate' he means 'hardworking' or 'laborious'.

PAGE 219

[1] Nikudar or Tagudar Oghlu (better known as Ahmad Khān), the brother and successor of Abaga Khān, reigned from 1281 to 1284.

PAGE 220

[1] Modern research favours the neighbourhood of Dāmghān as the scene of the tragedy (Sykes, vol. i, p. 281).

[2] 'Miles' is intended. The first edition says: 'From Cazbeen to Spahawn is eighty-eight farsangs, or two hundred sixty four English miles.'

[3] See p. 112. Herbert seems to refer to Cunaxa, where the famous battle was fought in 401 B.C.; but that place is on the Euphrates. As regards some of the places mentioned on the route, Sir Denison Ross writes that either Corranda or Corryn may stand for Karind, and Sabber-cawn is Shuburgan.

[4] 'Buldat' in the first edition.

[5] This route, via Gulpaigān, Tusirkhān, Mandali, and Bihruz, was the one followed by Richard Steel, from whose account in Purchas (vol. i, p. 524) Herbert seems to have taken these particulars.

PAGE 221

[1] Chief physician (ἀρχίατρος).

PAGE 226

[1] On p. 80 the number of camel-loads is given as 350, while the gold flagons are stated to have numbered fifty. Herbert's authority is Johannes de Laet (*Persia*, first edition, p. 170), who says 350 and 49 respectively, and gives the date of the presentation as 1623. It was from De Laet also (p. 174) that Herbert took the figures he gives on p. 224 for the revenues of Shāh 'Abbās.

[2] Astræa was the goddess of justice.

PAGE 227

[1] A word which Herbert seems to have coined from πανβασίλεια, 'a despot'.

PAGE 228

[1] Arabic *mubārak*, 'hail!' or 'welcome!'

[2] These terms both mean 'the King's head', *Shāhin-Bāshi* being the Turkish, and *Sar-i-shāh* the Persian, form.

[3] This is ingenious, but wrong. *Chashm*, it is true, means 'an eye'; but the expression, as used by the Persians (an abbreviation of *ba-chashm*), means 'willingly' or 'with pleasure'.

Page 233

[1] 'Calzoons' were not coats, but breeches, as correctly stated on p. 48.

[2] The fur of the marten (*mūsh-i-kharmā*).

[3] *Al-hinnā*, the well-known 'henna' dye. 'Chaa-powder' is from the Indian chay-root (Indian madder), which gives a red dye.

Page 234

[1] Arabic *maulā*, a learned man or teacher.

[2] Russian *riba-zub*, fish-tooth.

Page 237

[1] Arabic *al-kuhl*, a fine powder (usually antimony) used for staining the eyelids. Our 'alcohol' is derived from this word.

[2] Herbert writes 'enamorado', which is Spanish for a lover or wooer.

[3] Apparently the Burmese *bogadaw* (dancing-girl) is intended.

Page 238

[1] Joannes Zonaras, who published in 1567 a work on Byzantine history.

[2] In this paragraph Herbert uses a method now obsolete of denominating heraldic tinctures by the names of the heavenly bodies; thus Sol (or the sun) equals *or* (golden); Luna, *argent* (silver); Mercury, *purpure* (purple); Venus, *vert* (green); Saturn, *sable* (black).

[3] The daric was a Persian gold coin, said to have been so named from Darius I.

Page 242

[1] 'Aga' is the Turkish *āghā*, an honorific with various meanings, such as lord or master, or the head of a family. 'Cheliby' is *chelebī* in the same language, also with a wide range of meanings. 'Coridschey' is the Turkish *qūrjī*, a member of the royal bodyguard. 'Timar' has already been explained on p. 326 (note 2 to p. 218).

Page 243

[1] Herbert copied these particulars from De Laet's *Persia* (first edition, p. 171), but with several errors, omissions, and additions. A detailed comparison of the two lists would occupy too much space to be worth while; but it may be mentioned that in De Laet's version the Sultān of Tabrīz is shown as Gusseroft Mirza, not Magar, 'Isaghan Beeck' is given instead of 'Isaac-beg', 'Etamandoulet' (i.e. *I'timād-uddaula*) appears in place of 'Ethaman', and Hamza Khān's province is described as 'Darab' (not 'Dara'). Sir Denison Ross suggests that

'Zedder, Lord of the Kaddies' means the Chief (*Sadr*) of the *Kāzīs* (judges), Manwezir equals Manuchihr, and 'Perker' possibly Bāikar. The other names are in most cases fairly intelligible.

[2] By 'lanners' is meant lanner-falcons. The hobby is a small kind of the same species.

[3] Or poult (a small game-bird).

[4] A ball game, similar to hockey.

PAGE 244

[1] Caperings (Italian *lavolta*).

PAGE 245

[1] Some of these names are too fragmentary to be recognized. Galen, Averroes, and Avicenna are well known. Alfarabius is al-Fārābī, a writer of the tenth century. Ben-Isaac is possibly Hunain ibn Ishāq, who translated Greek medical works into Arabic. There were several writers of the name of Abū 'Alī. Abu-becr seems to be Abū Bakr Muhammad ibn Zakarriyyā; and Rhazis may be identified as ar-Rāzī, the greatest of Muhammadan physicians. Algazzallys is the well-known theologian al-Ghazālī; while Albumazar is the astronomer Abū Ma'shar al-Balkhī.

[2] Abūl-Fidā, the celebrated geographer.

[3] Al-Farghānī, the astronomer.

[4] Dr A. W. Hill, C.M.G., the Director of Kew Gardens, says that *herba maris* and 'Our Lady's Rose' are different names for the same plant, viz. rosemary (*rosmarinus officinalis*). *Ros marinus* (dew of the sea) was given to it because it grows near the sea; while the other appellation (sc. *Rosa Mariæ*) sprang from a false etymology.

[5] Gum ammoniac.

[6] A gum resin.

PAGE 247

[1] Abūl Kāzim, better known as Firdausī.

[2] Al-Ghazālī (Muhammad Chelebī), an Ottoman poet who died about A.H. 941.

[3] Ibn-ul-Fārid. On p. 269 of the second edition Herbert refers to his 'amorous and exact poesy'.

[4] Possibly a confusion with the al-Farghānī already mentioned, though he was not a poet.

[5] Marwān ibn Hafsa.

[6] His correct name was al-Mahdī, son and successor to al-Manzūr, the founder of Baghdad.

[7] Tāhir ibn Husain, the famous general of the Khalīf al-Māmūm (Abdullah) and founder of the Tāhirī dynasty, of which his son Abdullah was the third monarch.

PAGE 248

[1] In the *Advancement of Learning* (Spedding's edition, vol. iii, p. 343).

[2] A word which Herbert seems to have coined from Lais (see p. 236).

PAGE 250

[1] The first edition adds 'or priest', showing that Herbert understood these terms to be interchangeable, though in his vocabulary he renders 'hodgee' by 'a holy man'. Of course, *hājī* merely means one who has performed the pilgrimage to Mekka.

PAGE 251

[1] The Muhammadan confession of faith runs thus: *Lā ilāha illā'llāh Muhammad Rasūl Allāh.* Herbert interpolates *Allāh-u-akbar* (God is great).

PAGE 252

[1] Greek εὖγε, 'well done'.

PAGE 255

[1] Munkar and Nakīr.

PAGE 257

[1] Persian *sanbūsa*, a pasty of hashed meat.

[2] 'Chelo' is *chilo*, plain boiled rice; 'kishmy-pelo', a pilau mixed with raisins (*kishmish*); 'cherry-pelo' ('sheere-pelo' in the first edition) is possibly one made with milk (*shīr*).

PAGE 258

[1] Apparently these are the founders of the four orthodox Sunni schools of theology, Ahmad ibn Hanbal, Abū Hanīfah, Malik ibn Anas, and al-Shāfi'ī. They of course had nothing to do with the compilation of the Qurān.

PAGE 259

[1] See Purchas, vol. ii, p. 846, or the Hakluyt Society's edition of *Leo Africanus*, vol. iii, p. 945. Herbert is inaccurate in his details. The place where Leo saw the sheep was Asiut, not Cairo; and the figure reported to him was 140, not 100, lb.

[2] The first edition has 'fraize' in lieu of 'meat'. Fraize is properly a pancake or omelette. 'Thlummery' is our 'flummery' (porridge), written thus by Herbert to represent the Welsh *llymru*, from which it is derived.

PAGE 260

[1] *Gospand*, 'a sheep'; but the reference is really to the fat-tailed sheep (*dumba*) mentioned on the preceding page.

[2] See note 1 to p. 266. According to Olearius, Shaikh Safī-uddīn's teaching included the assertion that the true explanation of the Qurān had been given by 'Alī, and that this had been reduced to writing by the sixth Imām, Ja'far Sādiq.

[3] Presumably *al-fatwā* is intended, though that really means 'sentence' or 'decree'.

PAGE 261

[1] The first edition (p. 150) says: 'arack or usquebagh, distilled from dates or rice.'

PAGE 264

[1] Herbert's authority is De Laet (*Persia*, first edition, p. 174).

[2] These are the '*abbāsī*, *lārī*, *mahmūdī*, *shāhī*, *sadī* (for which see Teixeira, Hakluyt Society's edition, p. 214), *bistī* (scarce, says Tavernier), *ghāzbegī*, *fulūs* (Turkish coins). The *sultānī* was a Turkish gold coin, about equal in value (as here stated) to the Venetian sequin. The 'dura' I have not succeeded in tracing.

PAGE 265

[1] Really copper. The first edition says (p. 151): 'the cosbegs, or small copper money, is engraven with the emperor's coat armour, a lion passant guardant, the sun orient upon his back.'

[2] For 'shag' see note 3 to p. 155. 'Yopangee' is the Turkish *yāpinjāq*, 'a shaggy cloak'.

PAGE 266

[1] In the early part of the fourteenth century Ardabīl was the residence of a certain Shaikh Ishāq Safī-uddīn, who claimed to be a direct descendant of 'Alī, the son-in-law of the Prophet. Not unnaturally, he adopted and preached the Shī'a doctrines, by which the first three Khalīfs were rejected as usurpers and 'Alī was declared to have been the rightful successor of Muhammad. Largely owing to the Shaikh's reputation for sanctity and learning, this cult of 'Alī spread, and under his successors Ardabīl became the centre of a powerful state. The fourth ruler of the line was Shaikh Junayd, Herbert's 'Siet [i.e. Sayyid] Gunet'; and his grandson was Isma'īl, who in 1502 transferred his seat to Tabrīz and adopted the title of Shāh. Thus arose the Safawīd dynasty, under which the Shī'a doctrines became the national religion of Persia.

[2] At this point Herbert gives the Persian alphabet, followed by a vocabulary of Persian words with their English equivalents. Then

comes a long account of the Muhammadan religion, from which we may make two extracts that are of interest. Noticing the commandment to be charitable, Herbert adds: 'Travellers find special advantage by this commandment; for whereas inns are not to be had in heathen countries, there are buildings of purpose for the accommodation of travellers, always open for entertainment and clean kept; and near them is a large and convenient stable. In one of these inns fifteen thousand pound sterling hath been disbursed upon a charitable account. Yea, so remarkable is their charity that they not only erect hospitals for lame men and diseased, but sometimes for aged, starved, or hurt birds, beasts, and such creatures.' Again, in the first edition (p. 156), when mentioning the injunction to keep the fast of Ramazān, our author notes that 'commonly Shaw Abbas, during this Ramdam or Rammazan . . . did use to travel, to be privileged from fasting devotions'; but for some inscrutable reason this passage was omitted from the later editions.

[3] These dates are very confused. The month (*māh*) of Khurdād is the third month of the Persian solar year and could not fall in November. The *Baqarah-'Īd* is celebrated on the tenth of Zūl-Hijjah, the last month of the Hijra year. By 'Silcade' Herbert seems to mean Zūlqa'dah, the eleventh month, and by 'Rabiel-owl' Rabī'ul-avval, the third month.

PAGE 267

[1] Della Valle (*Fameux Voyages*, part iii) describes the feast of Isfend, and says that it takes its name from a herb which is the first to appear annually. This is evidently the Persian *ispand*, wild rue.

[2] The *Chirāghānī*, or festive illumination on the third of the five intercalary days. Herbert has already mentioned this ceremony on p. 130.

[3] 'Oud-Hussan' and 'Jedt-Ousant' (below) were one and the same thing, viz. the Muharram celebration of the deaths of Hasan and Husain. 'Oud' and 'jedt' (in which possibly the printer mistook I for J) appear to be forms of '*īd* (plural '*ayād*), 'a festival'. In his first edition Herbert describes (without giving it a name) the celebration which he here terms the 'Jedt-Ousant'. The description of the 'Oud-Hussan' does not appear until the second edition. Presumably, in revising his work, he came across, either in his own notes or in some other author, the account here given of the death of Hasan, and, concluding that the commemoration of it was separate from that of the death of Husain, made two celebrations out of what was really one.

His version of the death of Hasan conflicts with the usual Shī'a version, according to which the martyr was poisoned by his wife, at the instigation of Yazīd, the son of the Khalīf Mu'āwiya. Modern scholars reject both stories (see the *Encyclopædia of Islam*, s.v.).

Husain was killed, twelve years later, at the battle of Karbalā, after he and his troops had suffered much from thirſt, owing to the enemy having cut off their access to the Euphrates.

[4] In the firſt edition (p. 159) Herbert terms him 'Musa, or rather Mirza Cherisim or Prince Chersim, by some called Mahumed Mahadin'. He is better known as Zain-al-'Ābadīn, the fourth Imām.

Page 268

[1] On the return journey. The Muharram fell then in September.

[2] An old term for the Mullahs. In his second edition (p. 267) Herbert says: 'the Talismanni regard the hours of prayer, by turning the four-houred glass.' For a discussion of the origin of the name see *Hobson-Jobson*, s.v.

Page 269

[1] Fryer (vol. iii, p. 141) describes a feſtival in which a camel was slain; but from his account it seems to have been the *Baqarah-'Īd*.

[2] The 'Īd-ul-Ghadīr Khumm, a Shī'a feſtival held on 18 Zūl-Hijjah, when images of the three usurping Khalīfs, made of dough filled with honey, are ſtuck with knives and the honey sipped, as typifying their blood. The name is derived from the place at which Muhammad is said to have declared 'Alī his successor.

Page 270

[1] Della Valle (*Fameux Voyages*, part iii, p. 38) describes the feaſt of 'Ab Pascian' or 'Abrizan', adding 'c'eſt à dire l'aspersion de l'eau'. Steingass explains *Āb-rezān* as a name beſtowed upon 13 *Tīr*, in remembrance of a sudden rain that fell after many years of drought, and *Āb-rezgān* as a feſtival celebrated on that day, during which the Persians exchanged visits and sprinkled one another with water, perfumed or pure. Herbert's explanation of the origin of the ceremony appears therefore to be incorrect.

[2] We may add here a passage from the firſt edition (p. 167): 'Other feaſts are performed by the Abdals [Arabic *abdāl*], who take their name from Abdala, father of Mahomet. These have no abode, vow poverty, lodge in churches (which made our lodgings lousy after them), and have provision brought them by the charitable. They are covered with a sheepskin, and, though poor, yet travel with dangerous weapons, with which 'tis thought they oft do villainy and get by. A horn is tied about their neck, which they use to blow in markets, when they would have the people to hear orations.'

Among the decorations of the title-page of the firſt edition are two figures, one of 'a Coozel-bash', the other of 'an abdall or prieſt'. Herbert's derivation of the latter term is wrong.

PAGE 271

[1] Herbert's account is misleading. Dābhol, though several times attacked by the Portuguese, remained in the hands of the King of Bījāpur. For Captain John Hall's raid upon the town in 1623, see *English Factories*, 1622–23, p. xxi, and Della Valle's *Travels in India*, vol. i, p. 126.

PAGE 272

[1] The Portuguese built a fort at Chaul in 1516.

[2] Nizām-ul-Mulk, the general title of the Ahmadnagar dynasty. The siege referred to was in 1570.

PAGE 273

[1] Mount Eli, or Deli, in lat. 12° 2′.

[2] More usually spelt 'calavance': a term for certain varieties of pulse.

[3] Calambac, eagle-wood (called by the Portuguese *pao d'aguila*), aloes-wood, and lignum aloes are different names for the same wood (*Aquilaria agallocha*). Calambac is the finest variety.

PAGE 274

[1] The papaw fruit (*Carica papaya*).

PAGE 277

[1] For the capture of this vessel see *English Factories*, 1624–29, p. 331. Her seizure was quite unjustifiable, and in the end the Surat factors had to pay compensation (*ibid.*, 1630–33, p. 30).

[2] Not identified. The next three places mentioned (Honāwar, Bhatkal, and Mangalore) are all north of Cananore, though Herbert names them after that place. He has evidently muddled his notes (see p. 273, where he says that they anchored at Mangalore on the 23rd).

[3] Brinjaon, or Vilinjam, near Trivandrum.

[4] A confusion with the town of Tuticorin.

PAGE 278

[1] The etymology is of course absurd. This is another instance of Herbert's amusing propensity for finding traces of Welsh influence in most unlikely places.

[2] In Purchas, vol. ii, p. 1648.

[3] See p. 8 of the *Journey of Hieronimo di Santo Stefano*, in *India in the Fifteenth Century* (Hakluyt Society, 1857).

[4] Rodrigues, formerly known as Diego Rais and Diego Rodriguez.

[5] Really 344 nautical miles.

[6] On 13 June.

PAGE 279

[1] This name was given to Mauritius when first visited by the Portuguese in 1507. It was derived from the name of the discoverers' ship.

[2] The Dutch, when they took possession of the island in 1598, renamed it after Count Maurice, as here suggested.

[3] 'England's Forest' and 'St Appollonia' were early names of the island now known as Réunion.

PAGE 282

[1] The seeds of the ash tree.

PAGE 283

[1] The Walg-vogel is supposed to have been, not the dodo, but another extinct bird called the Giant (see Leguat, vol. ii, p. 210*n.*). An excellent article on the dodo will be found in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The name *dodaarsen* was given to that bird by the Dutch sailors, because it somewhat resembled a dabchick.

PAGE 284

[1] 'A bad egg.' The name cockatoo is really from a Malay word.

PAGE 285

[1] A species of tunny.

[2] George Sandys, the traveller, whose *Relation* was published in 1615.

PAGE 287

[1] The bay on the N.W. side is the present harbour of Port Louis. That on the opposite side of the island is Grand Port, near which stands Mahébourg.

PAGE 288

[1] The fleet sailed on 25 July.

[2] Really the second. Réunion was sighted on 27 July, and the ships anchored there the following day.

[3] See Purchas, vol. i, p. 331.

PAGE 289

[1] St Helena was reached on 8 October. Herbert omits the fact that the fleet called at Table Bay, remaining there from 7 to 21 September.

PAGE 292

[1] The story of the taking off of John Segar by Captain Edmund Barker (not Parker) is told in Hakluyt (vol. vi, p. 402).

[2] For Thomas Cavendish's visit to St Helena see Hakluyt (vol. xi, p. 343).

[3] Evans died on 9 October, and was buried on the following day.

PAGE 293

[1] They sailed on 14 October, and saw Ascension six days later.

[2] The Cape Verde Islands.

PAGE 294

[1] The first edition says 'the last of November', and this is confirmed by the log of the *Expedition*.

[2] This is the so-called Flemish discovery by Van den Berg in 1432.

PAGE 295

[1] The Lizard was sighted on 13 December.

[2] Plymouth was reached on 18 December.

PAGE 297

[1] This itinerary appeared only in the first edition. Probably the author, when preparing the second, found a difficulty in reconciling this list of stages with the actual text of his narrative, and therefore omitted it. It is here reprinted, because it contains certain names not given in the narrative. Most of the places mentioned have already been identified, either in the text or in the notes.

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